CLASSICS Appreciation SOCIETY



by Herman Melville

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

by James Boswell

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

by Jean Jacques Rousseau

THE ODYSSEY

by Homer

and

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

Christopher Columbus' LETTER REPORTING
HIS FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

Lincoln's SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

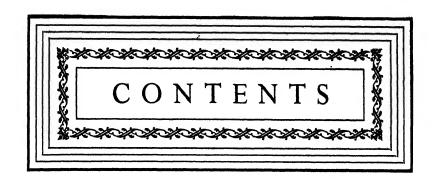


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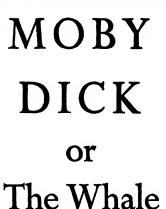
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MOBY DICK, or The Whale by Herman Melville	PAGE
MOBI DICK, of the whate by Herman Melvine	1
ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES	201
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON by James Boswell	235
Christopher Columbus' LETTER REPORTING HIS FIRST	
IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA TO GABRIEL SANCHEZ	335
THE SOCIAL CONTRACT by Jean Jacques Rousseau	341
Abraham Lincoln's SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS	405
THE ODYSSEY by Homer	409
FURTHER READING	537

Each Home Course Appreciation precedes its work.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SHARP



by Herman Melville

A CONDENSATION



NOTE: The editor's summaries of various omitted passages appear italicized and in brackets throughout the text.

HOME COURSE APPRECIATION



o release the fury of creation within himself, Melville required nothing less than the terrifying vastness of the oceans, nothing less than nature's hugest and most malignant creature, and, for a "hero," a man who would defy God Himself—"What I've dared, I've willed; and what I've willed, I'll do! They think me mad; but I'm demoniac, I am madness maddened!"

With a grim eloquence that makes us gasp for breath as it pounds forward, piling majestic image on majestic image, dramatic scene on dramatic scene, Melville's story of human courage and determination has no counterpart in American literature and few in the literature of the world. It inevitably makes us think of Greek tragedy, of the full-blooded drama of the Elizabethans; above all, it makes us think of the Bible, and particularly of the Old Testament, with its rich prose and its relentless, passionate intensity. It is all, as we say, "for keeps." Human beings commit themselves to some belief or course of action, and, once they do, they must succeed or they are doomed.

"Call me Ishmael." So begins Moby Dick. And with that we are off on what is the greatest "chase" story in the English language. The tension mounts from episode to episode as a possessed, awe-inspiring fiend of a man hunts down an equally awe-inspiring, monstrous whale. Halfway around the world he goes on his mission of hate and destruction, through bitter cold and tropic storms, through catastrophes and violence, until at last the man and the beast confront each other in a harrowing death struggle—one of the most tremendous and unforgettable scenes in all literature.

"Call me Ishmael." The Biblical note is struck immediately with these words, and from beginning to end, Melville's genius speaks to us in the voice of prophecy, as though from the depths of a whirlwind. We remember that the Ishmael of the Bible is an outcast; Ishmael of the book is rootless and aimless, and there seems to be no reason for his existence. He serves his purpose—as narrator—and at the end,

when he leaves us, we are hardly moved to wonder what will become of him.

But then, every figure in the book is a wanderer—not merely in the obvious sense that we meet them as sailors—but also because they seem to have no roots, no deep or permanent attachments. Their moments are not heavy with brooding for loved ones at home, and we know of no one who misses them. Each man in this crew—white, Negro, Asiatic, barbarian or learned, young or old—is alone; and whatever he does, his fate seems unimportant at any time and any place. Melville does not lessen that somber impression.

The main character is, of course, Ahab, captain of the ill-fated whaler, the *Pequod*. Again we recall the Bible; in I Kings 16:33 we read that Ahab, king of Israel, husband of Jezebel and pursuer after false gods ". . . did yet more to provoke Jehovah, the God of Israel, to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before." This Ahab, and Melville's, both met the violent ends which were prophesied for them.

In tracking to death the world's mightiest creature, Captain Ahab, in this wonderfully symbolical book, is really assailing Heaven itself. He defies and challenges its elemental power and mystery—and all the while he knows, deep in his heart, that it will cost him his life. He knows that it means the doom of every one who is with him. But he does not hold back. His fierceness and twisted grandeur overwhelm his crew, and with unquestioning faith these men, of all races, become his tools, and Ahab commits his life, and theirs, and their ship—their whole world—to vengeance. He must kill the monster which, in an earlier encounter, had outraged him and torn off his leg.

Ahab knows that if the beast has slain and mutilated men, it was nothing but the brute instinct of the universe. But that, he says, may be "the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask! . . . That inscrutable thing is what I hate; and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principal, I will wreak that hate upon him."

And so Ahab takes his place beside other great heaven-storming heroes: Prometheus, who challenged the power of Zeus by bringing fire and the arts to civilize mankind and was cruelly punished for it; Lucifer, who would "rather rule in hell than serve in heaven"; and Faust, who sold his soul to the devil for knowledge and power.

THE "BUSINESS" OF WHALING

In moby dick, melville has written a book about whaling—an industry which was even in 1850 going into its decline. Today

whaling keeps up with modern technology, and the greatest of all mammalian creatures is tracked down with the aid of electronic devices, pursued in speedy steel boats, killed by explosive harpoons fired from guns, blown up with compressed air, and processed aboard a "factory ship."

But in Melville's day, whaling, which he referred to as "a business," still was a combat between man and beast. As such, it belonged to a tradition so ancient that its roots are buried in the remotest memories of mankind. Through the ages men have recorded the stories of heroic struggles with other creatures, real or imaginary; but for sheer peril, nothing can equal the struggle which takes place on water, the natural habitat of the enemy. The mammoth sperm whale, which might be almost as big as the whaling vessel, was harpooned and finally killed from a boat that was smaller than a lifeboat. In it generally rode the officer in command, four oarsmen, a harpooner, and half a ton or so of equipment. This included a tub which contained four hundred yards of Manila line to which the harpoon was tied.

It took great courage and skill to row almost within arm's length of the tricky whale, and to drive a harpoon deep into the huge body. The rope would shoot out like a streak, "hot and hissing," as the stricken animal sounded or ran before making his counterattack—and woe to any man who was not clear of the line! Supreme skill was needed to handle the boat as it cleaved through the water behind the maddened whale. At any moment he might turn on the straining oarsmen, shoot his great bulk twenty or thirty feet into the air, and smash their boat to splinters.

MOBY DICK AS A MASTERPIECE OF LITERATURE

Many others had written about whales and whaling before—and many have since; it is an epic theme. But Melville's book would not have attained its present position in world literature if it only described the details of an industry, no matter how romantic or heroic that industry might be. What Melville did—and what all great artists must do in their various ways—was to set down, with deep insight, the passions, hopes, frustrations and fears of all humanity as he had experienced them. Other writers have given us books on whaling; Melville's book, based on whaling, is a book about mankind.

His themes are the profoundest: man's destiny, free will, death. He touches on countless subjects of the deepest importance: the equality of the races, the meaning of education, morals and social conscience, the question of value and the good life. He is hilariously funny, sly and

mocking, sometimes a little overblown but usually so awesome and inspiring in his use of language that we search for his equal only among the greatest achievements in the literary art.

Such a book could not have been written without profound first-hand knowledge of its subject; Ishmael, speaking for Melville in *Moby Dick* says, ". . . a whale-ship was my Yale College and my Harvard." Therefore, let us acquaint ourselves with a brief account of the author's life.

MELVILLE'S CAREER

FATE WAS NOT KIND TO HERMAN MELVILLE. The man who wrote one of America's greatest novels died in relative obscurity. One newspaper, almost grudgingly it would seem, printed a few lines about his passing in 1891. His literary career was like one of those giant stars that smolder awhile, then suddenly flare up in brief but cosmic brilliance, and quickly subside. He was never able to recapture that brilliance; the writing of Moby Dick seems to have burned out his genius by the time he was thirty-two.

He was hounded by poverty, ill-health, and family disasters—his father died shortly after a violent mental derangement and his own sons predeceased him, one by suicide or accident, and the other of tuberculosis. He had known a spell of popularity as a writer, but that early success turned to bitter mockery as critics and public abused or ignored his later, nobler work and asked only for popular fiction. "What I feel most moved to write, that is banned—it will not pay. Yet write the other way, I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches," he wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne in 1851, the year of *Moby Dick*'s publication.

In time, he was all but forgotten, a lost continent of literature. Then, with the centennial of his birth, in 1919, came rediscovery. First literary scholars and then the public began to realize Melville's towering stature. Hundreds of essays, biographies, and studies appeared; new editions of his books were printed, and his last prose work, *Billy Budd*, written about 1889, finally was published, in 1924.

MELVILLE'S CHILDHOOD

During the Panic of 1819, on August 1, Herman Melville was born in New York City, of English and Dutch stock which had settled in America before the Revolution. His father had been a prosperous importer, but with changing business conditions he began to run into



"Short draughts—long swallows, men; 'tis hot as Satan's hoof."

financial difficulties. Still, young Herman's early life was outwardly pleasant enough, although he seems to have been something of a disappointment to his parents. For his cultivated father he was "very backward in speech and somewhat slow in comprehension, but of a docile and amiable disposition," and for his mother, who seems to have been an unsympathetic, overbearing woman, he was not "so fond of his Books as to injure his health."

The family fortunes declined until in 1830 Herman's father was thrown into bankruptcy, and two years later, when the lad was not yet 13, the father died, a physical and mental ruin. The family was left penniless. One can only speculate on such things, but surely the strain of grim earnestness which runs through Moby Dick—the sense of disaster which hangs over it—had their beginnings in the atmosphere of fear, anxiety, and defeat which soaked into the pores of this impressionable and unprepared youth.

MELVILLE'S VOYAGES

His schooling ended at 15. After drifting from bank-clerking to farming and teaching—he failed at other attempts—Melville took to the sea. We don't know precisely what turned him this way; Ishmael's poetic, half-mocking explanation will have to do: "Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; . . . then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can." In 1837 he signed on as a cabin boy on a ship bound for Liverpool.

The sea "got" him. He wrote of "a wonderful thing in me, that responded to all the wild commotion of the outer world. . . . A wild bubbling and bursting at my heart, as if a hidden spring gushed out there. . . ." He also spoke of "the miserable dog's life of the sea," cleaning up after pigs and chickens, "commanded like a slave and set to work like an ass; vulgar and brutal men lording it over me. . . ." This voyage provided the basis for his fourth book, Redburn; yet despite all the hardships and cruelties described there, the sea was in his blood.

Back in the States after this short voyage, Melville flopped about like a fish out of water. He taught for a while but was restless and unhappy. Other jobs were hard to find, for the country was struggling to recover from a depression. But there was always the sea, for the dan-

ger and hardships discouraged all but the hopelessly romantic, the reckless, the hardy, and the desperate.

Melville signed on as a member of the crew of the Acushnet, a whaling vessel that sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, at the very beginning of January 1841, bound for Cape Horn and the South Seas. He was in his twenty-first year. His own story for the next three and a half years is an amazing odyssey.

Life aboard the Acushnet provided the factual material which was to be the basis of Moby Dick. He learned the thousand and one details of whaling, so vividly described in the book; and the long, dull days and hollow, black nights gave him plenty of time to try to fathom the meaning and purpose of his existence. As time went by and bad luck dogged the Acushnet, conditions became intolerable; after eighteen months, Melville had had enough of the tyrannical captain, the surly crew, the routine which was only infrequently broken by the thrill of the chase.

SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURES

When the whaler put in for supplies and recruits at Nuku Hiva, in the Marquesas Islands, Melville and another sailor jumped ship and escaped to the interior. They soon found themselves in a valley where a cannibalistic tribe, the Typee, lived. For some reason not readily understood, the Typee were hospitable and took the unsuspecting boys into "protective custody," as we would say today. Four weeks or so were passed in this barbaric paradise, during which Melville shared in the life and pleasures of his hosts, who carefully concealed their cannibalism.

More than once, on ships and in ports of call, Melville had been horrified by the misery, lawlessness, and injustices he had seen. In contrast to the vices and cruelties of civilization, the primitive way of life seemed admirable. Still, he began to grow restless; Melville was not the type to go native. Besides, a painful leg infection resisted all the primitive incantations and was getting worse, and no doubt Melville began to fear his leg might have to be amputated. Was this thought the origin of Captain Ahab's mutilation and ivory leg?

Melville had by now also grown suspicious of the Typee's dietary habits, and he decided that escape was imperative. Somehow, with the help of a friendly native, he managed to steal away from his captors and to get aboard an Australian whaler, the *Lucy Ann*, which had sent a boat to rescue him.

THE END OF MELVILLE'S SEA ADVENTURES

LIFE ABOARD THE SECOND WHALER was even worse than it had been on the first. When the ship anchored in the harbor of Papeete, in Tahiti, the crew mutinied, Melville among them. After his arrest and escape, and a short period of beachcombing, he finally tried his fortunes with a third whaler, the *Charles and Henry*, out of Nantucket, which eventually discharged him in Hawaii.

For four months he did all sorts of odd jobs—even setting up pins in a bowling alley in Honolulu—until he enlisted as an ordinary seaman on the frigate *United States*. With the Navy he revisited many familiar spots in the South Pacific, and journeyed to South America and Mexico, but he was thoroughly outraged by the brutality of the discipline then common aboard ship. After a fourteen-month service Melville, aged twenty-five, was discharged in Boston.

MELVILLE'S FIRST BOOKS

Melville's life as a seaman had ended. From his voyages he had brought back fabulous experiences which he used in writing most of his books. First came two novels based on his South Seas experiences, Typee (1846), which tells of his life with the cannibal tribe, and Omoo (1847), "a narrative of adventures in the South Seas"; and then Mardi (1849), "a half-mad, rather wonderful allegory" of the South Seas. The books followed each other in a rush. Redburn (1849), the story of his first voyage, was written, Melville says, to pay his bills. Next came White Jacket (1850), written in a little more than two months, a story of life aboard a man-of-war, which exposed the brutalities the author had witnessed in the Navy and was partly responsible for the abolition of flogging. And then Moby Dick (1851).

THE WRITING OF MOBY DICK

AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS, Melville, to his eventual disgust, came to be called "the man who lived with cannibals." He at once profited from this reputation by writing Typee. On the strength of the book's success, Melville married Elizabeth Shaw, daughter of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw of Boston, and settled down to what became a harassed and unhappy married life on a farm in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. It was there that he wrote Moby Dick. There is evidence that Melville first conceived it as a straight whaling adventure, and then stopped midway in composition to rewrite and transform it on a much vaster and nobler pattern. The inspiration had

come partly from Nathaniel Hawthorne, a friend and neighbor to whom Melville dedicated *Moby Dick*. At this time he also made an even greater discovery—Shakespeare. "Dolt and ass that I am," he wrote, "I have lived 29 years, and until a few days ago never made close acquaintance with the divine William. . . . Now I exult over it, page after page."

Evidently the immensity of his theme, also, was intoxicating. To a friend he wrote: "Give me a condor's quill for my pen! Give me Vesuvius' crater for my inkstand! Friends! Hold up my arms! For in the mere act of penning my thoughts of this Leviathan [Moby Dick], they weary me, and make me faint with the outreaching comprehension of their sweep, as if to include the whole world of the sciences!"

When Moby Dick appeared in 1851 its reception was mixed, and it did not sell well. There was soon another setback. In 1853 a fire in the warehouse of his publishers destroyed the stock of Melville's books and also the plates from which they were printed. Sales did not warrant a resetting of the type, and the books were not reprinted for more than half a century. Starved for want of public acknowledgment and understanding, depressed by critical attacks, Melville never again rose to the height of Moby Dick. A subtle psychological novel, Pierre, or the Ambiguities, came out in 1852, but was too involved, and his later novels and books of poetry were also failures.

THE LAST YEARS

The rest of the Melville story is a heart-breaking descent. The short fame he had enjoyed following his first two or three books now became a goad and a mockery. His financial problems mounted, his health was bad, his marriage had soured, and for forty years there were only occasional periods of relative happiness. After a trip to Europe and the Near East, financed by a relative, Melville in 1866 managed to find work as a customs inspector in New York City. The titan of American literature held this monotonous, ill-paying job for nineteen years.

A small inheritance made it possible for him to pass his last six years in peaceful solitude. Shortly before his death in 1891, a sudden flare-up of creative energy resulted in *Billy Budd*, his first prose work in over thirty years, a manuscript that remained unpublished until the rediscovery of Melville a quarter of a century later.

Whatever the merits of his other works, it is clear that his fame as a literary artist will rest on Moby Dick.





It took great courage and skill to row almost within arm's length of he tricky whale, and to drive a harpoon deep into the huge body."

CRAFTSMANSHIP

MELVILLE IS A MASTER OF STORYTELLING, and to spin out his yarn he calls upon virtually every technique available to the author. The reader who is attentive to the various kinds of writing in this strange and wonderful book, and to Melville's magnificent use of words, will find unforgettable pleasure.

There are long passages of straight descriptive prose of such precision and lucidity that they are like a handbook of whaling. Every step is perfectly clear to us as the whale is processed, the barrels fill up with oil, and the vast carcass is despoiled of everything that can be used. We see it all—and the smells linger in our nostrils.

Ishmael tells us all about it, and nothing of importance escapes him. He is narrator of the story—but he is also one of the crew. As the narrator, he knows everything that is to happen, for he has lived through it and survived the final catastrophe; from his vantage point he is able to place events in wide perspectives. But he is also a member of the crew, and as such is bodily present, a firsthand witness and commentator, but ignorant of the future. This device, which was also used by Dante in the *Inferno*, and by Proust in *Remembrance of Things Past*, permits the narrator to be omniscient and yet remain in the thick of the action.

Fascinating as he is in his purely narrative passages, Melville achieves his real greatness when he wants to evoke a scene through the sheer magic of word-sound and imagery. A master of drama, too, he steps up the intensity of his material until he shoots at us a smashing climax. Here is a passage characteristic of both Melville's wordmagic and sense of drama. He has been describing how the blubber is boiled for its oil. It is midnight: ". . . sail had been made; the wind was freshening; the wild ocean darkness was intense. But that darkness was licked up by the fierce flames. . . . The burning ship drove on, as if remorselessly commissioned to some vengeful deed . . . as to and fro, in their front, the harpooneers wildly gesticulated with their huge pronged forks and dippers; as the wind howled on, and the sea leaped, and the ship groaned and dived, and yet steadfastly shot her red hell further and further into the blackness of the sea and the night, and scornfully champed the white bone in her mouth, and viciously spat around her on all sides; then the rushing Pequod, freighted with savages, and laden with fire, and burning a corpse and plunging into that blackness of darkness, seemed the material counterpart of her monomaniac commander's soul."

MELVILLE'S USE OF WORDS

ONE CRITIC HAS SHOWN that Melville's style is so poetic that Moby Dick can easily be written down as blank verse. The passage just quoted is a good example of the poetic use of words, investing things with deeper meaning, largely through unexpected comparison with other things, and using words with utmost economy. We sense Melville's uncanny feeling for the textures of words—hard, soft, smoothflowing, choppy—and his remarkable control of tempo—now causing us to slow up, and now forcing us virtually to chase after the onrushing phrases. Let us note also the increase in intensity—of sound, motion, personification, symbolism—to the very end of the passage. Here, as in a thousand other places in the book, we see how Melville chooses the word which imitates the sound—the wind "howled," the ship "groaned" and the spray viciously "spat." Over and over again we are dazzled by his metaphors, similes, and other figures of speech.

Alliteration is another important element; and in the following example, note how the sounds are clipped and sharp, ejected almost as though they were bitter in the mouth. The passage concerns death at sea: ". . . ye know now the desolation that broods in bosoms like these. What bitter blanks in those black-bordered marbles which cover no ashes! What despair in those immovable inscriptions! What deadly voids and unbidden infidelities in the lines that seem to gnaw upon all Faith, and refuse resurrections to the beings who have placelessly perished without a grave."

One notable—but still quite characteristic—bit of word-play occurs well along in the book. All sorts of indirect references and allusions have been made to Ahab's nemesis, the white whale. He has not been mentioned by name, and his entrance will come only when the author has strained our anticipation to the utmost. When, at length, Moby Dick is announced—and it is still some time before he enters the action "in person"—his name is repeated eleven times in a little more than a page, and the effect is like the sounding of trumpets.

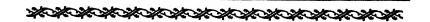
INTERPRETATIONS OF MOBY DICK

With the revival of Melville interest in 1919, many interpretations of Moby Dick began to appear; they have continued ever since. For some Moby Dick symbolizes the beauty and terror of nature, and Captain Ahab, the tortured genius who has the courage to rebel against the sway of blind, insensate power. Others have seen Moby Dick as humanity pursued by the mad Ahab, seeking revenge. For Lewis

Mumford, Ahab won his battle over himself by conquering his fear of Moby Dick and his inclination to yield to his senseless strength. Yet Ahab was destroyed because, intent upon destroying the enemy of humanity, he lost his own humanity. His was the quest of the absolute, the ultimate, a mad venturing which recognized no limits to mortal striving. Clifton Fadiman's idea is striking: the deep meaning of the Ahab-Moby Dick relationship is that the two are one; Moby Dick exists in the ocean of Ahab's brain.

For Matthiessen and other critics, on the other hand, Ahab symbolized the egoistic, strong-willed, ruthless financier-capitalist, and thus reflected the disease from which nineteenth-century America was suffering. A number of commentators have also given Freudian interpretations of the novel. For example, Ahab is seen as the son pursuing the father figure who has mutilated and deeply insulted him. Still other writers have claimed that Ahab's hatred is directed at God, and have then identified Ahab with Melville.

These are extreme theories. Those who see Ahab's kinship with the Biblical Job and Shakespeare's Lear are on safer ground. Both of these men suffered outrageous wrongs which were unmerited, and each challenged the mysterious cause. There are many interpretations of *Moby Dick* because the problem of evil becomes at last intensely personal. Each reader finds his own meaning.



CHAPTER 1

Loomings

TALL ME ISHMAEL. Some years ago—never mind how long pre-Cisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme down-town is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from

Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen. How then is this? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand—miles of them—leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues—north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

Why is almost every robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity, and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and was drowned. But that same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all.

Now, when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea whenever I begin to grow hazy about the eyes, and begin to be over conscious of my lungs, I do not mean that I ever go to sea as a passenger. For to go as a passenger you must needs have a purse, and a purse is but a rag unless you have something in it. No, I never go as a passenger; nor, though I am something of a salt, do I ever go to sea as a Commodore, or a Captain, or a Cook. I abandon the glory and distinction of such offices to those who like them. For my part, I abominate all honorable respectable toils, trials, and tribulations of every kind whatsoever.

No, when I go to sea, I go as a simple sailor, right before the mast, plumb down into the fore-castle, aloft there to the royal mast-head. True, they rather order me about some, and make me jump from spar to spar. And at first, this sort of thing is unpleasant enough. It touches

MOBY DICK.

one's sense of honor, particularly if you come of an old established family in the land, the Van Rensselaers, or Randolphs, or Hardicanutes. And more than all, if just previous to putting your hand into the tar-pot, you have been lording it as a country schoolmaster, making the tallest boys stand in awe of you. The transition is a keen one, I assure you, from a schoolmaster to a sailor, and requires a strong decoction of Seneca and the Stoics to enable you to grin and bear it. But even this wears off in time.

What of it, if some old hunks of a sea-captain orders me to get a broom and sweep down the decks? What does that indignity amount to, weighed in the scales of the New Testament? Do you think the archangel Gabriel thinks anything the less of me, because I promptly and respectfully obey that old hunks in that particular instance? Who ain't a slave? Tell me that. Well, then, however the old sea-captains may order me about—however they may thump and punch me about, I have the satisfaction of knowing that it is all right; that everybody else is served in much the same way—either in a physical or metaphysical point of view, that is; and if the universal thump is passed round, and all hands should rub each other's shoulder-blades, and be content.

Again, I always go to sea as a sailor, because they make a point of paying me for my trouble, whereas they never pay passengers a single penny that I ever heard of. On the contrary, passengers themselves must pay. And there is all the difference in the world between paying and being paid. The act of paying is perhaps the most uncomfortable infliction that the two orchard thieves entailed upon us. But being paid,—what will compare with it? The urbane activity with which a man receives money is really marvelous, considering that we so earnestly believe money to be the root of all earthly ills, and that on no account can a monied man enter heaven. Ah! how cheerfully we consign ourselves to perdition!

Finally, I always go to sea as a sailor, because of the wholesome exercise and pure air of the fore-castle deck. For as in this world, head winds are far more prevalent than winds from astern, so for the most part the Commodore on the quarter-deck gets his atmosphere at second hand from the sailors on the forecastle. He thinks he breathes it first; but not so. In much the same way do the commonalty lead their leaders in many other things, at the same time that the leaders little suspect it.

But wherefore it was that after having repeatedly smelt the sea as

a merchant sailor, I should now take it into my head to go on a whaling voyage; this the invisible police officer of the Fates, who has the constant surveillance of me, and secretly dogs me—he can better answer than any one else. And, doubtless, my going on this whaling voyage formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago. It came in as a sort of brief interlude and solo between more extensive performances.

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stage managers, the Fates, put me down for this shabby part of a whaling voyage, when others were set down for magnificent parts in tragedies, and easy parts in comedies—though I cannot tell why this was exactly; yet, now that I recall all the circumstances, I think I can see a little into the springs and motives which being cunningly presented to me under various disguises, induced me to set about performing the part I did, besides cajoling me into the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my own unbiased freewill and discriminating judgment.

Chief among these motives was the overwhelming idea of the great whale himself. Such a portentous and mysterious monster roused all my curiosity. Then the wild and distant seas where he rolled his island bulk; these, with all the attending marvels of a thousand Patagonian sights and sounds, helped to sway me. With other men, perhaps, such things would not have been inducements; but as for me, I am tormented with an everlasting itch for things remote. I love to sail forbidden seas, and land on barbarous coasts. Not ignoring what is good, I am quick to perceive a horror, and could still be social with it since it is but well to be on friendly terms with all the inmates of the place one lodges in.

By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

CHAPTER 2

The Carpet-Bag

I STUFFED A SHIRT OR TWO into my old carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was on a Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning that the packet for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that place would offer, till the following Monday.

Now having a night, a day, and still another night following before me in New Bedford, it became a matter of concernment where I was to eat and sleep meanwhile. It was a very dubious-looking, nay, a very dark and dismal night, bitingly cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. With anxious grapnels I had sounded my pocket, and only brought up a few pieces of silver. So, wherever you go, Ishmael, said I to myself, as I stood in the middle of a dreary street shouldering my bag—wherever in your wisdom you may conclude to lodge for the night, my dear Ishmael, be sure to inquire the price, and don't be too particular.

With halting steps I paced the streets, and passed the sign of "The Crossed Harpoons"—but it looked too expensive and jolly there. Further on, from the bright red windows of the "Sword-Fish Inn," there came such fervent rays, that it seemed to have melted the packed snow and ice from before the house, for everywhere else the congealed frost lay ten inches thick—rather weary for me, when I struck my foot against the flinty projections, because from hard, remorseless service the soles of my boots were in a most miserable plight. Too expensive and jolly, again thought I, pausing one moment to hear the sounds of the tinkling glasses within. But go on, Ishmael, said I at last; get away from before the door; your patched boots are stopping the way. So on I went. I now by instinct followed the streets that took me waterward, for there, doubtless, were the cheapest, if not the cheeriest, inns.

Moving on, I at last came to a dim sort of light not far from the docks, and heard a forlorn creaking in the air; and looking up, saw a

swinging sign over the door with these words—"The Spouter-Inn:—Peter Coffin."

Coffin?—Spouter?—Rather ominous in that particular connexion, thought I. But it is a common name in Nantucket, and I suppose this Peter is an emigrant from there. As the light looked so dim, and the place, for the time, looked quiet enough, and the dilapidated little wooden house itself looked as if it might have been carted here from the ruins of some burnt district, and as the swinging sign had a poverty-stricken sort of creak to it, I thought that here was the very spot for cheap lodgings.

It was a queer sort of place—a gable-ended old house, one side palsied as it were, and leaning over sadly. It stood on a sharp bleak corner, where that tempestuous wind Euroclydon kept up a worse howling than ever it did about poor Paul's tossed craft. Euroclydon, nevertheless, is a mighty pleasant zephyr to any one in-doors, with his feet on the hob quietly toasting for bed. Poor Lazarus there, chattering his teeth against the curbstone for his pillow, and shaking off his tatters with his shiverings, he might plug up both ears with rags, and put a corn-cob into his mouth, and yet that would not keep out the tempestuous Euroclydon.

What thinks Lazarus? Can he warm his blue hands by holding them up to the grand northern lights? Would not Lazarus rather be in Sumatra than here? Would he not far rather lay him down lengthwise along the line of the equator; yea, ye gods! go down to the fiery pit itself, in order to keep out this frost?

CHAPTER 3

The Spouter-Inn

Entering that Gable-Ended Spouter-Inn, you found yourself in a wide, low, straggling entry. On one side hung a very large oil-painting so thoroughly besmoked, and every way defaced, that in the unequal cross-lights by which you viewed it, it was only by diligent study and careful inquiry of the neighbors, that you could any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose. Such unaccountable masses of shades and shadows, that at first you almost thought some ambitious young artist had endeavored to delineate chaos bewitched. By dint of much

MOBY DICK

and earnest contemplation, and oft repeated ponderings, you at last come to the conclusion that such an idea, however wild, might not be altogether unwarranted.

But what most puzzled and confounded you was a long, limber, portentous, black mass of something hovering in the center of the picture over three blue, dim, perpendicular lines floating in a nameless yeast. A boggy, soggy, squitchy picture truly, enough to drive a nervous man distracted. Yet there was a sort of indefinite, halfattained, unimaginable sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it, till you involuntarily took an oath with yourself to find out what that marvellous painting meant. Ever and anon a bright, but, alas, deceptive idea would dart you through.—It's the Black Sea in a midnight gale.—It's the unnatural combat of the four primal elements.—It's a blasted heath.—It's the breaking-up of the ice-bound stream of Time. But at last all these fancies yielded to that one portentous something in the picture's midst. That once found out, and all the rest were plain. But stop; does it not bear a faint resemblance to a gigantic fish? even the great leviathan himself?

In fact, the artist's design seemed this: a final theory of my own, partly based upon the aggregated opinions of many aged persons with whom I conversed upon the subject. The picture represents a Cape-Horner in a great hurricane; the half-foundered ship weltering there with its three dismantled masts alone visible; and an exasperated whale, purposing to spring clean over the craft, is in the enormous act of impaling himself upon the three mast-heads.

The opposite wall of this entry was hung all over with a heathenish array of monstrous clubs and spears. Some were thickly set with glittering teeth resembling ivory saws; others were tufted with knots of human hair; and one was sickle-shaped, with a vast handle sweeping around like the segment made in the new-mown grass by a long-armed mower. You shuddered as you gazed, and wondered what monstrous cannibal and savage could ever have gone a-death-harvesting with such a hacking, horrifying implement.

Crossing this dusky entry, and on through you low-arched way—you enter the public room. A still duskier place is this, with such low ponderous beams above, and such old wrinkled planks beneath, that you would almost fancy you trod some old craft's cockpits, especially of such a howling night, when this corner-anchored old ark rocked so furiously. Projecting from the further angle of the room stands a dark-looking den—the bar—a rude attempt at a right whale's head.

Be that how it may, there stands the vast arched bone of the whale's jaw, so wide, a coach might almost drive beneath it. Within are shabby shelves, ranged round with old decanters, bottles, flasks; and in those jaws of swift destruction, like another cursed Jonah (by which name indeed they called him), bustles a little withered old man, who, for their money, dearly sells the sailors deliriums and death.

I sought the landlord, and telling him I desired to be accommodated with a room, received for answer that his house was full—not a bed unoccupied. "But avast," he added, tapping his forehead, "you hain't no objections to sharing a harpooneer's blanket, have ye? I s'pose you are goin' a whalin', so you'd better get used to that sort of thing."

I told him that I never like to sleep two in a bed; that if I should ever do so, it would depend upon who the harpooneer might be, and that if he (the landlord) really had no other place for me, and the harpooneer was not decidedly objectionable, why rather than wander further about a strange town on so bitter a night, I would put up with the half of any decent man's blanket.

"I thought so. All right; take a seat. Supper?—you want supper? Supper'll be ready directly."

I sat down on an old wooden settle, carved all over like a bench on the Battery. At one end a ruminating tar was still further adorning it with his jack-knife, stooping over and diligently working away at the space between his legs. He was trying his hand at a ship under full sail, but he didn't make much headway, I thought.

At last some four or five of us were summoned to our meal in an adjoining room. It was cold as Iceland—no fire at all—the landlord said he couldn't afford it. Nothing but two dismal tallow candles, each in a winding sheet. We were fain to button up our monkey jackets, and hold to our lips cups of scalding tea with our half-frozen fingers. But the fare was of the most substantial kind—not only meat and potatoes, but dumplings. One young fellow addressed himself to these dumplings in a most direful manner.

"My boy," said the landlord, "you'll have the nightmare to a dead sartainty."

"Landlord," I whispered, "that ain't the harpooneer, is it?"

"Oh, no," said he, looking a sort of diabolically funny, "the harpooneer is a dark-complexioned chap. He never eats dumplings, he don't—he eats nothing but steaks, and he likes 'em rare."

MOBY DICK

"The devil he does," says I. "Where is that harpooneer? Is he here?"

"He'll be here afore long," was the answer.

I could not help it, but I began to feel suspicious of this "dark-complexioned" harpooneer. At any rate, I made up my mind that if it so turned out that we should sleep together, he must undress and get into bed before I did.

No man prefers to sleep two in a bed. In fact, you would a good deal rather not sleep with your own brother. I don't know how it is, but people like to be private when they are sleeping. And when it comes to sleeping with an unknown stranger, in a strange inn, in a strange town, and that stranger a harpooneer, then your objections indefinitely multiply. The more I pondered over this harpooneer, the more I abominated the thought of sleeping with him. Besides, it was getting late, and my decent harpooneer ought to be home and going bedwards. Suppose now, he should tumble in upon me at midnight—how could I tell from what vile hole he had been coming?

"Landlord! I've changed my mind about that harpooneer.—I shan't sleep with him. I'll try the bench here."

"Just as you please; I'm sorry I cant spare ye a tablecloth for a mattress, and it's a plaguy rough board here"—feeling of the knots and notches. "But wait a bit, Skrimshander; I've got a carpenter's plane there in the bar—wait, I say, and I'll make ye snug enough." So saying he procured the plane; and vigorously set to planing away at my bed, the while grinning like an ape. The shavings flew right and left; till at last the plane-iron came bump against an indestructible knot. The landlord was near spraining his wrist, and I told him for heaven's sake to quit—the bed was soft enough to suit me, and I did not know how all the planing in the world could make eider down of a pine plank. So gathering up the shavings with another grin, and throwing them into the great stove in the middle of the room, he went about his business, and left me in a brown study.

I now took the measure of the bench, and found that it was a foot too short; but that could be mended with a chair. But it was a foot too narrow, and the other bench in the room was about four inches higher than the planed one—so there was no yoking them. I then placed the first bench lengthwise along the only clear space against the wall, leaving a little interval between, for my back to settle down in. But I soon found that there came such a draught of cold air over

me from under the sill of the window, that this plan would never do at all, especially as another current from the rickety door met the one from the window, and both together formed a series of small whirlwinds in the immediate vicinity of the spot where I had thought to spend the night.

The devil fetch that harpooneer, thought I, but stop, couldn't I steal a march on him—bolt his door inside, and jump into his bed, not to be wakened by the most violent knockings? It seemed no bad idea; but upon second thoughts I dismissed it. For who could tell but what the next morning the harpooneer might be standing in the entry, all ready to knock me down!

Still looking round me again, and seeing no possible chance of spending a sufferable night unless in some other person's bed, I began to think that after all I might be cherishing unwarrantable prejudices against this unknown harpooneer. Thinks I, I'll wait awhile; he must be dropping in before long. I'll have a good look at him then, and perhaps we may become jolly good bedfellows after all—there's no telling.

But though the other boarders kept coming in by ones, twos, and threes, and going to bed, yet no sign of my harpooneer.

"Landlord!" said I, "what sort of a chap is he—does he always keep such late hours?" It was now hard upon twelve o'clock.

The landlord seemed to be mightily tickled at something beyond my comprehension. "No," he answered, "generally he's an early bird. But to-night he went out a peddling, you see, and I don't see what on airth keeps him so late, unless, may be, he can't sell his head."

"Can't sell his head?—What sort of a bamboozingly story is this you are telling me?" getting into a towering rage. "Do you pretend to say, landlord, that this harpooneer is actually engaged this blessed Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, in peddling his head around this town?"

"That's precisely it," said the landlord, "and I told him he couldn't sell it here, the market's overstocked."

"With what?" shouted I.

"With heads to be sure; ain't there too many heads in the world?"
"I tell you, landlord," said I, quite calmly, "you'd better stop spinning that yarn to me—I'm not green."

"May be not," taking out a stick and whittling a toothpick, "but I rayther guess you'll be done brown if that ere harpooneer hears you a slanderin' his head."

MOBY DICK

"I'll break it for him," said I, now flying into a passion again at this unaccountable farrago of the landlord's.

"It's broke a'ready," said he.

"Broke," said I-"broke, do you mean?"

"Sartain, and that's the very reason he can't sell it, I guess."

"Landlord," said I, going up to him as cool as Mt. Hecla in a snow storm—"landlord, stop whittling. You and I must understand one another. I come to your house and want a bed; you tell me you can only give me half a one; that the other half belongs to a certain harpooneer. And about this harpooneer, whom I have not yet seen, you persist in telling me the most mystifying and exasperating stories, tending to beget in me an uncomfortable feeling towards the man. I now demand of you to speak out and tell me who and what this harpooneer is, and whether I shall be in all respects safe to spend the night with him. And in the first place, you will be so good as to unsay that story about selling his head, which if true I take to be good evidence that this harpooneer is stark mad, and I've no idea of sleeping with a madman; and you, sir, you, landlord, by trying to induce me to do so knowingly would thereby render yourself liable to a criminal prosecution."

"Wall," said the landlord, fetching a long breath, "that's a purty long sarmon for a chap that rips a little now and then. But be easy, this here harpooneer I have been tellin' you of has just arrived from the south seas, where he bought up a lot of 'balmed New Zealand heads, and he's sold all on 'em but one, and that one he's trying to sell to-night, cause to-morrow's Sunday, and it would not do to be sellin' human heads about the streets when folks is goin' to churches."

This account cleared up the otherwise unaccountable mystery, and showed that the landlord, after all, had had no idea of fooling me—but at the same time what could I think of a harpooneer who stayed out of a Saturday night clean into the holy Sabbath, engaged in such a cannibal business as selling the heads of dead idolators?

"Depend upon it, landlord, that harpooneer is a dangerous man."

"He pays reg'lar," was the rejoinder. "But come, it's a nice bed: Sal and me slept in that ere bed the night we were spliced. There's plenty of room for two to kick about in that bed; it's an almighty big bed that. Come along here, I'll give ye a glim in a jiffy;" and so saying he lighted a candle and held it towards me, offering to lead the way. But I stood irresolute; when looking at a clock in the corner, he exclaimed, "I vum it's Sunday—you won't see that harpooneer to-night; he's come to anchor somewhere—come along then; do come; won't ye come?"

I considered the matter a moment, and then up stairs we went, and I was ushered into a small room, cold as a clam, and furnished, sure enough, with a prodigious bed, almost big enough indeed for any four harpooneers to sleep abreast.

"There," said the landlord, placing the candle on a crazy old sea chest that did double duty as a wash-stand and center table; "there, make yourself comfortable now; and good night to ye." I turned round from eyeing the bed, but he had disappeared.

Folding back the counterpane, I stooped over the bed. Though none of the most elegant, it yet stood the scrutiny tolerably well. It then glanced round the room; and besides the bedstead and center table, could see no other furniture belonging to the place, but a rude shelf, the four walls, and a papered fireboard representing a man striking a whale. Of things not properly belonging to the room, there was a hammock lashed up, and thrown upon the floor in one corner; also a large seaman's bag, containing the harpooneer's wardrobe, no doubt in lieu of a land trunk. Likewise, there was a tall harpoon standing at the head of the bed.

I sat down on the side of the bed, and commenced thinking about this head-peddling harpooneer. After thinking some time on the bed-side, I got up and took off my monkey jacket, and then stood in the middle of the room thinking. I then took off my coat, and thought a little more in my shirt sleeves. But beginning to feel very cold now, and remembering what the landlord said about the harpooneer's not coming home at all that night, I made no more ado, but jumped out of my pantaloons and boots, and then blowing out the light tumbled into bed, and commended myself to the care of heaven.

Whether that mattress was stuffed with corncobs or broken crockery, there is no telling, but I rolled about a good deal, and could not sleep for a long time. At last I slid off into a light doze, and had pretty nearly made a good offing towards the land of Nod, when I heard a heavy footfall in the passage, and saw a glimmer of light come into the room from under the door.

Lord save me, thinks I, that must be the harpooneer, the infernal head-peddler. But I lay perfectly still, and resolved not to say a word till spoken to. Holding a light in one hand and that identical New Zealand head in the other, the stranger entered the room, and without looking towards the bed, placed his candle a good way off from me on the floor in one corner, and then began working away at the knotted cords of the large bag I before spoke of as being in the room. I was

MOBY DICK

all eagerness to see his face, but he kept it averted for some time while employed in unlacing the bag's mouth. This accomplished, however, he turned round—when, good heavens; what a sight! Such a face! It was of a dark, purplish, yellow color, here and there stuck over with large blackish looking squares. At that moment he chanced to turn his face so towards the light, that I plainly saw those black squares on his cheeks were stains of some sort or other. At first I knew not what to make of this; but soon an inkling of the truth occurred to me. I remembered a story of a white man who, falling among the cannibals, had been tattooed by them. I concluded that this harpooneer, in the course of his distant voyages, must have met with a similar adventure. And what is it, thought I, after all! It's only his outside; a man can be honest in any sort of skin. But then, what to make of his unearthly complexion, that part of it, I mean, lying round about, and completely independent of the squares of tattooing. To be sure, it might be nothing but a good coat of tropical tanning; but I never heard of a hot sun's tanning a white man into a purplish yellow one. Now, while all these ideas were passing through me like lightning, this harpooneer never noticed me at all. But, having opened his bag, he commenced fumbling in it, and presently pulled out a sort of tomahawk, and a seal-skin wallet with the hair on. Placing these on the chest in the middle of the room, he then took the New Zealand head and crammed it down into the bag. He now took off his hat-a new beaver hat-when I came nigh singing out with fresh surprise. There was no hair on his head—none to speak of at least—nothing but a small scalp-knot twisted up on his forehead. His bald purplish head now looked for all the world like a mildewed skull. Had not the stranger stood between me and the door I would have bolted out of it.

Even as it was, I thought something of slipping out of the window, but it was a second floor back. I am no coward, but what to make of this head-peddling purple rascal altogether passed my comprehension. Ignorance is the parent of fear, and being completely nonplused and confounded about the stranger, I confess I was now as much afraid of him as if it was the devil himself who had thus broken into my room at the dead of night. In fact, I was so afraid of him that I was not game enough just then to address him, and demand a satisfactory answer concerning what seemed inexplicable in him.

Meanwhile, he continued undressing, and at last showed his chest and arms. As I live, these covered parts of him were checkered with the same squares as his face; his back, too, was all over the same dark squares. Still more, his very legs were marked, as if a parcel of dark green frogs were running up the trunks of young palms. It was now quite plain that he must be some abominable savage shipped aboard of a whaleman in the South Seas, and so landed in this Christian country. I quaked to think of it. A peddler of heads too. He might take a fancy to mine—heavens! look at that tomahawk!

But there was no time for shuddering, for now the savage went about something that completely fascinated my attention, and convinced me that he must indeed be a heathen. Going to his heavy grego, or wrapall, which he had previously hung on a chair, he fumbled in the pockets, and produced at length a curious little deformed image, exactly the color of a three days' old Congo baby. Remembering the embalmed head, at first I almost thought that this black manikin was a real baby preserved in some similar manner. But seeing that it was not at all limber, and that it glistened a good deal like polished ebony, I concluded that it must be nothing but a wooden idol, which indeed it proved to be. For now the savage goes up to the empty fire-place, and removing the papered fire-board, sets up this little hunch-backed image like a tenpin between the andirons.

I now screwed my eyes hard towards the half-hidden image, to see what was next to follow. First he takes about a double handful of shavings out of his grego pocket, and places them carefully before the idol; then laying a bit of ship biscuit on top and applying the flame from the lamp, he kindled the shavings into a sacrificial blaze. Presently, after many hasty snatches into the fire, and still hastier withdrawals of his fingers, he at last succeeded in drawing out the biscuit; then blowing off the heat and ashes a little, he made a polite offer of it to the little negro. But the little devil did not seem to fancy such dry sort of fare at all; he never moved his lips. All these antics were accompanied by guttural noises from the devotee, who seemed to be praying in a sing-song or else singing some pagan psalmody, during which his face twitched about in the most unnatural manner. At last extinguishing the fire, he took the idol up very unceremoniously, and bagged it again in his grego pocket as carelessly as if he were a sportsman bagging a dead woodcock.

All these queer proceedings increased my uncomfortableness, and seeing him now exhibiting symptoms of concluding his operations, and jumping into bed with me, I thought it was high time, now or never, before the light was put out, to break the spell in which I had so long been bound.

But the interval I spent in deliberating what to say was a fatal one. Taking up his tomahawk from the table and then holding it to the light, with his mouth at the handle, he puffed out great clouds of tobacco smoke. The next moment the light was extinguished, and this wild cannibal, tomahawk between his teeth, sprang into bed with me. I sang out, I could not help it now; and giving a grunt of astonishment he began feeling me.

Stammering out something, I knew not what, I rolled away from him against the wall, and then conjured him, whoever or whatever he might be, to let me get up and light the lamp again. But his guttural responses satisfied me at once that he but ill comprehended my meaning.

"Who-e debel you?"—he at last said—"you no speak-e, dam-me, I kill-e." And so saying the lighted tomahawk began flourishing about me in the dark.

"Landlord, for God's sake, Peter Coffin!" shouted I. "Landlord! Watch! Coffin! save me!"

"Speak-e! tell-ee me who-ee be, or dam-me, I kill-e!" again growled the cannibal, while his horrid flourishings of the tomahawk scattered the hot tobacco ashes about me till I thought my linen would get on fire. But thank heaven, at that moment the landlord came into the room light in hand, and leaping from the bed I ran up to him.

"Don't be afraid," said he, grinning again, "Queequeg here wouldn't harm a hair of your head."

"Stop your grinning," shouted I, "and why didn't you tell me that that infernal harpooneer was a cannibal?"

"I thought ye know'd it;—didn't I tell ye, he was a peddlin' heads around town?—but turn flukes again and go to sleep. Queequeg, look here—this man sleepe you—you sabbee?"

"Me sabbee plenty"—grunted Queequeg, puffing away at his pipe and sitting up in bed.

"You gettee in," he added, motioning to me with his tomahawk, and throwing the clothes to one side. He really did this in not only a civil but a really kind and charitable way. I stood looking at him a moment. For all his tattooings he was a clean, comely looking cannibal. What's all this fuss I have been making about, thought I to myself—the man's a human being just as I am: he has just as much reason to fear me, as I have to be afraid of him. Better sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian.

"Landlord," said I, "tell him to stash his tomahawk there, or pipe,

or whatever you call it; tell him to stop smoking, in short, and I will turn in with him. But I don't fancy having a man smoking in bed with me. It's dangerous."

This being told to Queequeg, he at once complied, and again politely motioned me to get into bed.

"Good night, landlord," said I, "you may go."

I turned in, and never slept better in my life.

CHAPTER 4

The Counterpane

PON WAKING NEXT MORNING I found Queequeg's arm thrown over me in the most affectionate manner. The counterpane was of patchwork, full of odd little parti-colored squares and triangles; and this arm of his tattooed all over with an interminable Cretan labyrinth of a figure, looked for all the world like a strip of that same patchwork quilt. Indeed, partly lying on it as the arm did when I first awoke, I could hardly tell it from the quilt, they so blended their hues together; and it was only by the sense of weight and pressure that I could tell that Queequeg was hugging me.

At length, by dint of much wriggling, and loud and incessant expostulations, I succeeded in extracting a grunt; and presently, he drew back his arm, shook himself all over like a Newfoundland dog just from the water, and sat up in bed, looking at me, and rubbing his eyes as if he did not altogether remember how I came to be there, though a dim consciousness of knowing something about me seemed slowly dawning over him. Meanwhile, I lay quietly eyeing him, having no serious misgivings now, and bent upon narrowly observing so curious a creature. When, at last, his mind seemed made up touching the character of his bedfellow, and he became, as it were, reconciled to the fact; he jumped out upon the floor, and by certain signs and sounds gave me to understand that, if it pleased me, he would dress first and then leave me to dress afterwards, leaving the whole apartment to myself. Thinks I, Queequeg, this is a very civilized overture; but, the truth is, these savages have an innate sense of delicacy; it is marvelous how essentially polite they are. I pay this particular compliment to Queequeg, because he treated me with so much civility and considera-

tion, while I was guilty of great rudeness; staring at him from the bed, and watching all his toilette motions; for the time my curiosity getting the better of my breeding.

He commenced dressing at top by donning his beaver hat, a very tall one, by the by, and then-still minus his trowsers-he hunted up his boots. What under the heavens he did it for, I cannot tell, but his next movement was to crush himself-boots in hand, and hat onunder the bed; when, from sundry violent gaspings and strainings, I inferred he was hard at work booting himself; though by no law of propriety that I ever heard of, is any man required to be private when putting on his boots. But Queequeg was a creature in the transition stage—neither caterpillar nor butterfly. If he had not been a small degree civilized, he very probably would not have troubled himself with boots at all; but then, if he had not been still a savage, he never would have dreamt of getting under the bed to put them on. At last, he emerged with his hat very much dented and crushed down over his eyes, and began creaking and limping about the room, as if, not being much accustomed to boots, his pair of damp, wrinkled cowhide ones rather pinched and tormented him at the first go off of a bitter cold morning.

Seeing, now, that there were no curtains to the window, and that the street being very narrow, the house opposite commanded a plain view into the room, and observing more and more the indecorous figure that Queequeg made, staving about with little else but his hat and boots on; I begged him as well as I could, to accelerate his toilet somewhat, and particularly to get into his pantaloons as soon as possible. He complied, and then proceeded to wash himself. At that time in the morning any Christian would have washed his face; but Queequeg, to my amazement, contented himself with restricting his ablutions to his chest, arms, and hands. He then donned his waistcoat, and taking up a piece of soap on the wash-stand center-table, dipped it into water and commenced lathering his face. I was watching to see where he kept his razor, when lo and behold, he takes the harpoon from the bed corner, slips out the long wooden stock, unsheathes the head, whets it a little on his boot, and striding up to the bit of mirror against the wall, begins a vigorous scraping of his cheeks. Afterwards I wondered the less at this operation when I came to know of what fine steel the head of a harpoon is made, and how exceedingly sharp the long straight edges are always kept.

The rest of his toilet was soon achieved, and he proudly marched

out of the room, wrapped up in his great pilot monkey jacket, and sporting his harpoon like a marshal's baton.

CHAPTER 5

Breakfast

QUICKLY FOLLOWED SUIT, and descending into the bar-room accosted the grinning landlord very pleasantly. I cherished no malice towards him, though he had been skylarking with me in the matter of my bedfellow.

However, a good laugh is a mighty good thing, and rather too scarce a good thing. So, if any one man afford stuff for a good joke to anybody, let him not be backward, but let him cheerfully allow himself to spend and to be spent in that way. And the man that has anything bountifully laughable about him, be sure there is more in that man than you perhaps think for.

The bar-room was now full of the boarders who had been dropping in the night previous, and whom I had not as yet had a good look at. They were nearly all whalemen; chief mates, and second mates, and third mates, and sea carpenters, and sea coopers, and sea blacksmiths, and harpooneers, and ship keepers; a brown and brawny company, with bosky beards; an unshorn, shaggy set, all wearing monkey jackets for morning gowns.

"Grub, ho!" now cried the landlord, flinging open a door, and in we went to breakfast.

They say that men who have seen the world, thereby become quite at ease in manner, quite self-possessed in company. Not always, though: Ledyard, the great New England traveler, and Mungo Park, the Scotch one; of all men, they possessed the least assurance in the parlor. But perhaps the mere crossing of Siberia in a sledge drawn by dogs as Ledyard did, or the taking a long solitary walk on an empty stomach, in the Negro heart of Africa, which was the sum of poor Mungo's performances—this kind of travel, I say, may not be the very best mode of attaining a high social polish.

These reflections just here are occasioned by the circumstance that after we were all seated at the table, and I was preparing to hear some good stories about whaling, to my no small surprise nearly every man

maintained a profound silence. And not only that, but they looked embarrassed. Yes, here were a set of sea-dogs, many of whom without the slightest bashfulness had boarded great whales on the high seas—entire strangers to them—and duelled them dead without winking; and yet, here they sat at a social breakfast table looking round as sheepishly at each other as though they had never been out of sight of some sheepfold among the Green Mountains. A curious sight; these bashful bears, these timid warrior whalemen!

But as for Queequeg—why, Queequeg sat there among them—at the head of the table, too, it so chanced; as cool as an icicle. To be sure I cannot say much for his breeding. His greatest admirer could not have cordially justified his bringing his harpoon into breakfast with him, reaching over the table with it, to the imminent jeopardy of many heads, and grappling the beefsteaks towards him. But that was certainly very coolly done by him, and every one knows that in most people's estimation, to do anything coolly is to do it genteelly.

We will not speak of all Queequeg's peculiarities here; how he eschewed coffee and hot rolls, and applied his undivided attention to beefsteaks, done rare. Enough, that when breakfast was over he withdrew like the rest into the public room, lighted his tomahawk-pipe, and was sitting there quietly digesting and smoking with his inseparable hat on, when I sallied out for a stroll.

CHAPTER 6

The Chapel

IN NEW BEDFORD THERE STANDS a Whaleman's Chapel, and few are the moody fishermen, shortly bound for the Indian Ocean or Pacific, who fail to make a Sunday visit to the spot.

Returning from my first morning stroll, I again sallied out upon this special errand. The sky had changed from clear, sunny cold, to driving sleet and mist. Wrapping myself in my shaggy jacket of bearskin, I fought my way against the stubborn storm. Entering, I found a small scattered congregation of sailors, and sailors' wives and widows. A muffled silence reigned. Each silent worshiper seemed purposely sitting apart from the other, as if each silent grief were insular and incommunicable. The chaplain had not yet arrived; and there

Herman Melville

these silent islands of men and women sat steadfastly eyeing several marble tablets, with black borders, masoned into the wall on either side the pulpit. Three of them ran something like the following, but I do not pretend to quote:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF

JOHN TALBOT,

Who, at the age of eighteen, was lost overboard Near the Isle of Desolation, off Patagonia, November 1st, 1836.

THIS TABLET
Is erected to his Memory
BY HIS SISTER.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

ROBERT LONG, WILLIS ELLERY,
NATHAN COLEMAN, WALTER CANNY, SETH MACY,
AND SAMUEL GLEIG,
Forming one of the boats' crews

OF

THE SHIP ELIZA
Who were towed out of sight by a Whale,
On the Off-shore Ground in the
PACIFIC,

December 31st, 1839.

THIS MARBLE
Is here placed by their surviving
SHIPMATES

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

The late

CAPTAIN EZEKIEL HARDY,
Who in the bows of his boat was killed by a
Sperm Whale on the coast of Japan,

August 3d, 1833.

THIS TABLET
Is erected to his Memory
BY
HIS WIDOW

Shaking off the sleet from my ice-glazed hat and jacket, I seated myself near the door, and turning sideways was surprised to see Queequeg near me. This savage was the only person present who seemed to notice my entrance; because he was the only one who could not read, and, therefore, was not reading those frigid inscriptions on the wall. Whether any of the relatives of the seamen whose names appeared there were now among the congregation, I knew not; but so many are the unrecorded accidents in the fishery, and so plainly did several women present wear the countenance if not the trappings of some unceasing grief, that I feel sure that here before me were assembled those in whose hearts the sight of those bleak tablets sympathetically caused the old wounds to bleed afresh.

It needs scarcely to be told, with what feelings, on the eve of a Nantucket voyage, I regarded those marble tablets, and by the murky light of that darkened, doleful day read the fate of the whalemen who had gone before me. Yes, Ishmael, the same fate may be thine. But somehow I grew merry again. Yes, there is death in this business of whaling—a speechlessly quick chaotic bundling of a man into Eternity. But what then? Methinks we have hugely mistaken this matter of Life and Death. Methinks my body is but the lees of my better being. In fact take my body who will, take it I say, it is not me. And therefore three cheers for Nantucket; and come a stove boat and stove body when they will, for stave my soul, Jove himself cannot.

CHAPTER 7

The Pulpit

I HAD NOT BEEN SEATED very long ere a man of a certain venerable robustness entered; immediately as the storm-pelted door flew back upon admitting him, a quick regardful eyeing of him by all the congregation sufficiently attested that this fine old man was the chaplain. Yes, it was the famous Father Mapple, so called by the whalemen, among whom he was a very great favorite. He had been a sailor and a harpooneer in his youth, but for many years past had dedicated his life to the ministry. At the time I now write of, Father Mapple was in the hardy winter of a healthy old age. No one having previously heard

his history could for the first time behold Father Mapple without the utmost interest, because there were certain engrafted clerical peculiarities about him, imputable to that adventurous maritime life he had led. When he entered I observed that he carried no umbrella, and certainly had not come in his carriage, for his tarpaulin hat ran down with melting sleet, and his great pilot cloth jacket seemed almost to drag him to the floor with the weight of the water it had absorbed. However, hat and coat and overshoes were one by one removed, and hung up in a little space in an adjacent corner; when, arrayed in a decent suit, he quietly approached the pulpit.

Like most old-fashioned pulpits, it was a very lofty one, and since a regular stairs to such a height would, by its long angle with the floor, seriously contract the already small area of the chapel, the architect, it seemed, had acted upon the hint of Father Mapple, and finished the pulpit without a stairs, substituting a perpendicular side ladder, like those used in mounting a ship from a boat at sea. The wife of a whaling captain had provided the chapel with a handsome pair of red worsted man-ropes for this ladder, which, being itself nicely headed, and stained with a mahogany color, the whole contrivance, considering what manner of chapel it was, seemed by no means in bad taste. Halting for an instant at the foot of the ladder, and with both hands grasping the ornamental knobs of the man-ropes, Father Mapple cast a look upwards, and then with a truly sailor-like but still reverential dexterity, hand over hand, mounted the steps as if ascending the maintop of his vessel.

The perpendicular parts of this side ladder, as is usually the case with swinging ones, were of cloth-covered rope, only the rounds were of wood, so that at every step there was a joint. At my first glimpse of the pulpit, it had not escaped me that however convenient for a ship, these joints in the present instance seemed unnecessary. For I was not prepared to see Father Mapple, after gaining the height, deliberately drag up the ladder step by step, till the whole was deposited within, leaving him impregnable in his little Quebec.

I pondered some time without fully comprehending the reason for this. Father Mapple enjoyed such a wide reputation for sincerity and sanctity, that I could not suspect him of courting notoriety by any mere tricks of the stage. No, thought I, there must be some sober reason for this thing; furthermore, it must symbolize something unseen. Can it be, then, that by that act of physical isolation, he signifies his spiritual withdrawal for the time, from all outward worldly ties and

connexions? Yes, for replenished with the meat and wine of the word, to the faithful man of God, this pulpit is a self-containing stronghold—a lofty Ehrenbreitstein, with a perennial well of water within the walls.

CHAPTER 8

The Sermon

A BRIEF PAUSE ENSUED; the preacher slowly turned over the leaves of the Bible, and at last, folding his hand down upon the proper page, said: "Beloved shipmates, clinch the last verse of the first chapter of Jonah—'And God had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah.'

"Shipmates, this book, containing only four chapters—four yarns -is one of the smallest strands in the mighty cable of the Scriptures. Yet what depths of the soul Jonah's deep sealine sound! what a pregnant lesson to us is this prophet! What a noble thing is that canticle in the fish's belly! We feel the floods surging over us, we sound with him to the kelpy bottom of the waters; sea-weed and all the slime of the sea is about us! But what is this lesson that the book of Jonah teaches? Shipmates, it is a two-stranded lesson; a lesson to us all as sinful men, and a lesson to me as a pilot of the living God. As sinful men, it is a lesson to us all, because it is a story of the sin, hardheartedness, suddenly awakened fears, the swift punishment, repentance, prayers, and finally the deliverance and joy of Jonah. As with all sinners among men, the sin of this son of Amittai was in his wilful disobedience of the command of God-which he found a hard command. But all the things that God would have us do are hard for us to do-and hence, He oftener commands us than endeavors to persuade. And if we obey God, we must disobey ourselves; and it is in this disobeying ourselves, wherein the hardness of obeying God consists.

"With this sin of disobedience in him, Jonah still further flouts at God, by seeking to flee from Him. He thinks that a ship made by men will carry him into countries where God does not reign, but only the Captains of this earth. He skulks about the wharves of Joppa, and seeks a ship that's bound for Tarshish. Miserable man! with slouched hat and guilty eye, skulking from his God; prowling among the shipping like a vile burglar hastening to cross the seas. So disordered, self-

condemning is his look, that had there been policemen in those days, Jonah, on the mere suspicion of something wrong, had been arrested ere he touched a deck. How plainly he's a fugitive! no baggage, valise, or carpet-bag—no friends accompany him to the wharf with their adieux. At last, after much dodging search, he finds the Tarshish ship receiving the last items of her cargo.

"And now the time of tide has come; the ship casts off her cables; and from the deserted wharf the uncheered ship glides to sea. That ship, my friends, was the first of recorded smugglers! the contraband was Jonah. But the sea rebels; he will not bare the wicked burden. A dreadful storm comes on, the ship is like to break. But now when the boatswain calls all hands to lighten her; when the wind is shrieking, and the men are yelling, and every plank thunders with trampling feet right over Jonah's head; in all this raging tumult, Jonah sleeps his hideous sleep. He sees no black sky and raging sea, feels not the reeling timbers, and little hears he the far rush of the mighty whale, which even now with open mouth is cleaving the seas after him. Aye, shipmates, Jonah was gone down into a berth in the cabin as I have taken it, and was fast asleep. But the frightened master comes to him, and shrieks in his dead ear, 'What meanest thou, O sleeper! arise!' Startled from his lethargy by that direful cry, Jonah staggers to his feet, and stumbling to the deck, grasps a shroud, to look out upon the sea. But at that moment he is sprung upon by a panther billow leaping over the bulwarks. And ever, as the white moon shows her affrighted face from the steep gullies in the blackness overhead, aghast Jonah sees the rearing bowsprit pointing high upward, but soon beat downward again towards the tormented deep.

"Terrors upon terrors run shouting through his soul. In all his cringing attitudes, the God-fugitive is now too plainly known. The sailors mark him; more and more certain grow their suspicions of him, and at last, fully to test the truth, by referring the whole matter to high Heaven, they fall to casting lots, to see for whose cause this great tempest was upon them. The lot is Jonah's; that discovered, then how furiously they mob him with their questions. 'What is thine occupation? Whence comest thou?' But mark now, my shipmates, the behavior of poor Jonah. The eager mariners but ask him who he is, and where from; whereas, they not only receive an answer to those questions, but likewise another answer to a question not put by them, but the unsolicited answer is forced from Jonah by the hard hand of God that is upon him.

"'I am a Hebrew,' he cries—and then—'I fear the Lord the God of Heaven!' Fear him, O Jonah? Aye, well mightest thou fear the Lord God then! Straightway, he now goes on to make a full confession; whereupon the mariners became more and more appalled, but still are pitiful. For when Jonah, not yet supplicating God for mercy, since he but too well knew the darkness of his deserts—when wretched Jonah cries out to them to take him and cast him forth into the sea, for he knew that for his sake this great tempest was upon them; they mercifully turn from him, and seek by other means to save the ship. But all in vain; the indignant gale howls louder; then, with one hand raised invokingly to God, with the other they not unreluctantly lay hold of Jonah.

"And now behold Jonah taken up as an anchor and dropped into the sea; when instantly an oily calmness floats out from the east, and the sea is still, as Jonah carries down the gale with him, leaving smooth water behind. He goes down in the whirling heart of such a masterless commotion that he scarce heeds the moment when he drops seething into the yawning jaws awaiting him; and the whale shoots-to all his ivory teeth upon his prison. Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord out of the fish's belly. But observe his prayer, and learn a weighty lesson. For sinful as he is, Jonah does not weep and wail for direct deliverance. He feels that his dreadful punishment is just. He leaves all his deliverance to God, contenting himself with this, that spite of all his pains and pangs, he will still look towards His holy temple. And here, shipmates, is true and faithful repentance; not clamorous for pardon, but grateful for punishment. And how pleasing to God was this conduct in Jonah is shown in the eventual deliverance of him from the sea and the whale. Shipmates, I do not place Jonah before you to be copied for his sin but I do place him before you as a model for repentance. Sin not; but if you do, take heed to repent of it like Jonah.

"Shipmates, God has laid but one hand upon you; both His hands press upon me. And now how gladly would I come down from this mast-head and, listen as you listen, while some one of you reads me that other and more awful lesson which Jonah teaches to me, as a pilot of the living God. How being an anointed pilot-prophet, or speaker of true things and bidden by the Lord to sound those unwelcome truths in the ears of a wicked Nineveh, Jonah, appalled at the hostility he should raise, fled from his mission, and sought to escape his duty and his God by taking ship at Joppa. But God is everywhere.

As we have seen, God came upon him in the whale, and swallowed him down to living gulfs of doom, where the eddying depths sucked him ten thousand fathoms down, and all the watery world of woe bowled over him. Yet even then beyond the reach of any plummet —when the whale grounded upon the ocean's utmost bones, even then, God heard the engulphed, repenting prophet when he cried. Then God spake unto the fish; and from the shuddering cold and blackness of the sea, the whale came breeching up towards the warm and pleasant sun, and 'vomited out Jonah upon the dry land;' when the word of the Lord came a second time; Jonah did the Almighty's bidding. And what was that, shipmates? To preach the Truth to the face of Falsehood! That was it!

"This, shipmates, this is that other lesson; and woe to that pilot of the living God who slights it. Woe to him whom this world charms from Gospel duty! Woe to him whose good name is more to him than goodness! Woe to him who, in this world, courts not dishonor! Woe to him who would not be true, even though to be false were salvation! Yea, woe to him who as the great Pilot Paul has it, while preaching to others is himself a castaway!"

He drooped and fell away from himself for a moment, then lifting his face to them again, showed a deep joy in his eyes, as he cried out with a heavenly enthusiasm—"But oh! shipmates! on the starboard hand of every woe there is a sure delight; and higher the top of that delight, than the bottom of the woe is deep. Delight is to him—a far, far upward, and inward delight-who against the proud gods and commodores of this earth ever stands forth his own inexorable self. Delight is to him whose strong arms yet support him, when the ship of this base treacherous world has gone down beneath him. Delight is to him, who gives no quarter in the truth, and kills, burns, and destroys all sin though he pluck it out from under the robes of Senators and Judges. Delight, top-gallant delight, is to him who acknowledges no law or lord, but the Lord his God, and is only a patriot to heaven. Delight is to him whom all the waves of the billows of the seas of the boisterous mob can never shake from this sure Keel of the Ages. And eternal delight and deliciousness will be his who, coming to lay him down, can say with his final breath—O Father!—chiefly known to me by Thy rod—mortal or immortal, here I die. I have striven to be Thine, more than to be this world's, or mine own. Yet this is nothing: I leave eternity to Thee; for what is man that he should live out the lifetime of his God?"

He said no more, but slowly waving a benediction, covered his face with his hands, and so remained kneeling, till all the people had departed, and he was left alone in the place.

CHAPTER 9

A Bosom Friend

RETURNING TO THE SPOUTER-INN from the Chapel, I found Queequeg there quite alone; he having left the Chapel before the benediction. He was sitting on a bench before the fire, and in one hand was holding close up to his face that little Negro idol of his; peering hard into its face, and with a jack-knife gently whittling away at its nose, meanwhile humming to himself in his heathenish way.

But being now interrupted, he put up the image; and pretty soon, going to the table, took up a large book there, and placing it on his lap began counting the pages with deliberate regularity; at every fiftieth page—as I fancied—stopping for a moment, looking vacantly around him, and giving utterance to a long-drawn whistle of astonishment. He would then begin again at the next fifty; seeming to commence at number one each time, as though he could not count more than fifty, and it was only by such a large number of fifties being found together, that his astonishment at the multitude of pages was excited.

With much interest I sat watching him. Savage though he was, his countenance yet had a something in it which was by no means disagreeable. You cannot hide the soul. Through all his unearthly tattooings, I thought I saw the traces of a simple honest heart; and in his large, deep eyes, fiery black and bold, there seemed tokens of a spirit that would dare a thousand devils. And besides all this, there was a certain lofty bearing about the Pagan, which even his uncouthness could not altogether maim. He looked like a man who had never cringed and never had had a creditor.

Whilst I was thus closely scanning him, he never heeded my presence, never troubled himself with so much as a single glance; but appeared wholly occupied with counting the pages of the marvelous book. Considering how sociably we had been sleeping together the night previous, and especially considering the affectionate arm I had found thrown over me upon waking in the morning, I thought this indifference of his very strange. But savages are strange beings; at

times you do not know exactly how to take them. At first they are overawing; their calm self-collectedness of simplicity seems a Socratic wisdom. I had noticed also that Queequeg never consorted at all, or but very little, with the other seamen in the inn. All this struck me as mighty singular; yet, upon second thoughts, there was something almost sublime in it. Here was a man some twenty thousand miles from home, by the way of Cape Horn, thrown among people as strange to him as though he were in the planet Jupiter; and yet he seemed entirely at his ease; preserving the utmost serenity; content with his own companionship; always equal to himself. Surely this was a touch of fine philosophy; though no doubt he had never heard there was such a thing as that.

As I sat there in that now lonely room; the fire burning low, the evening shades and phantoms gathering round the casements, and peering in upon us silent, solitary twain; the storm booming without in solemn swells; I began to be sensible of strange feelings. I felt a melting in me. No more my splintered heart and maddened hand were turned against the wolfish world. This soothing savage had redeemed it. There he sat, his very indifference speaking a nature in which there lurked no civilized hypocrisies and bland deceits. Wild he was; yet I began to feel myself mysteriously drawn towards him. And those same things that would have repelled most others, they were the very magnets that thus drew me. I'll try a pagan friend, thought I, since Christian kindness has proved but hollow courtesy. I drew my bench near him, and made some friendly signs and hints, doing my best to talk with him meanwhile. At first he little noticed these advances; but presently, upon my referring to his last night's hospitalities, he made out to ask me whether we were again to be bedfellows. I told him yes; whereat I thought he looked pleased, perhaps a little complimented.

We then turned over the book together, and I endeavored to explain to him the purpose of the printing, and the meaning of the few pictures that were in it. Thus I soon engaged his interest; and from that we went to jabbering the best we could about the various outer sights to be seen in this famous town. Soon I proposed a social smoke; and, producing his pouch and tomahawk, he quietly offered me a puff. And then we sat exchanging puffs from that wild pipe of his, and keeping it regularly passing between us.

If there yet lurked any ice of indifference towards me in the Pagan's breast, this pleasant, genial smoke we had soon thawed it out, and left us cronies. He seemed to take to me quite as naturally as I to him;

and when our smoke was over, he pressed his forehead against mine, clasped me round the waist, and said that henceforth we were bosom friends; he would gladly die for me, if need should be. In a countryman, this sudden flame of friendship would have seemed far too premature, a thing to be much distrusted; but in this simple savage those old rules would not apply.

After supper, we went to our room together. He made me a present of his embalmed head; took out his enormous tobacco wallet, and groping under the tobacco, drew out some thirty dollars in silver; then spreading them on the table, and mechanically dividing them into two equal portions, pushed one of them towards me, and said it was mine. I was going to remonstrate; but he silenced me by pouring them into my pockets. I let them stay. He then went about his evening prayers, took out his idol, and removed the paper fireboand. By certain signs and symptoms, I thought he seemed anxious for me to join him; but well knowing what was to follow, I deliberated a moment whether, in case he invited me, I would comply or otherwise.

I was a good Christian; born and bred in the bosom of the infallible Presbyterian Church. How then could I unite with this wild idolator in worshiping his piece of wood? But what is worship?—to do the will of God? that is worship. And what is the will of God?—to do to my fellow man what I would have my fellow man to do to me—that is the will of God. Now, Queequeg is my fellow man. And what do I wish that this Queequeg would do to me? Why, unite with me in my particular Presbyterian form of worship. Consequently, I must then unite with him in his; ergo, I must turn idolator. So I kindled the shavings; helped prop up the innocent little idol; offered him burnt biscuit with Queequeg; salaamed before him twice or thrice; kissed his nose; and that done, we undressed and went to bed, at peace with our own consciences and all the world.

CHAPTER 10

Biographical

QUEEQUEG WAS A NATIVE OF KOKOVOKO, an island far away to the West and South. It is not down on any map; true places never are.

When a new-hatched savage running wild about his native wood-

lands in a grass clout, even then, in Queequeg's ambitious soul, lurked a strong desire to see something more of Christendom than a specimen whaler or two. His father was a High Chief, a King; his uncle a High Priest; and on the maternal side he boasted aunts who were the wives of unconquerable warriors.

A Sag Harbor ship visited his father's bay, and Queequeg sought a passage to Christian lands. But the ship, having her full complement of seamen, spurned his suit; and not all the King his father's influence could prevail. But Queequeg vowed a vow. Alone in his canoe, he paddled off to a distant strait, which he knew the ship must pass through when she quitted the island. Hiding his canoe, with its prow seaward, he sat down in the stern, paddle low in hand; and when the ship was gliding by, like a flash he darted out; gained her side; with one backward dash of his foot capsized and sank his canoe; climbed up the chains; and throwing himself at full length upon the deck, grappled a ring-bolt there, and swore not to let it go, though hacked in pieces.

In vain the captain threatened to throw him overboard; suspended a cutlass over his naked wrists; Queequeg was the son of a King, and Queequeg budged not. Struck by his desperate dauntlessness, and his desire to visit Christendom, the captain at last relented, and told him he might make himself at home. But this fine young savage never saw the Captain's cabin. They put him down among the sailors, and made a whaleman of him. But like Czar Peter content to toil in the shipyards of foreign cities, Queequeg disdained no seeming ignominy, if thereby he might happily gain the power of enlightening his untutored countrymen. For at bottom—so he told me—he was actuated by a profound desire to learn among the Christians the arts whereby to make his people still happier than they were; and more than that, still better than they were. But, alas! the practices of whalemen soon convinced him that even Christians could be both miserable and wicked; infinitely more so, than all his father's heathens. Arrived at last in old Sag Harbor; and seeing what the sailors did there; and then going on to Nantucket, and seeing how they spent their wages in that place also, poor Queequeg gave it up for lost. Thought he, it's a wicked world in all meridians; I'll die a pagan.

I asked him whether he did not propose going back, and having a coronation; since he might now consider his father dead, he being very old and feeble at the last accounts. He answered no, not yet; and added that he was fearful Christianity, or rather Christians, had un-

fitted him for ascending the pure and undefiled throne of thirty pagan Kings before him. But by and by, he said, he would return, as soon as he felt himself baptized again. For the nonce, however, he proposed to sail about, and sow his wild oats in all four oceans. They had made a harpooneer of him, and that barbed iron was in lieu of a scepter now.

I asked him what might be his immediate purpose, touching his future movements. He answered, to go to sea again, in his old vocation. Upon this, I told him that whaling was my own design, and informed him of my intention to sail out of Nantucket. He at once resolved to accompany me to that island, ship aboard the same vessel, get into the same watch, the same boat, the same mess with me, in short to share my every hap. To all this I joyously assented; for besides the affection I now felt for Queequeg, he was an experienced harpooneer, and as such, could not fail to be of great usefulness to one, who, like me, was wholly ignorant of the mysteries of whaling, though well acquainted with the sea, as known to merchant seamen.

His story being ended with his pipe's last dying puff, Queequeg embraced me, pressed his forehead against mine, and blowing out the light, we very soon were sleeping.

CHAPTER 11

Wheelbarrow

NORNING, Monday, after disposing of the embalmed head to a barber, for a block, I settled my own and comrade's bill; using, however, my comrade's money. The grinning landlord, as well as the boarders, seemed amazingly tickled at the sudden friendship which had sprung up between me and Queequeg.

We borrowed a wheelbarrow, and embarking our things, including my own poor carpet-bag, and Queequeg's canvas sack and hammock, away we went down to "the Moss," the little Nantucket packet schooner moored at the wharf. As we were going along the people stared; not at Queequeg so much—for they were used to seeing cannibals like him in their streets—but at seeing him and me upon such confidential terms. But we heeded them not, going along wheeling the

barrow by turns, and Queequeg now and then stopping to adjust the sheath on his harpoon barbs. I asked him why he carried such a troublesome thing with him ashore, and whether all whaling ships did not find their own harpoons. To this, in substance, he replied, that he had a particular affection for his own harpoon, because it was of assured stuff, well tried in many a mortal combat, and deeply intimate with the hearts of whales.

At last, passage paid, and luggage safe, we stood on board the schooner. Hoisting sail, it glided down the Acushnet river. Gaining the more open water, the bracing breeze waxed fresh; the little Moss tossed the quick foam from her bows, as a young colt his snortings. How I snuffed that Tartar air!—how I spurned that turnpike earth!—that common highway all over dented with the marks of slavish heels and hoofs; and turned me to admire the magnanimity of the sea which will permit no records.

At the same foam-fountain, Queequeg seemed to drink and reel with me. His dusky nostrils swelled apart; he showed his filed and pointed teeth. On, on we flew; and our offing gained, the Moss did homage to the blast; ducked and dived her bows as a slave before the Sultan. Sideways leaning, we sideways darted; every ropeyarn tingling like a wire. So full of this reeling scene were we, as we stood by the plunging bowsprit, that for some time we did not notice the jeering glances of the passengers, a lubber-like assembly, who marvelled that two fellow beings should be so companionable; as though a white man were anything more dignified than a whitewashed Negro. But there were some boobies and bumpkins there, who, by their intense greenness, must have come from the heart and center of all verdure. Queequeg caught one of these young saplings mimicking him behind his back. Dropping his harpoon, the brawny savage caught him in his arms, and by an almost miraculous dexterity and strength, sent him high up bodily into the air; then slightly tapping his stern in midsomerset, the fellow landed with bursting lungs upon his feet, while Queequeg, turning his back upon him, lighted his tomahawk pipe and passed it to me for a puff.

"Capting! Capting!" yelled the bumpkin, running towards that of-ficer; "Capting, Capting, here's the devil."

"Hallo, you sir," cried the Captain, a gaunt rib of the sea, stalking up to Queequeg, "what in thunder do you mean by that? Don't you know you might have killed that chap?"

"Kill-e," cried Queequeg, twisting his tattooed face into an un-

earthly expression of disdain, "ah! him bevy small-e fish-e; Queequeg no kill-e so small-e fish-e; Queequeg kill-e big whale!"

"Look you," roared the Captain, "I'll kill-e you, you cannibal, if you try any more of your tricks aboard here; so mind your eye."

But it so happened just then that it was high time for the Captain to mind his own eye. The prodigious strain upon the main-sail had parted the weather-sheet, and the tremendous boom was now flying from side to side, completely sweeping the entire after part of the deck. The poor fellow whom Queequeg had handled so roughly was swept overboard; all hands were in a panic; and to attempt snatching at the boom to stay it seemed madness. It flew from right to left, and back again, almost in one ticking of a watch, and every instant seemed on the point of snapping into splinters. Nothing was done, and nothing seemed capable of being done; those on deck rushed toward the bows, and stood eyeing the boom as if it were the lower jaw of an exasperated whale. In the midst of this consternation, Queequeg dropped deftly to his knees, and crawling under the path of the boom, whipped hold of a rope, secured one end to the bulwarks, and then, flinging the other like a lasso, caught it round the boom as it swept over his head, and at the next jerk, the spar was that way trapped, and all was safe. The schooner was run into the wind, and while the hands were clearing away the stern boat, Queequeg, stripped to the waist, darted from the side with a long living arc of a leap. For three minutes or more he was seen swimming like a dog. I looked at the grand and glorious fellow, but saw no one to be saved. The greenhorn had gone down. Shooting himself perpendicularly from the water, Queequeg now took an instant's glance around him, and seeming to see just how matters were, dived down and disappeared. A few minutes more, and he rose again, one arm still striking out, and with the other dragging a lifeless form. The boat soon picked them up. The poor bumpkin was restored. All hands voted Queequeg a noble trump; the captain begged his pardon. From that hour I clove to Queequeg like a barnacle; yea, till poor Queequeg took his last long dive.

Was there ever such unconsciousness? He did not seem to think

Was there ever such unconsciousness? He did not seem to think that he at all deserved a medal from the Humane and Magnanimous Societies. He only asked for water—fresh water—something to wipe the brine off; that done, he put on dry clothes, lighted his pipe, and leaning against the bulwarks, and mildly eyeing those around him, seemed to be saying to himself—"It's a mutual, joint-stock world, in all meridians. We cannibals must help these Christians."

CHAPTER 12

Chowder

[Ishmael and Queequeg arrive at Nantucket and take a room at an inn called the Try Pots.]

CHAPTER 13

The Ship

In BED WE CONCOCTED OUR PLANS for the morrow. But to my surprise and no small concern, Queequeg now gave me to understand that he had been diligently consulting Yojo—the name of his black little god—and Yojo had told him two or three times over that instead of our going together among the whaling-fleet in harbor, and in concert selecting our craft; instead of this, I say, Yojo earnestly enjoined that the selection of the ship should rest wholly with me, inasmuch as Yojo purposed befriending us; and, in order to do so, had already pitched upon a vessel, which, if left to myself, I, Ishmael, should infallibly light upon, for all the world as though it had turned out by chance; and in that vessel I must immediately ship myself, for the present irrespective of Queequeg.

Now, this plan of Queequeg's, or rather Yojo's, touching the selection of our craft; I did not like that plan at all. I had not a little relied upon Queequeg's sagacity to point out the whaler best fitted to carry us and our fortunes securely. But as all my remonstrances produced no effect upon Queequeg, I was obliged to acquiesce; and accordingly prepared to set about this business with a determined rushing sort of energy that should quickly settle that trifling little affair. Next morning early, leaving Queequeg shut up with Yojo in our little bedroom—for it seemed that it was some sort of Lent or Ramadan, or day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer with Queequeg that day; leaving Queequeg, then, fasting on his tomahawk pipe, and Yojo warming

himself at his sacrificial fire of shavings, I sallied out among the shipping. After many random inquiries, I learned that there were three ships up for three-years' voyages—The Devil-dam, the Tit-bit, and the Pequod. Devil-dam, I do not know the origin of; Tit-bit is obvious; Pequod, you will no doubt remember, was the name of a celebrated tribe of Massachusetts Indians, now extinct as the ancient Medes. I peered and pryed about the Devil-dam; from her, hopped over to the Tit-bit; and, finally, going on board the Pequod, looked around her for a moment, and then decided that this was the very ship for us.

You may have seen many a quaint craft in your day, for aught I know; but take my word for it, you never saw such a rare old craft as this same rare old Pequod. She was a ship of the old school, rather small if anything. Long seasoned and weather-stained in the typhoons and calms of all four oceans, her old hull's complexion was darkened like a French grenadier's, who has alike fought in Egypt and Siberia. Her venerable bows looked bearded. Her masts stood stiffly up like the spines of the three old kings of Cologne. Her ancient decks were worn and wrinkled, like the pilgrim-worshiped flag-stone in Canterbury Cathedral where Becket bled. But to all these her old antiquities, were added new and marvelous features, pertaining to the wild business that for more than half a century she had followed. Old Captain Peleg, many years her chief mate, before he commanded another vessel of his own, and now a retired seaman, and one of the principal owners of the Pequod-this old Peleg, during the term of his chiefmateship, had built upon her original grotesqueness, and inlaid it, all over, with a quaintness both of material and device. She was apparelled like any barbaric Ethiopian emperor, his neck heavy with pendants of polished ivory. She was a thing of trophies. A cannibal of a craft, tricking herself forth in the chased bones of her enemies. All round, her unpaneled, open bulwarks were garnished like one continuous jaw, with the long sharp teeth of the sperm whale, inserted there for pins, to fasten her old hempen thews and tendons to. Those thews ran not through base blocks of land wood, but deftly traveled over sheaves of sea-ivory. Scorning a turnstile wheel at her reverend helm, she sported there a tiller; and that tiller was in one mass, curiously carved from the long narrow lower jaw of her hereditary foe. A noble craft, but somehow a most melancholy! All noble things are touched with that.

Now when I looked about the quarter-deck, for some one having

authority, in order to propose myself as a candidate for the voyage, at first I saw nobody; but I could not well overlook a strange sort of tent, or rather wigwam, pitched a little behind the main-mast. It seemed only a temporary erection used in port.

A triangular opening faced towards the bows of the ship, so that the insider commanded a complete view forward. And half concealed in this queer tenement I at length found one who by his aspect seemed to have authority; and who, it being noon, and the ship's work suspended, was now enjoying respite from the burden of command.

There was nothing so very particular, perhaps, about the appearance of the elderly man I saw; he was brown and brawny, like most old seamen, and heavily rolled up in blue pilot cloth, cut in the Quaker style; only there was a fine and almost microscopic net-work of the minutest wrinkles interlacing round his eyes, which must have arisen from his continual sailings in many hard gales, and always looking to windward; for this causes the muscles about the eyes to become pursed together. Such eye-wrinkles are very effectual in a scowl.

"Is this the Captain of the Pequod?" said I, advancing to the door of the tent.

"Supposing it be the Captain of the Pequod, what dost thou want of him?" he demanded.

"I was thinking of shipping."

"Thou wast, wast thou? I see thou art no Nantucketer—ever been in a stove boat?"

"No, Sir, I never have."

"Dost know nothing at all about whaling, I dare say-eh?"

"Nothing, Sir; but I have no doubt I shall soon learn. I've been several voyages in the merchant service, and I think that—"

"Marchant service be damned. Talk not that lingo to me. Dost see that leg?—I'll take that leg away from thy stern, if ever thou talkest of the marchant service to me again. Marchant service indeed! I suppose now ye feel considerable proud of having served in those marchant ships. But flukes! man, what makes thee want to go a-whaling, eh?—it looks a little suspicious, don't it, eh?—Hast not been a pirate, hast thou?—Didst not rob thy last Captain, didst thou?—Dost not think of murdering the officers when thou gettest to sea?"

I protested my innocence of these things. I saw that under the mask of these half-humorous innuendoes, this old seaman, as an insulated Quakerish Nantucketer, was full of his insular prejudices, and rather

distrustful of all aliens, unless they hailed from Cape Cod or the Vineyard.

"But what takes thee a-whaling? I want to know that before I think of shipping ye."

"Well, sir, I want to see what whaling is. I want to see the world."
"Want to see what whaling is, eh? Have ye clapped eye on Captain Ahab?"

"Who is Captain Ahab, sir?"

"Aye, aye, I thought so. Captain Ahab is the Captain of this ship."

"I am mistaken then. I thought I was speaking to the Captain himself."

"Thou art speaking to Captain Peleg—that's who ye are speaking to, young man. It belongs to me and Captain Bildad to see the Pequod fitted out for the voyage, and supplied with all her needs, including crew. We are part owners and agents. But as I was going to say, if thou wantest to know what whaling is, I can put ye in a way of finding it out before ye bind yourself to it, past backing out. Clap eye on Captain Ahab, young man, and thou wilt find that he has only one leg."

"What do you mean, sir? Was the other one lost by a whale?"

"Lost by a whale! Young man, come nearer to me: it was devoured, chewed up, crunched by the monstrousest parmacetty that ever chipped a boat!—ah, ah!"

I was a little alarmed by his energy, perhaps also a little touched at the hearty grief in his concluding exclamation, but said as calmly as I could, "What you say is no doubt true enough, sir; but how could I know there was any peculiar ferocity in that particular whale, though indeed I might have inferred as much from the simple fact of the accident."

"Look ye now, young man, thy lungs are a sort of soft, d'ye see; thou dost not talk shark a bit. Sure ye've been to sea before now; sure of that?"

"Sir," said I, "I thought I told you that I had been four voyages in the merchant—"

"Hard down out of that! Mind what I said about the marchant service—don't aggravate me—I won't have it. But let us understand each other. I have given thee a hint about what whaling is; do ye yet feel inclined for it?"

"I do, sir."

"Very good. Now, art thou the man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat, and then jump after it? Answer, quick!"

"I am, sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so; not to be got rid of, that is; which I don't take to be the fact."

"Thou mayest as well sign the papers right off," he added—"come along with ye." And so saying, he led the way below deck into the cabin.

Seated on the transom was what seemed to me a most uncommon and surprising figure. It turned out to be Captain Bildad who along with Captain Peleg was one of the largest owners of the vessel; the other shares, as is sometimes the case in these ports, being held by a crowd of old annuitants; widows, fatherless children, and chancery wards. People in Nantucket invest their money in whaling vessels, the same way that you do yours in approved state stocks bringing in good interest.

Now, Bildad, like Peleg, and indeed many other Nantucketers, was a Quaker, the island having been originally settled by that sect; and to this day its inhabitants in general retain in an uncommon measure the peculiarities of the Quaker, only variously and anomalously modified by things altogether alien and heterogeneous. For some of these same Quakers are the most sanguinary of all sailors and whalehunters. They are fighting Quakers; they are Quakers with a vengeance.

So that there are instances among them of men, who, named with Scripture names—a singularly common fashion on the island—and in childhood naturally imbibing the stately dramatic thee and thou of the Quaker idiom; still, from the audacious, daring, and boundless adventure of their subsequent lives, strangely blend with these unoutgrown peculiarities, a thousand bold dashes of character, not unworthy a Scandinavian sea-king, or a poetical Pagan Roman. And when these things unite in a man of greatly superior natural force, with a globular brain and a ponderous heart; who has also by the stillness and seclusion of many long night-watches in the remotest waters, been led to think untraditionally and independently; receiving all nature's sweet or savage impressions fresh from her own virgin, voluntary and confiding breast, and thereby chiefly to learn a bold and nervous lofty language—that man makes one in a whole nation's census—a mighty pageant creature, formed for noble tragedies. Nor will it at all detract from him, dramatically regarded, if either by birth or other circumstances he have what seems a half-wilful over-ruling morbidness at the bottom

of his nature. For all men tragically great are made so through a certain morbidness. Be sure of this, O young ambition, all mortal greatness is but disease. But, as yet we have not to do with such an one, but with quite another; and still a man, who, if indeed peculiar, it only results again from another phase of the Quaker, modified by individual circumstances.

Now, Bildad, I am sorry to say, had the reputation of being an incorrigible old hunks, and in his sea-going days, a bitter, hard task-master. For a pious man, especially for a Quaker, he was certainly rather hard-hearted, to say the least. He never used to swear, though, at his men, they said; but somehow he got an inordinate quantity of cruel, unmitigated hard work out of them. Indolence and idleness perished from before him. His own person was the exact embodiment of his utilitarian character. On his long, gaunt body he carried no spare flesh, no superfluous beard, his chin having a soft, economical nap to it, like the worn nap of his broad-brimmed hat.

Such, then, was the person that I saw seated on the transom when I followed Captain Peleg down into the cabin. The space between the decks was small; and there, bolt upright, sat old Bildad, who always sat so, and never leaned, and this to save his coat-tails. His broad-brim was placed beside him; his legs were stiffly crossed; his arab vesture was buttoned up to his chin; and spectacles on nose, he seemed absorbed in reading from a ponderous volume.

"Bildad," cried Captain Peleg, "at it again, Bildad, eh? Ye have been studying those Scriptures, now, for the last thirty years, to my certain knowledge. How far ye got, Bildad?"

As if long habituated to such profane talk from his old shipmate, Bildad, without noticing his present irreverence, quietly looked up, and seeing me, glanced again inquiringly towards Peleg.

"He says he's our man, Bildad," said Peleg, "he wants to ship."

"Dost thee?" said Bildad, in a hollow tone, and turning round to me.

"I dost," said I unconsciously, he was so intense a Quaker.

"What do ye think of him, Bildad?" said Peleg.

"He'll do," said Bildad, eyeing me, and then went on spelling away at his book in a mumbling tone quite audible.

I thought him the queerest old Quaker I ever saw, especially as Peleg, his friend and old shipmate, seemed such a blusterer. But I said nothing, only looking round me sharply. Peleg now threw open a chest, and drawing forth the ship's articles, placed pen and ink before

him, and seated himself at a little table. I began to think it was high time to settle with myself at what terms I would be willing to engage for the voyage. I was already aware that in the whaling business thev paid no wages; but all hands, including the captain, received certain shares of the profits called lays, and that these lays were proportioned to the degree of importance pertaining to the respective duties of the ship's company. I was also aware that being a green hand at whaling, my own lay would not be very large; but considering that I was used to the sea, could steer a ship, splice a rope; and all that, I made no doubt that from all I had heard I should be offered at least the 275th lay—that is, the 275th part of the clear nett proceeds of the voyage, whatever that might eventually amount to. And though the 275th lay was what they call a rather long lay, yet it was better than nothing; and if we had a lucky voyage, might pretty nearly pay for the clothing I would wear out on it, not to speak of my three years' beef and board, for which I would not have to pay one stiver.

Bildad never heeded us, but went on mumbling to himself out of his book, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth—"

"Well, Captain Bildad," interrupted Peleg, "what d'ye say, what lay shall we give this young man?"

"Thou knowest best," was the sepulchral reply, "the seven hundred and seventy-seventh wouldn't be too much, would it?—'where moth and rust do corrupt, but lay—'"

"Why, blast your eyes, Bildad," cried Peleg, "thou dost not want to swindle this young man! he must have more than that."

"Seven hundred and seventy-seventh," again said Bildad, without lifting his eyes; and then went on mumbling—"for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

"I am going to put him down for the three hundredth," said Peleg, "do ye hear that, Bildad! The three hundredth lay, I say."

Bildad laid down his book, and turning solemnly towards him said, "Captain Peleg, thou hast a generous heart; but thou must consider the duty thou owest to the other owners of this ship—widows and orphans, many of them—and that if we too abundantly reward the labors of this young man, we may be taking the bread from those widows and those orphans. The seven hundred and seventy-seventh lay, Captain Peleg."

"Thou Bildad!" roared Peleg, starting up and clattering about the cabin. "Blast ye, Captain Bildad, if I had followed thy advice in these

matters, I would afore now had a conscience to lug about that would be heavy enough to founder the largest ship that ever sailed round Cape Horn."

"Captain Peleg," said Bildad steadily, "thy conscience may be drawing ten inches of water, or ten fathoms, I can't tell; but as thou art still an impenitent man, Captain Peleg, I greatly fear lest thy conscience be but a leaky one; and will in the end sink thee foundering down to the fiery pit, Captain Peleg."

"Fiery pit! ye insult me, man; past all natural bearing, ye insult me. It's an all-fired outrage to tell any human creature that he's bound to hell. Bildad, say that again to me, and start my soul-bolts, but I'll—I'll—yes, I'll swallow a live goat with all his hair and horns on. Out of the cabin, ye canting, drab-colored son of a wooden gun—a straight wake with ye!"

As he thundered out this he made a rush at Bildad, but with a marvelous oblique, sliding celerity, Bildad for that time eluded him.

Alarmed at this terrible outburst between the two principal and responsible owners of the ship, and feeling half a mind to give up all idea of sailing in a vessel so questionably owned and temporarily commanded, I stepped aside from the door to give egress to Bildad, who, I made no doubt, was all eagerness to vanish from before the awakened wrath of Peleg. But to my astonishment, he sat down again on the transom very quietly, and seemed to have not the slightest intention of withdrawing. He seemed quite used to Peleg and his ways. As for Peleg, after letting off his rage as he had, there seemed no more left in him, and he, too, sat down like a lamb, though he twitched a little. "Whew!" he whistled at last—"the squall's gone off to leeward, I think. Now then, my young man, Ishmael's thy name, didn't ye say? Well then, down ye go here, Ishmael, for the three hundredth lay."

"Captain Peleg," said I, "I have a friend with me who wants to ship too—shall I bring him down to-morrow?"

"To be sure," said Peleg. "Fetch him along, and we'll look at him." And, after signing the papers, off I went; nothing doubting but that I had done a good morning's work, and that the Pequod was the identical ship that Yojo had provided to carry Queequeg and me round the Cape.

But I had not proceeded far, when I began to bethink me that the Captain with whom I was to sail yet remained unseen by me; though, indeed, in many cases, a whale-ship will be completely fitted out, and receive all her crew on board, ere the captain makes himself visible

by arriving to take command; for sometimes these voyages are so prolonged, and the shore intervals at home so exceedingly brief, that if the captain have a family, or any absorbing concernment of that sort, he does not trouble himself much about his ship in port, but leaves her to the owners till all is ready for sea. However, it is always as well to have a look at him before irrevocably committing yourself into his hands. Turning back I accosted Captain Peleg, inquiring where Captain Ahab was to be found.

"And what dost thou want of Captain Ahab? It's all right enough; thou art shipped."

"Yes, but I should like to see him."

"But I don't think thou wilt be able to at present. I don't know exactly what's the matter with him; but he keeps close inside the house; a sort of sick, and yet he don't look so. In fact, he ain't sick; but no, he isn't well either. Any how, young man, he won't always see me, so I don't suppose he will thee. He's a queer man, Captain Ahab—so some think—but a good one. Oh, thou'lt like him well enough; no fear. He's a grand, ungodly, god-like man, Captain Ahab; doesn't speak much; but, when he does speak, then you may well listen. Ahab's above the common; Ahab's been in colleges, as well as 'mong the cannibals; been used to deeper wonders than the waves; fixed his fiery lance in mightier, stranger foes than whales. His lance! aye, the keenest and surest that out of all our isle! Oh! he ain't Captain Bildad; no, and he ain't Captain Peleg; he's Ahab, boy; and Ahab of old, thou knowest, was a crowned king!"

"And a very vile one. When that wicked king was slain, the dogs, did they not lick his blood?"

"Come hither to me," said Peleg, with a significance in his eye that almost startled me. "Look ye, lad; never say that on board the Pequod. Captain Ahab did not name himself. 'Twas a foolish, ignorant whim of his crazy, widowed mother, who died when he was only a twelvemonth old. And yet the old squaw Tistig, at Gayhead, said that the name would somehow prove prophetic. And, perhaps, other fools like her may tell thee the same. I wish to warn thee. It's a lie. I know Captain Ahab well; I've sailed with him as mate years ago; I know what he is—a good man—not a pious, good man, like Bildad, but a swearing good man—something like me—only there's a good deal more of him. Aye, aye, I know that he was never very jolly; and I know that on the passage home he was a little out of his mind for a spell; but it was the sharp shooting pains in his bleeding stump that

brought that about, as any one might see. I know, too, that ever since he lost his leg last voyage by that accursed whale, he's been a kind of moody—desperate moody, and savage sometimes; but that will all pass off. And let me assure thee, young man, it's better to sail with a moody good captain than a laughing bad one. So wrong not Captain Ahab, because he happens to have a wicked name. Besides, my boy, he has a wife—not three voyages wedded—a sweet, resigned girl. Think of that; by that sweet girl that old man had a child: hold ye then there can be any utter, hopeless harm in Ahab? No, no, my lad; stricken, blasted, if he be, Ahab has his humanities!"

As I walked away, I was full of thoughtfulness; what had been incidentally revealed to me of Captain Ahab filled me with a certain wild vagueness of painfulness concerning him. And somehow, at the time, I felt a sympathy and a sorrow for him, but for I don't know what, unless it was the cruel loss of his leg. And yet I also felt a strange awe of him; but that sort of awe, which I cannot at all describe, was not exactly awe; I do not know what it was. But I felt it; and it did not disincline me towards him; though I felt impatience at what seemed like mystery in him, so imperfectly as he was known to me then. However, my thoughts were at length carried in other directions, so that for the present dark Ahab slipped my mind.

CHAPTER 14

The Ramadan

[Ishmael, returning at the end of the day, finds the door of his room locked and elicits no response from Queequeg for all his knocking and calling. Fearing that Queequeg is ill, he breaks open the door only to find his friend observing his holy day by squatting on his hams. When Queequeg will not budge or even take any notice of him, Ishmael drapes his coat over Queequeg's shoulders, eats his supper, and eventually goes to bed. At sunrise Queequeg ends his Ramadan. Ishmael tries to persuade him that such ritualistic physical suffering is nonsense, but his arguments make no impression.]

CHAPTER 15

His Mark

As we were walking down the end of the wharf towards the ship, Queequeg carrying his harpoon, Captain Peleg in his gruff voice loudly hailed us from his wigwam, saying he had not suspected my friend was a cannibal, and furthermore announcing that he let no cannibals on board that craft, unless they previously produced their papers.

"What do you mean by that, Captain Peleg?" said I, now jumping on the bulwarks, and leaving my comrade standing on the wharf.

"I mean," he replied, "he must show his papers."

"Yes," said Captain Bildad in his hollow voice, sticking his head from behind Peleg's, out of the wigwam. "He must show that he's converted. Son of darkness," he added, turned to Queequeg, "art thou at present in communion with any Christian church?"

"Why," said I, "he's a member of the First Congregational Church."
"First Congregational Church," cried Bildad, "what! that worships in Deacon Deuteronomy Coleman's meetinghouse?" and so saying, taking out his spectacles, he rubbed them with his great yellow bandana handkerchief, and putting them on very carefully, came out of the wigwam and took a good long look at Queequeg.

"How long hath he been a member?" he then said, turning to me; "not very long, I rather guess, young man."

"No," said Peleg, "and he hasn't been baptized right either, or it would have washed some of that devil's blue off his face."

"Do tell, now," cried Bildad, "is this Philistine a regular member of Deacon Deuteronomy's meeting? I never saw him going there, and I pass it every Lord's day."

"I don't know anything about Deacon Deuteronomy or his meeting," said I; "all I know is that Queequeg here is a born member of the First Congregational Church. He is a deacon himself, Queequeg is."

"Young man," said Bildad sternly, "thou art skylarking with meexplain thyself. What church dost thee mean? answer me."

Finding myself thus hard pushed, I replied. "I mean, sir, the same

ancient Catholic Church to which you and I, and Captain Peleg there, and Queequeg here, and all of us, and every mother's son and soul of us belong; the great and everlasting First Congregation of this whole worshiping world; we all belong to that; only some of us cherish some crotchets noways touching the grand belief; in that we all join hands."

"Splice, thou mean'st splice hands," cried Peleg, drawing nearer. "Young man, you'd better ship for a missionary, instead of a foremast hand; I never heard a better sermon. Come aboard, come aboard; never mind about the papers. I say, tell Quohog there—tell Quohog to step along. By the great anchor, what a harpoon he's got there! looks like good stuff that; and he handles it about right. I say, Quohog, or whatever your name is, did you ever stand in the head of a whale-boat? did you ever strike a fish?"

Without saying a word, Queequeg jumped upon the bulwarks, from thence into the bows of one of the whale-boats hanging to the side; and then bracing his left knee, and poising his harpoon, cried out in some such way as this:

"Cap'ain, you see him small drop tar on water dere? You see him? well, spose him one whale eye, well, den!" and taking sharp aim at it, he darted the iron right over old Bildad's broad-brim, clean across the ship's decks, and struck the glistening tar spot out of sight.

"Now," said Queequeg, quietly, hauling in the line, "spos-ee him whale-e eye; why, dad whale dead."

"Quick, Bildad," said Peleg, his partner, who, aghast at the close vicinity of the flying harpoon, had retreated towards the cabin gangway. "Quick, I say, you Bildad, and get the ship's papers. We must have Hedgehog there, I mean Quohog, in one of our boats. Look ye, Quohog, we'll give ye the ninetieth lay, and that's more than ever was given a harpooneer yet out of Nantucket."

So down we went into the cabin, and to my great joy Queequeg was soon enrolled among the same ship's company to which I myself belonged.

CHAPTER 16

The Prophet

CHIPMATES, have ye shipped in that ship?"

Queequeg and I had just left the Pequod, and were sauntering away from the water, when the above words were put to us by a stranger, who, pausing before us, leveled his massive forefinger at the vessel in question. He was but shabbily appareled in faded jacket and patched trowsers; a rag of a black handkerchief investing his neck.

"Have ye shipped in her?" he repeated.

"You mean the ship Pequod, I suppose," said I, trying to gain a little more time for an uninterrupted look at him.

"Aye, the Pequod—that ship there," he said, drawing back his whole arm and then rapidly shoving it straight out from him, with the fixed bayonet of his pointed finger darted full at the object.

"Yes," said I, "we have just signed the articles."

"Anything down there about your souls?"

"About what?"

"Oh, perhaps you hav'n't got any," he said quickly. "No matter though, I know many chaps that hav'n't got any—and they are all the better off for it. A soul's a sort of a fifth wheel to a wagon."

"What are you jabbering about, shipmate?" said I.

"He's got enough, though, to make up for all deficiencies of that sort in other chaps," abruptly said the stranger, placing a nervous emphasis upon the word he.

"Queequeg," said I, "let's go; this fellow has broken loose from somewhere; he's talking about something and somebody we don't know."

"Stop!" cried the stranger. "Ye said true—ye hav'n't seen Old Thunder yet, have ye?"

"Who's Old Thunder?" said I, again riveted with the insane earnestness of his manner.

"Captain Ahab."

"No, we hav'n't. He's sick they say, but is getting better, and will be all right again before long."

"All right again before long!" laughed the stranger, with a solemnly derisive sort of laugh. "Look ye; when Captain Ahab is all right, then this left arm of mine will be all right; not before."

"What do you know about him?"

"What did they tell you about him? Say that!"

"They didn't tell much of anything about him; only I've heard that he's a good whale-hunter, and a good captain to his crew."

"That's true, that's true. But you must jump when he gives an order. Step and growl; growl and go—that's the word with Captain Ahab. But nothing about that thing that happened to him off Cape Horn, long ago, when he lay like dead for three days and nights; nothing about that deadly scrimmage with the Spaniard afore the altar in Santa?—heard nothing about that, eh? Nothing about the silver calabash he spat into? And nothing about his losing his leg last voyage, according to the prophecy. No, I don't think ye did; how could ye?' Who knows it? But hows'ever, mayhap, ye've heard tell about the leg, and how he lost it; aye, ye have heard of that, I dare say. Oh, yes, that every one knows a'most—I mean they know he's only one leg; and that a parmacetti took the other off."

"My friend," said I, "what all this gibberish of yours is about, I don't know, and I don't much care; for it seems to me that you must be a little damaged in the head. But if you are speaking of Captain Ahab, then let me tell you that I know all about the loss of his leg."

"All about it, eh—sure you do?—all?"

"Pretty sure."

The beggar-like stranger stood a moment, as if in a troubled reverie; then starting a little, turned and said: "Ye've shipped, have ye? Names down on the papers? Well, well, what's signed, is signed; and what's to be, will be; some sailors or other must go with him, I suppose; as well these as any other men, God pity 'em! Morning to ye, shipmates, morning; I'm sorry I stopped ye."

"Look here, friend," said I, "if you have anything important to tell us, out with it; but if you are only trying to bamboozle us, you are mistaken in your game; that's all I have to say."

"And it's said very well, and I like to hear a chap talk up that way; you are just the man for him—the likes of ye. Morning to ye, shipmates, morning! Oh! when ye get there, tell 'em I've concluded not to make one of 'em."

"Ah, my dear fellow, you can't fool us that way-you can't fool us.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to look as if he had a great secret in him."

"Morning to ye, shipmates, morning."

"Morning it is," said I. "Come along, Queequeg, let's leave this crazy man. But stop, tell me your name, will you?"

"Elijah."

Elijah! thought I, and we walked away, both commenting, after each other's fashion, upon this ragged old sailor; and agreed that he was nothing but a humbug, trying to be a bugbear. But his ambiguous, half-hinting, half-revealing, shrouded sort of talk, now begat in me all kinds of vague wonderments and half-apprehensions, and all connected with the Pequod; and Captain Ahab; and the leg he had lost; and the Cape Horn fit; and the silver calabash; and what Captain Peleg had said of him, when I left the ship the day previous; and the prediction of the squaw Tistig; and the voyage we had bound ourselves to sail; and a hundred other shadowy things.

CHAPTER 17

All Astir

A DAY OR TWO passed, and there was great activity aboard the Pequod. Not only were the old sails being mended, but new sails were coming on board, and bolts of canvas, and coils of rigging; in short, everything betokened that the ship's preparations were hurrying to a close. Captain Peleg seldom or never went ashore, but sat in his wigwam keeping a sharp look-out upon the hands: Bildad did all the purchasing and providing at the stores; and the men employed in the hold and on the rigging were working till long after night-fall.

On the day following Queequeg's signing articles, word was given at all the inns where the ship's company were stopping, that their chests must be on board before night, for there was no telling how soon the vessel might be sailing. So Queequeg and I got down our traps, resolving, however, to sleep ashore till the last. But it seems they always give very long notice in these cases, and the ship did not sail for several days. But no wonder; there was a good deal to be done, and there is no telling how many things to be thought of, before the Pequod was fully equipped.

Every one knows what a multitude of things are indispensable to the business of housekeeping. Just so with whaling, which necessitates a three-years' housekeeping upon the wide ocean, far from all grocers, costermongers, doctors, bakers, and bankers. And though this also holds true of merchant vessels, yet not by any means to the same extent as with whalemen. For besides the great length of the whaling voyage, the numerous articles peculiar to the prosecution of the fishery, and the impossibility of replacing them at the remote harbors usually frequented, it must be remembered, that of all ships, whaling vessels are the most exposed to accidents of all kinds, and especially to the destruction and loss of the very things upon which the success of the voyage most depends. Hence, the spare boats, spare spars, and spare lines and harpoons, and spare everythings, almost, but a spare Captain and duplicate ship.

At the period of our arrival at the Island, the heaviest storage of the Pequod had been almost completed; comprising her beef, bread, water, fuel, and iron hoops and staves. But, as before hinted, for some time there was a continual fetching and carrying on board of divers odds and ends of things, both large and small. Bildad carried about with him a long list of the articles needed, and at every fresh arrival, down went his mark opposite that article upon the paper. Every once in a while Peleg came hobbling out of his whale-bone den, roaring at the men down the hatchways, roaring up to the riggers at the masthead, and then concluded by roaring back into his wigwam.

During these days of preparation, Queequeg and I often visited the craft, and as often I asked about Captain Ahab, and how he was, and when he was going to come on board his ship. To these questions they would answer that he was getting better and better, and was expected aboard every day. If I had been downright honest with myself, I would have seen very plainly in my heart that I did but half fancy being committed this way to so long a voyage, without once laying my eyes on the man who was to be the absolute dictator of it, so soon as the ship sailed out upon the open sea. But when a man suspects any wrong, it sometimes happens that if he be already involved in the matter, he insensibly strives to cover up his suspicions even from himself. And much this way it was with me. I said nothing, and tried to think nothing.

At last it was given out that some time next day the ship would certainly sail. So next morning, Queequeg and I took a very early start.

CHAPTER 18

Going Aboard

I was nearly six o'clock, but only grey imperfect misty dawn, when we drew nigh the wharf.

"There are some sailors running ahead there, if I see right," said I to Queequeg, "it can't be shadow; she's off by sunrise, I guess; come on!"

"Avast!" cried a voice, whose owner at the same time coming close behind us, laid a hand upon both our shoulders, and then insinuating himself between us, stood stooping forward a little, in the uncertain twilight, strangely peering from Queequeg to me. It was Elijah.

"Going aboard?"

"Hands off, will you," said I.

"Lookee here," said Queequeg, shaking himself, "go 'way!"

"Ain't going aboard, then?"

"Yes, we are," said I, "but what business is that of yours? Elijah, you will oblige my friend and me by withdrawing. We are going to the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and would prefer not to be detained."

"Ye be, be ye? Coming back afore breakfast?"

"He's cracked, Queequeg," said I, "come on."

"Holloa!" cried stationary Elijah, hailing us when we had removed a few paces.

"Never mind him," said I, "Queequeg, come on."

But he stole up to us again, and suddenly clapping his hand on my shoulder, said: "Did ye see anything looking like men going towards that ship a while ago?"

Struck by this plain matter-of-fact question, I answered, saying, "Yes, I thought I did see four or five men; but it was too dim to be sure."

"Very dim, very dim," said Elijah. "Morning to ye."

Once more we quitted him; but once more he came softly after us; and touching my shoulder again, said, "See if you can find 'em now, will ye?"

"Find who?"

"Morning to ye! morning to ye!" he rejoined, again moving off.

"Good-bye to ye. Shan't see ye again very soon, I guess; unless it's before the Grand Jury." And with these cracked words he finally departed, leaving me, for the moment, in no small wonderment at his frantic impudence.

It was now clear sunrise. Soon the crew came on board in twos and threes; the riggers bestirred themselves; the mates were actively engaged; and several of the shore people were busy in bringing various last things on board. Meanwhile Captain Ahab remained invisibly enshrined within his cabin.

CHAPTER 19

Merry Christmas

AT LENGTH, towards noon, upon the final dismissal of the ship's riggers, and after the Pequod had been hauled out from the wharf, the two captains, Peleg and Bildad, issued from the cabin, and turning to the chief mate, Peleg said:

"Now, Mr. Starbuck, are you sure everything is right? Captain Ahab is all ready—just spoke to him—nothing more to be got from shore, eh? Well, call all hands, then. Muster 'em aft here—blast 'em!"

"No need of profane words, however great the hurry, Peleg," said Bildad, "but away with thee, friend Starbuck, and do our bidding."

"Man the capstan! Blood and thunder!—jump!"—was the command, and the crew sprang for the handspikes.

Now in getting under weigh, the station generally occupied by the pilot is the forward part of the ship. And here Bildad, who, with Peleg, be it known, in addition to his other officers, was one of the licensed pilots of the port—he being suspected to have got himself made a pilot in order to save the Nantucket pilot-fee to all the ships he was concerned in, for he never piloted any other craft—Bildad, I say, might now be seen actively engaged in looking over the bows for the approaching anchor, and at intervals singing what seemed a dismal stave of psalmody, to cheer the hands at the windlass, who roared forth some sort of chorus about the girls in Booble Alley, with hearty good will.

At last the anchor was up, the sails were set, and off we glided. It was a short, cold Christmas; and as the short northern day merged

into night, we found ourselves almost broad upon the wintry ocean, whose freezing spray cased us in ice, as in polished armor. The long rows of teeth on the bulwarks glistened in the moonlight; and like the white ivory tusks of some huge elephant, vast curving icicles depended from the bows.

At last we gained such an offing that the two pilots were needed no longer. The stout sail-boat that had accompanied us began rang-

ing alongside.

"God bless ye, and have ye in His holy keeping, men," murmured old Bildad, almost incoherently. "I hope ye'll have fine weather now, so that Captain Ahab may soon be moving among ye—a pleasant sun is all he needs, and ye'll have plenty of them in the tropic voyage ye go. Be careful in the hunt, ye mates. Don't stave the boats needlessly, ye harpooneers; good white cedar plank is raised full three per cent. within the year. Don't forget your prayers, either. Mr. Starbuck, mind that cooper don't waste the spare staves. Don't whale it too much a' Lord's days, men; but don't miss a fair chance either, that's rejecting Heaven's good gifts. Have an eye to the molasses tierce, Mr. Stubb; it was a little leaky, I thought. Good-bye, good-bye! Don't keep that cheese too long down in the hold, Mr. Starbuck; it'll spoil. Be careful with the butter—twenty cents the pound it was, and mind ye, if—"

"Come, come, Captain Bildad; stop palavering. Away!" and with that, Peleg hurried him over the side, and both dropped into the boat.

Ship and boat diverged; the cold, damp night breeze blew between; a screaming gull flew overhead; the two hulls wildly rolled; we gave three heavy-hearted cheers, and blindly plunged like fate into the lone Atlantic.

CHAPTER 20

Knights and Squires

THE CHIEF MATE of the Pequod was Starbuck, a native of Nantucket, and a Quaker by descent. He was a long, earnest man, and though born on an icy coast, seemed well adapted to endure hot latitudes, his flesh being hard as twice-baked biscuit. Only some thirty arid summers had he seen; those summers had dried up all his physical superfluousness. But this, his thinness, so to speak, seemed no

more the token of wasting anxieties and cares than it seemed the indication of any bodily blight. It was merely the condensation of the man. He was by no means ill-looking; quite the contrary. His pure tight skin was an excellent fit; and closely wrapped up in it, and embalmed with inner health and strength, like a revivified Egyptian, this Starbuck seemed prepared to endure for long ages to come. Looking into his eyes, you seemed to see there the yet lingering images of those thousand-fold perils he had calmly confronted through life. A staid, steadfast man, whose life for the most part was a telling pantomime of action. Yet, for all his hardy sobriety and fortitude, there were certain qualities in him which at times affected, and in some cases seemed well nigh to overbalance all the rest. Uncommonly conscientious for a seaman, and endued with a deep natural reverence, the wild watery loneliness of his life did therefore strongly incline him. to superstition; but to that sort of superstition, which seems rather to spring, somehow, from intelligence than from ignorance. Outward portents and inward presentiments were his. And if at times these things bent the welded iron of his soul, much more did his far-away domestic memories of his young Cape wife and child tend to bend him still more from the original ruggedness of his nature, and open him still further to those latent influences which, in some honesthearted men, restrain the gush of dare-devil daring, so often evinced by others in the more perilous vicissitudes of the fishery. "I will have no man in my boat," said Starbuck, "who is not afraid of a whale." By this, he seemed to mean, not only that the most reliable and useful courage was that which arises from the fair estimation of the encountered peril, but that an utterly fearless man is a far more dangerous comrade than a coward.

Starbuck was no crusader after perils; in him courage was not a sentiment, but a thing simply useful to him, and always at hand upon all mortally practical occasions. Besides, he thought, perhaps, that in this business of whaling, courage was one of the great staple outfits of the ship, like her beef and her bread, and not to be foolishly wasted. Wherefore he had no fancy for lowering for whales after sun-down; nor for persisting in fighting a fish that too much persisted in fighting him. For, thought Starbuck, I am here in this critical ocean to kill whales for my living, and not to be killed by them for theirs; and that hundreds of men had been so killed Starbuck well knew. What doom was his own father's? Where, in the bottomless deeps, could he find the torn limbs of his brother?

With memories like these in him, and, moreover, given to a certain superstitiousness, as has been said, the courage of this Starbuck, which could, nevertheless, still flourish, must indeed have been extreme. But it was not in reasonable nature that a man so organized, and with such terrible experiences and remembrances as he had; it was not in nature that these things should fail in latently engendering an element in him, which, under suitable circumstances, would break out from its confinement, and burn all his courage up. And brave as he might be, it was that sort of bravery chiefly, visible in some intrepid men, which, while generally abiding firm in the conflict with seas, or winds, or whales, or any of the ordinary irrational horrors of the world, yet cannot withstand those more terrific, because more spiritual terrors, which sometimes menace you from the concentrating brow of an enraged and mighty man.

But were the coming narrative to reveal in any instance the complete abasement of poor Starbuck's fortitude, scarce might I have the heart to write it; but it is a thing most sorrowful, nay shocking, to expose the fall of valor in the soul. Men may seem detestable as joint stock-companies and nations; knaves, fools, and murderers there may be; men may have mean and meager faces; but man, in the ideal, is so noble and so sparkling, such a grand and glowing creature, that over any ignominious blemish in him all his fellows should run to throw their costliest robes. That immaculate manliness we feel within ourselves bleeds with keenest anguish at the undraped spectacle of a valor-ruined man. Nor can piety itself, at such a shameful sight, completely stifle her upbraidings against the permitting stars. But this august dignity I treat of is not the dignity of kings and robes, but that abounding dignity which has no robed investiture. Thou shalt see it shining in the arm that wields a pick or drives a spike; that democratic dignity which, on all hands, radiates without end from God. The center and circumference of all democracy! His omnipresence, our divine equality!

If, then, to meanest mariners and renegades, and castaways, I shall hearafter ascribe high qualities, though dark; if even the most mournful, perchance the most abased, among them all shall at times lift himself to the exalted mounts; if I shall touch that workman's arm with some ethereal light; then against all mortal critics bear me out in it, thou just Spirit of Equality, which hast spread one royal mantle of humanity over all my kind! Bear me out in it, thou great democratic God! who didst not refuse to the swart convict, Bunyan, the pale,

poetic pearl; Thou who didst clothe with doubly hammered leaves of finest gold the stumped and paupered arm of old Cervantes; Thou who didst pick up Andrew Jackson from the pebbles; who didst hurl him upon a war-horse; who didst thunder him higher than a throne! Thou who, in all Thy mighty, earthly marchings, ever cullest Thy selectest champions from the kingly commons; bear me out in it, O God!

CHAPTER 21

Knights and Squires

CTUBB WAS THE SECOND MATE. He was a native of Cape Cod. A happy-go-lucky; neither craven nor valiant; taking perils as they came with an indifferent air; and while engaged in the most imminent crisis of the chase, toiling away, calm and collected as a journeyman joiner engaged for the year. Good-humored, easy, and careless, he presided over his whale-boat as if the most deadly encounter were but a dinner, and his crew all invited guests. When close to the whale, in the very death-lock of the fight, he handled his unpitying lance coolly and off-handedly. He would hum over his old rigadig tunes while flank and flank with the most exasperated monster. Long usage had, for this Stubb, converted the jaws of death into an easy chair. What he thought of death itself, there is no telling. Whether he ever thought of it at all might be a question; but if he ever did chance to cast his mind that way after a comfortable dinner, no doubt, like a good sailor, he took it to be a sort of call of the watch to tumble aloft, and bestir themselves there, about something which he would find out when he obeyed the order, and not sooner.

What, perhaps, with other things, made Stubb such an easy-going, unfearing man, so cheerily trudging off with the burden of life in a world full of grave peddlers, all bowed to the ground with their packs; what helped to bring about that almost impious good-humor of his; that thing must have been his pipe. For his short, black little pipe was one of the regular features of his face. You would almost as soon have expected him to turn out of his bunk without his nose as without his pipe. He kept a whole row of pipes there ready loaded, stuck in a rack; and, whenever he turned in, he smoked them all out in succes-

sion, lighting one from the other to the end of the chapter; then loading them again to be in readiness anew.

The third mate was Flask, a native of Tisbury, on Martha's Vineyard. A short, stout, ruddy young fellow, very pugnacious concerning whales, who somehow seemed to think that the great Leviathans had personally affronted him; and therefore it was a sort of point of honor with him, to destroy them whenever encountered. So utterly lost was he to all sense of reverence for the many marvels of their majestic bulk and mystic ways, and so dead to anything like an apprehension of any possible danger from encountering them, that in his poor opinion, the wondrous whale was but a species of magnified mouse, or at least water-rat, requiring only a little circumvention and some small application of time and trouble in order to kill and boil. This ignorant, unconscious fearlessness of his made him a little waggish in the matter of whales; he followed these fish for the fun of it; and a three years' voyage round Cape Horn was only a jolly joke that lasted that length of time. They called him King-Post on board of the Pequod; because, in form, he could be well likened to the short, square timber known by that name in Arctic whalers; and which by the means of many radiating side timbers inserted into it serves to brace the ship against the icy concussions of those battering seas.

Now these three mates—Starbuck, Stubb and Flask, were momentous men. They it was who commanded three of the Pequod's boats as headsmen. In that grand order of battle in which Captain Ahab would probably marshal his forces to descend on the whales, these three headsmen were as captains of companies. Or, being armed with their long keen whaling spears, they were as a picked trio of lancers; even as the harpooneers were flingers of javelins.

And since in this famous fishery each mate or headsman, like a Gothic Knight of old, is always accompanied by his boat-steerer or harpooneer, who in certain conjunctures provides him with a fresh lance, when the former one has been badly twisted, or elbowed in the assault; and moreover, as there generally subsists between the two a close intimacy and friendliness; it is therefore but meet that in this place we set down who the Pequod's harpooneers were, and to what headsmen each of them belonged.

First of all was Queequeg, whom Starbuck, the chief mate, had selected for his squire. But Queequeg is already known.

Next was Tashtego, an unmixed Indian from Gay Head, the most

westerly promontory of Martha's Vineyard, where there still exists

the last remnant of a village of red men, which has long supplied the neighboring island of Nantucket with many of her most daring harpooneers. Tashtego's long, lean, sable hair, his high cheek-bones, and black rounding eyes—for an Indian, Oriental in their largeness, but Antarctic in their glittering expression—all this sufficiently proclaimed him an inheritor of the unvitiated blood of those proud warrior hunters, who, in quest of the great New England moose, had scoured, bow in hand, the aboriginal forests of the main. Tashtego was Stubb the second mate's squire.

Third among the harpooneers was Daggoo, a gigantic, coal-black Negro-savage, with a lion-like tread—an Ahasuerus to behold. Suspended from his ears were two golden hoops, so large that the sailors called them ring-bolts, and would talk of securing the top-sail halyards to them. In his youth Daggoo had voluntarily shipped on board of a. whaler lying in a lonely bay on his native coast. And never having been anywhere in the world but in Africa, Nantucket, and the pagan harbors most frequented by the whalemen, and having now led for many years the bold life of the fishery, Daggoo retained all his barbaric virtues, and erect as a giraffe, moved about the decks in all the pomp of six feet five in his socks. There was a corporeal humility in looking up at him; and a white man standing before him seemed a white flag come to beg truce of a fortress. Curious to tell, this imperial Negro was the Squire of little Flask, who looked like a chess-man beside him. As for the residue of the Pequod's company, be it said that at the present day not one in two of the many thousand men before the mast employed in the American whale fishery are Americans born, though pretty nearly all the officers are. No small number of these whaling seamen belong to the Azores, where the outward bound Nantucket whalers frequently augment their crews from the hardy peasants of those rocky shores. In like manner, the Greenland whalers sailing out of Hull or London put in at the Shetland Islands, to receive the full complement of their crew. Upon the passage homewards, they drop them there again. How it is, there is no telling, but Islanders seem to make the best whalemen. They were nearly all Islanders in the Pequod, Isolatoes too, I call such, not acknowledging the common continent of men, but each Isolato living on a separate continent of his own. Yet now, federated along one keel, what a set these Isolatoes were! An Anacharsis Clootz deputation from all the isles of the sea, and all the ends of the earth, accompanying Old Ahab in the Pequod to lay the world's grievances before that bar from

which not very many of them ever come back. Black Little Pip—he never did—oh, no! he went before. Poor Alabama boy! On the grim Pequod's forecastle, ye shall ere long see him, beating his tambourine; prelusive of the eternal time, when sent for, to the great quarter-deck on high, he was bid strike in with angels, and beat his tambourine in glory; called a coward here, hailed a hero there!

CHAPTER 22

Ahab

For several days after leaving Nantucket, nothing above hatches was seen of Captain Ahab. The mates regularly relieved each other at the watches, and for aught that could be seen to the contrary, they seemed to be the only commanders of the ship; only they sometimes issued from the cabin with orders so sudden and peremptory that after all it was plain they but commanded vicariously. Yet their supreme lord and dictator was there, though hitherto unseen by any eyes not permitted to penetrate into the now sacred retreat of the cabin.

Every time I ascended to the deck from my watches below, I instantly gazed aft to mark if any strange face was visible; for my first vague disquietude touching the unknown captain now in the seclusion of the sea became almost a perturbation. But whatever it was of apprehensiveness or uneasiness which I felt, yet whenever I came to look about me in the ship, it seemed against all warranty to cherish such emotions. For though the harpooneers, with the great body of the crew, were a far more barbaric and motley set than any of the tame merchant-ship companies which my previous experiences had made me acquainted with, still I ascribed this—and rightly ascribed it—to the fierce uniqueness of the very nature of that wild Scandinavian vocation in which I had so abandonedly embarked. But it was especially the aspect of the three chief officers of the ship, the mates, which was most forcibly calculated to allay these misgivings, and induce confidence and cheerfulness in every presentment of the voyage. Three better, more likely sea-officers and men, each in his own different way, could not readily be found. Now, it being Christmas when the ship shot from out her harbor, for a space we had biting

Polar weather, though all the time running away from it to the southward and gradually leaving that merciless winter and all its intolerable weather behind us. It was one of those less lowering, but still grey and gloomy enough mornings of the transition when with a fair wind the ship was rushing through the water with a vindictive sort of leaping and melancholy rapidity, that as I mounted to the deck at the call of the forenoon watch, so soon as I leveled my glance towards the taffrail, foreboding shivers ran over me. Reality outran apprehension; Captain Ahab stood upon his quarter-deck.

There seemed no sign of common bodily illness about him, nor of the recovery from any. He looked like a man cut away from the stake, when the fire has overrunningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them, or taking away one particle from their compacted aged robustness. His whole high, broad form seemed made of solid. bronze, and shaped in an unalterable mould, like Cellini's cast Perseus. Threading its way out from among his grey hairs, and continuing right down one side of his tawny scorched face and neck, till it disappeared in his clothing, you saw a slender rod-like mark, lividly whitish. It resembled that perpendicular seam sometimes made in the straight, lofty trunk of a great tree, when the upper lightning tearingly darts down it, and peels and grooves out the bark from top to bottom, leaving the tree still greenly alive, but branded. Whether that mark was born with him, or whether it was the scar left by some desperate wound, no one could certainly say. By some tacit consent, throughout the voyage little or no allusion was made to it, especially by the mates.

So powerfully did the whole grim aspect of Ahab affect me, and the livid brand which streaked it, that for the first few moments I hardly noted that not a little of this overbearing grimness was owing to the barbaric white leg upon which he partly stood. It had previously come to me that this ivory leg had at sea been fashioned from the polished bone of the sperm whale's jaw.

I was struck with the singular posture he maintained. Upon each side of the Pequod's quarter-deck, and pretty close to the mizzen shrouds, there was an auger hole, bored about half an inch or so into the plank. His bone leg steadied in that hole; one arm elevated, and holding by a shroud, Captain Ahab stood erect, looking straight out beyond the ship's ever-pitching prow. There was an infinity of firmest fortitude, a determinate, unsurrenderable willfulness, in the fixed and fearless forward dedication of that glance. Not a word he spoke; nor

did his officers say aught to him; though by all their minutest gestures and expressions they plainly showed the uneasy, if not painful, consciousness of being under a troubled master-eye. And not only that, but moody, stricken Ahab stood before them with a crucifixion in his face; in all the nameless regal overbearing dignity of some mighty woe.

Ere long, from his first visit in the air, he withdrew into his cabin. But after that morning, he was every day visible to the crew; either standing in his pivot-hole, or seated upon an ivory stool he had; or heavily walking the deck. As the sky grew less gloomy, indeed, began to grow a little genial, he became still less and less a recluse. And by and by it came to pass that he was almost continually in the air; but, as yet, for all that he said, or perceptibly did, on the at last sunny deck, he seemed as unnecessary there as another mast. But the Pequod was only making a passage now; not regularly cruising; nearly all whaling preparatives needing supervision the mates were fully competent to, so that there was little or nothing, out of himself, to employ or excite Ahab, now, and thus chase away, for that one interval, the clouds that layer upon layer were piled upon his brow, as ever all clouds choose the loftiest peaks to pile themselves upon.

Nevertheless, ere long, the warm, warbling persuasiveness of the pleasant, holiday weather we came to seemed gradually to charm him from his mood. More than once did he put forth the faint blossom of a look, which, in any other man, would have soon flowered out in a smile.

CHAPTER 23

Enter Ahab; to Him, Stubb

Some days elapsed, the Pequod now went rolling through the bright Quito spring, which at sea, almost perpetually reigns on the threshold of the eternal August of the Tropic. The warmly cool, clear, ringing, perfumed days, were as crystal goblets of Persian sherbet, heaped up—flaked up,—with rose-water snow. The starred and stately nights seemed haughty dames in jeweled velvets, nursing at home in lonely pride the memory of their absent conquering Earls, the golden helmeted suns! But all the witcheries of that unwaning

weather did not merely lend new spells and potencies to the outward world. Inward they turned upon the soul, especially when the still mild hours of eve came on; then, memory shot her crystals as the clear ice most forms of noiseless twilights. And all these subtle agencies, more and more they wrought on Ahab's texture.

Old age is always wakeful; as if, the longer linked with life, the less man has to do with aught that looks like death. Among sea-commanders, the old greybeards will oftenest leave their berths to visit the night-cloaked deck. It was so with Ahab; only that now, of late, he seemed so much to live in the open air that, truly speaking, his visits were more to the cabin, than from the cabin to the planks. "It feels like going down into one's tomb," he would mutter to himself—"for an old captain like me to be descending this narrow scuttle, to go to my grave-dug berth."

So, almost every twenty-four hours, when the watches of the night were set, and when if a rope was to be hauled upon the forecastle, the sailors flung it not rudely down, as by day, but with some cautiousness dropped it to its place for fear of disturbing their slumbering shipmates; when this sort of steady quietude would begin to prevail, habitually, the silent steersman would watch the cabin-scuttle; and ere long the old man would emerge, gripping at the iron banister, to help his crippled way. Some considering touch of humanity was in him; for at times like these, he usually abstained from patrolling the quarter-deck; because to his wearied mates, seeking repose within six inches of his ivory heel, such would have been the reverberating crack and din of that bony step that their dreams would have been on the crunching teeth of sharks. But once, the mood was on him too deep for common regardings; and as with heavy pace he was measuring the ship from taffrail to mainmast, Stubb, the second mate, came up from below, with a certain unassured, deprecating humorousness, hinted that if Captain Ahab was pleased to walk the planks, then, no one could say nay; but there might be some way of muffling the noise; hinting something indistinctly and hesitatingly about a globe of tow, and the insertion into it, of the ivory heel.

"Am I a cannon-ball, Stubb," said Ahab, "that thou wouldst wad me that fashion? But go thy ways; I had forgot. Below to thy nightly grave; where such as ye sleep between shrouds, to use ye to the filling one at last. Down, dog, and kennel!"

Starting at the unforeseen concluding exclamation of the so suddenly scornful old man, Stubb was speechless a moment; then said excitedly, "I am not used to be spoken to that way, sir; I do but less than half like it, sir."

"Avast!" gritted Ahab between his set teeth, and violently moving away, as if to avoid some passionate temptation.

"No, sir; not yet," said Stubb, emboldened, "I will not tamely be called a dog, sir."

"Then be called ten times a donkey, and a mule, and an ass, and begone, or I'll clear the world of thee!"

As he said this, Ahab advanced upon him with such overbearing terrors in his aspect, that Stubb involuntarily retreated.

"I was never served so before without giving a hard blow for it," muttered Stubb, as he found himself descending the cabin-scuttle. "It's very queer. Stop, Stubb; somehow, now, I don't well know whether to go back and strike him, or-what's that?-down here on my knees and pray for him? Yes, that was the thought coming up in me; but it would be the first time I ever did pray. It's queer; and he's queer too; aye, he's about the queerest old man Stubb ever sailed with. How he flashed at me! Is he mad? Anyways there's something's on his mind. He ain't in his bed now, either, more than three hours out of the twenty-four; and he don't sleep then. I wonder what he goes into the after hold for, every night, as Dough-Boy tells me he suspects; what's that for, I should like to know? Who's made appointments with him in the hold? Ain't that queer, now? Damn me, but all things are queer, come to think of 'em. But that's against my principles. Think not, is my eleventh commandment; and sleep when you can, is my twelfth-So here goes again.

CHAPTER 24

The Pipe

When stubb had departed, Ahab stood for a while leaning over the bulwarks; and then, as had been usual with him of late, calling a sailor of the watch, he sent him below for his ivory stool, and also his pipe. Lighting the pipe at the binnacle lamp and planting the stool on the weather side of the deck, he sat and smoked.

In old Norse times, the thrones of the sea-loving Danish kings were fabricated, saith tradition, of the tusks of the narwhale. How could

one look at Ahab then, seated on that tripod of bones, without bethinking him of the royalty it symbolized? For a khan of the plank, and a king of the sea and a great lord of Leviathans was Ahab.

Some moments passed, during which the thick vapor came from his mouth in quick and constant puffs, which blew back again into his face. "How now," he soliloquized at last, withdrawing the tube, "this smoking no longer soothes. Oh, my pipe! hard must it go with me if thy charm be gone! Here have I been unconsciously toiling, not pleasuring—aye, and ignorantly smoking to windward all the while; to windward, and with such nervous whiffs, as if, like the dying whale, my final jets were the strongest and fullest of trouble. What business have I with this pipe? This thing that is meant for sereneness, to send up mild white vapors among mild white hairs, not among torn irongrey locks like mine. I'll smoke no more—"

He tossed the still lighted pipe into the sea. The fire hissed in the waves; the same instant the ship shot by the bubble the sinking pipe made. With slouched hat, Ahab lurchingly paced the planks.

CHAPTER 25

The Specksynder

Concerning the officers of the whale-craft, this seems as good a place as any to set down a little domestic peculiarity on shipboard, arising from the existence of the harpooneer class of officers, a class unknown of course in any other marine than the whale-fleet.

The large importance attached to the harpooneer's vocation is evinced by the fact that originally in the old Dutch Fishery, two centuries and more ago, the command of a whale-ship was not wholly lodged in the captain, but was divided between him and an officer called the Specksynder. Literally this word means Fat-Cutter; usage, however, in time made it equivalent to Chief Harpooneer. In those days, the captain's authority was restricted to the navigation and general management; while over the whale-hunting department the Specksynder reigned supreme. In the British Greenland Fishery this old Dutch official is still retained, but his former dignity is sadly abridged. At present he ranks simply as senior Harpooneer; and as such, is but

one of the captain's more inferior subalterns. Nevertheless, as upon the good conduct of the harpooneers the success of a whaling voyage largely depends, and since in the American Fishery he is not only an important officer in the boat, but under certain circumstances the command of the ship's deck is also his; therefore the grand political maxim of the sea demands that he should nominally live apart from the men before the mast and be in some way distinguished as their professional superior; though always, by them, familiarly regarded as their social equal.

Now, the grand distinction drawn between officer and man at seal is this—the first lives aft, the last forward. Hence, in whale-ships and merchantmen alike, the mates have their quarters with the captain; and so, too, in most of the American whalers the harpooneers are lodged in the after part of the ship. That is to say, they take their meals in the captain's cabin, and sleep in a place indirectly communicating with it.

Though the long period of a Southern whaling voyage, the peculiar perils of it, and the community of interest prevailing among a company, all of whom, high or low, depend for their profits, not upon fixed wages, but upon their common luck, together with their common vigilance, intrepidity, and hard work; though all these things do in some cases tend to beget a less rigorous discipline than in merchantmen generally; yet, for all that, the punctilious externals, at least, of the quarter-deck are seldom materially relaxed, and in no instance done away.

And though of all men the moody captain of the Pequod was the least given to shallowest assumption; and though the only homage he ever exacted was implicit, instantaneous obedience; and though there were times when, owing to peculiar circumstances connected with events hereafter to be detailed, he addressed them in unusual terms, whether of condescension or in terrorem, or otherwise; yet even Captain Ahab was by no means unobservant of the paramount forms and usages of the sea.

Nor, perhaps, will it fail to be eventually perceived that behind those forms and usages, as it were, he sometimes masked himself; incidentally making use of them for other and more private ends than they were legitimately intended to subserve. That certain sultanism of his brain, which had otherwise in a good degree remained unmanifested; through those forms that same sultanism became incarnate in an irresistible dictatorship.

CHAPTER 26

The Cabin-Table

It is noon; and Dough-Boy, the steward, thrusting his pale loaf-of-bread face from the cabin-scuttle, announces dinner to his lord and master who, sitting in the lee quarter-boat, has just been taking an observation of the sun; and is now mutely reckoning the latitude on the smooth, medallion-shaped tablet, reserved for that daily purpose on the upper part of his ivory leg. From his complete inattention to the tidings, you would think that moody Ahab had not heard his menial. But presently, catching hold of the mizzen shrouds, he swings himself to the deck, and in an even, unexhilarated voice, saying, "Dinner, Mr. Starbuck," disappears into the cabin.

When the last echo of his sultan's step has died away, and Starbuck, the first Emir, has every reason to suppose that he is seated, then Starbuck rouses from his quietude, takes a few turns along the planks, and, after a grave peep into the binnacle, says, with some touch of pleasantness, "Dinner, Mr. Stubb," and descends the scuttle. The second Emir lounges about the rigging awhile, and then slightly shaking the main brace, to see whether it will be all right with that important rope, he likewise takes up the old burden, and with a rapid "Dinner, Mr. Flask," follows after his predecessors.

But the third Emir, now seeing himself all alone on the quarterdeck, seems to feel relieved from some curious restraint; for, kicking off his shoes, he strikes into a sharp but noiseless hornpipe right over the Grand Turk's head; and then, by a dexterous sleight, pitching his cap up into the mizzentop for a shelf, he goes down rollicking, so far at least as he remains visible from the deck. But ere stepping into the cabin doorway below, he pauses, ships a new face altogether, and, then, independent, hilarious little Flask enters King Ahab's presence, in the character of Abjectus, or the Slave.

Over his ivory-inlaid table, Ahab presided like a mute, maned sealion on the white coral beach, surrounded by his war-like but still deferential cubs. In his own proper turn, each officer waited to be served. They were as little children before Ahab; and yet, in Ahab, there seemed not to lurk the smallest social arrogance. With one

mind, their intent eyes all fastened upon the old man's knife, as he carved the chief dish before him. I do not suppose that for the world they would have profaned that moment with the slightest observation, even upon so neutral a topic as the weather. No! And when reaching out his knife and fork, between which the slice of beef was locked, Ahab thereby motioned Starbuck's plate towards him, the mate received his meat as though receiving alms; and cut it tenderly; and a little started if, perchance, the knife grazed against the plate; and chewed it noiselessly; and swallowed it, not without circumspection. These cabin meals were somehow solemn meals, eaten in awful silence; and yet at table old Ahab forbade not conversation; only he himself was dumb. What a relief it was to choking Stubb, when a rat made a sudden racket in the hold below. And poor little Flask, he was the youngest son, and little boy of this weary family party.

For Flask to have presumed to help himself, this must have seemed to him tantamount to larceny in the first degree. Had he helped himself at the table, doubtless, never more would he have been able to hold his head up in this honest world; nevertheless, strange to say, Ahab never forbade him. And had Flask helped himself, the chances were Ahab had never so much as noticed it.

Another thing. Flask was the last person down at the dinner, and Flask is the first man up. Consider! For hereby Flask's dinner was badly jammed in point of time. Starbuck and Stubb both had the start of him; and yet they also have the privilege of lounging in the rear. If Stubb happens to have but a small appetite, and soon shows symptoms of concluding his repast, then Flask must bestir himself, he will not get more than three mouthfuls that day; for it is against holy usage for Stubb to precede Flask to the deck. Therefore it was that Flask once admitted in private that ever since he had arisen to the dignity of an officer, from that moment he had never known what it was to be otherwise than hungry, more or less. Peace and satisfaction, thought Flask, have for ever departed from my stomach. I am an officer; but, how I wish I could fish a bit of old-fashioned beef in the forecastle, as I used to when I was before the mast. There's the fruits of promotion now; there's the vanity of glory: there's the insanity of life!

Now, Ahab and his three mates formed what may be called the first table in the Pequod's cabin. After their departure, taking place in inverted order to their arrival, the canvas cloth was cleared, or rather was restored to some hurried order by the pallid steward. And

then the three harpooneers were bidden to the feast, they being its residuary legatees. They made a sort of temporary servants' hall of the high and mighty cabin.

But, though these barbarians dined in the cabin, and nominally lived there, still, being anything but sedentary in their habits, they were scarcely ever in it except at mealtimes, and just before sleeping-time, when they passed through it to their own peculiar quarters.

In this one matter, Ahab seemed no exception to most American whale captains, who, as a set, rather incline to the opinion that by rights the ship's cabin belongs to them; and that it is by courtesy alone that anybody else is, at any time, permitted there. So that, in real truth, the mates and harpooneers of the Pequod might more properly be said to have lived out of the cabin than in it. For when they did enter it, it was something as a street-door enters a house; turning inwards for a moment, only to be turned out the next; and, as a permanent thing, residing in the open air. Nor did they lose much hereby; in the cabin was no companionship; socially, Ahab was inaccessible. Though nominally included in the census of Christendom, he was still an alien to it. He lived in the world, as the last of the Grisly Bears lived in settled Missouri. And as when Spring and Summer had departed, that wild Logan of the woods, burying himself in the hollow of a tree, lived out the winter there, sucking his own paws; so, in his inclement, howling old age, Ahab's soul, shut up in the caved trunk of his body, there fed upon the sullen paws of its gloom!

CHAPTER 27

The Quarter-Deck

It was not a great while after the affair of the pipe that one morning shortly after breakfast, Ahab, as was his wont, ascended the cabin-gangway to the deck. There most sea-captains usually walk at that hour, as country gentlemen, after the same meal, take a few turns in the garden.

Soon his steady, ivory stride was heard, as to and fro he paced his old rounds, upon planks so familiar to his tread that they were all over dented with the peculiar mark of his walk. Did you fixedly gaze, too, upon that ribbed and dented brow; there also you would see still

stranger footprints—the footprints of his one unsleeping, ever-pacing thought.

The hours wore on; Ahab now shut up within his cabin; anon, pacing the deck, with the same intense bigotry of purpose in his aspect.

It drew near the close of day. Suddenly he came to a halt by the bulwarks, and inserting his bone leg into the auger-hole there, and with one hand grasping a shroud, he ordered Starbuck to send everybody aft.

"Sir!" said the mate, astonished at an order seldom or never given on ship-board except in some extraordinary case.

"Send everybody aft," repeated Ahab.

When the entire ship's company were assembled and, with curious and not wholly unapprehensive faces, were eyeing him, for he looked not unlike the weather horizon when a storm is coming up, Ahab, after rapidly glancing over the bulwarks, and then darting his eyes among the crew, started from his standpoint. Vehemently pausing, he cried:

"What do ye do when ye see a whale, men?"

"Sing out for him!" was the impulsive rejoinder from a score of clubbed voices.

"Good!" cried Ahab, with a wild approval in his tones, observing the hearty animation into which his unexpected question had so magnetically thrown them.

"And what do ye next, men?"

"Lower away, and after him!"

"And what tune is it ye pull to, men?"

"A dead whale or a stove boat!"

More and more strangely and fiercely glad and approving grew the countenance of the old man at every shout; while the mariners began to gaze curiously at each other, as if marveling how it was that they themselves became so excited at such seemingly purposeless questions.

But they were all eagerness again, as Ahab, now half-revolving in his pivot-hole, with one hand reaching high up a shroud, addressed them thus:

"All ye mast-headers have before now heard me give orders about a white whale. Look ye! d'ye see this Spanish ounce of gold?"—holding up a broad bright coin to the sun—"it is a sixteen dollar piece, men. D'ye see it? Mr. Starbuck, hand me yon top-maul."

While the mate was getting the hammer, Ahab, without speaking, was slowly rubbing the gold piece against the skirts of his jacket, as if to heighten its luster. Receiving the top-maul from Starbuck, he advanced towards the main-mast with the hammer uplifted in one hand, exhibiting the gold with the other, and with a high raised voice exclaiming: "Whosoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw; whosoever of ye raises me that white-headed whale, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke—look ye, whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale, he shall have this gold ounce, my boys!"

"Huzza! huzza!" cried the seamen, as with swinging tarpaulins they hailed the act of nailing the gold to the mast.

"It's a white whale, I say," resumed Ahab, as he threw down the top-maul: "a white whale. Skin your eyes for him, men; look sharp for white water; if ye see but a bubble, sing out."

All this while Tashtego, Daggoo, and Queequeg had looked on with even more intense interest and surprise than the rest, and at the mention of the wrinkled brow and crooked jaw they had started as if each was separately touched by some specific recollection.

"Captain Ahab," said Tashtego, "that white whale must be the same that some call Moby Dick."

"Moby Dick?" shouted Ahab. "Do ye know the white whale then, Tash?"

"Does he fan-tail a little curious, sir, before he goes down?" said the Gay-Header deliberately.

"And has he a curious spout, too," said Daggoo, "very bushy, even for a parmacetty, Captain Ahab?"

"And he have good many iron in him hide, too, Captain," cried Queequeg disjointedly, "all twiske-tee be-twisk, like him—him—" faltering hard for a word, and screwing his hand round and round as though uncorking a bottle—

"Corkscrew!" cried Ahab, "aye, Queequeg, the harpoons lie all twisted and wrenched in him; aye, Daggoo, his spout is a big one, like a whole shock of wheat; aye, Tashtego, and he fan-tails like a split jib in a squall. Death and devils! men, it is Moby Dick ye have seen—Moby Dick—Moby Dick!"

"Captain Ahab," said Starbuck, who, with Stubb and Flask, had thus far been eyeing his superior with increasing surprise, but at last seemed struck with a thought which somewhat explained all the wonder. "Captain Ahab, it was not Moby Dick that took off thy leg?"

"Aye, Starbuck; aye, my hearties all round; it was Moby Dick that dismasted me; Moby Dick that brought me to this dead stump I stand on now. Aye, aye! it was that accursed white whale that razeed me; made a poor pegging lubber of me for ever and a day!" Then tossing both arms, with measureless imprecations he shouted out: "Aye, and I'll chase him round Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round the Norway Maelstrom, and round perdition's flames. And this is what ye have shipped for, men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land, and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out. What say ye, men, will ye splice hands on it, now? I think ye do look brave."

"Aye, aye!" shouted the harpooneers and seamen, running closer to the excited old man: "A sharp eye for the white whale; a sharp lance for Moby Dick!"

"God bless ye," he seemed to half sob and half shout. "God bless ye, men. Steward! go draw the great measure of grog. But what's this long face about, Mr. Starbuck; wilt thou not chase the white whale? art not game for Moby Dick?"

"I am game for his crooked jaw, and for the jaws of Death too, Captain Ahab, if it fairly comes in the way of the business we follow; but I came here to hunt whales, not my commander's vengeance. How many barrels will thy vengeance yield thee even if thou gettest it, Captain Ahab? it will not fetch thee much in our Nantucket market."

"Nantucket market! Hoot! But come closer, Starbuck; thou requirest a little lower layer. If money's to be the measurer, man, then, let me tell thee, that my vengeance will fetch a great premium here!"

"He smites his chest," whispered Stubb, "what's that for? methinks it rings most vast, but hollow."

"Vengeance on a dumb brute!" cried Starbuck, "that simply smote thee from blindest instinct! Madness! To be enraged with a dumb thing, Captain Ahab, seems blasphemous."

"Hark ye yet again—the little lower layer. All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event—in the living act, the undoubted deed—there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the moldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to me. Sometimes I think there's naught beyond. But 'tis enough. He tasks me; he heaps me; I see in him

outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principal, I will wreak that hate upon him. Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me. Who's over me? Truth hath no confines. Take off thine eye! more intolerable than fiends' glarings is a doltish stare! So, so; thou reddenest and palest; my heat has melted thee to anger-glow. But look ye, Starbuck, what is said in heat, that thing unsays itself. I meant not to incense thee. Let it go. Look! The crew, man, the crew! Are they not one and all with Ahab, in this matter of the whale? See Stubb! he laughs! See yonder Chilian! he snorts to think of it. Stand up amid the general hurricane, thy one tossed sapling cannot, Starbuck! And what is it? Reckon it. 'Tis but to help strike a fin; no wondrous feat for Starbuck. What is it more? From this one poor hunt, then, the best lance out of all Nantucket, surely he will not hang back, when every foremast-hand has clutched a whetstone Ah! constrainings seize thee; I see! the billow lifts thee! Speak, but speak!—Aye, aye! thy silence, then, that voices thee. (Aside) Starbuck now is mine; cannot oppose me now, without rebellion."

"God keep me!—keep us all!" murmured Starbuck, lowly.
But in his joy at the enchanted, tacit acquiescience of the mate, Ahab did not hear his foreboding invocation; nor yet the low laugh from the hold; nor yet the presaging vibrations of the winds in the cordage; nor yet the hollow flap of the sails against the masts, as for a moment their hearts sank in. For again Starbuck's downcast eyes lighted up with the stubbornness of life; the subterranean laugh died away; the winds blew on; the sails filled out; the ship heaved and rolled as before. Ah, ye admonitions and warnings! why stay ye not when ye come? But rather are ye predictions than warnings, ye shadows! Yet not so much predictions from without, as verifications of the foregoing things within. For with little external to constrain us, the innermost necessities in our being, these still drive us on.

"The measure! the measure!" cried Ahab.

Receiving the brimming pewter, and turning to the harpooneers, he ordered them to produce their weapons. Then ranging them before him near the capstan, with their harpoons in their hands, while his three mates stood at his side with their lances, and the rest of the ship's company formed a circle round the group; he stood for an instant searchingly eyeing every man of his crew. But those wild eyes

met his, as the bloodshot eyes of the prairie wolves meet the eye of their leader, ere he rushes on at their head in the trail of the bison; but, alas! only to fall into the hidden snare of the Indian.

"Drink and pass!" he cried, handing the heavy charged flagon to the nearest seaman. "The crew alone now drink. Round with it, round! Short draughts—long swallows, men; 'tis hot as Satan's hoof. So, so; it goes round excellently. Well done; almost drained. Hand it me—here's a hollow! Steward, refill!

"Attend now, my braves. I have mustered ye all round this capstant, and ye mates, flank me with your lances; and ye harpooneers, stand there with your irons; and ye, stout mariners, ring me in, that I may in some sort revive a noble custom of my fishermen fathers before me. Ha! boy, come back? Hand it me.

And now, ye mates, I do appoint ye three cupbearers to my three pagan kinsmen there—yon three most honorable gentlemen and noblemen, my valiant harpooneers. Disdain the task? What, when the great Pope washes the feet of beggars, using his tiara for ewer? Oh, my sweet cardinals! your own condescension, that shall bend ye to it. I do not order ye; ye will it. Cut your seizings and draw the poles, ye harpooneers!"

Silently obeying the order, the three harpooneers now stood with the detached iron part of their harpoons, some three feet long, held, barbs up, before him.

"Stab me not with that keen steel! Cant them; cant them over! know ye not the goblet end? Turn up the socket! So, so; now, ye cupbearers, advance. The irons! take them; hold them while I fill!" Forthwith, slowly going from one officer to the other, he brimmed the harpoon sockets with the fiery waters from the pewter.

"Now, three to three, ye stand. Commend the murderous chalices! Bestow them, ye who are now made parties to this indissoluble league. Ha! Starbuck! but the deed is done! You ratifying sun now waits to sit upon it. Drink, ye harpooneers! drink and swear, ye men that man the deathful whaleboat's bow—Death to Moby Diek! God hunt us all, if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death!" The long, barbed steel goblets were lifted; and to cries and maledictions against the white whale, the spirits were simultaneously quaffed down with a hiss. Starbuck paled, and turned, and shivered. Once more, and finally, the replenished pewter went the rounds among the frantic crew; when, waving his free hand to them, they all dispersed; and Ahab retired within his cabin.

CHAPTER 28

Sunset

THE CABIN; by the stern windows; Ahab sitting alone, and gazing out. I leave a white and turbid wake; pale waters, paler cheeks, where'er I sail. The envious billows sidelong swell to whelm my track; let them; but first I pass.

Yonder, by the ever-brimming goblet's rim, the warm waves blush like wine. The diver sun goes down; my soul mounts up! she wearies with her endless hill. Is, then, the crown too heavy that I wear? this Iron Crown of Lombardy. Yet is it bright with many a gem. 'Tis iron—that I know—not gold. 'Tis split, too—that I feel; the jagged edge galls me so, my brain seems to beat against the solid metal; aye, steel skull, mine; the sort that needs no helmet in the most brain-battering fight!

Dry heat upon my brow? Oh! time was, when as the sunrise nobly spurred me, so the sunset soothed. No more. This lovely light, it lights not me; all loveliness is anguished to me, since I can ne'er enjoy. Gifted with the high perception, I lack the low, enjoying power; damned, most subtly and most malignantly! damned in the midst of Paradise!

'Twas not so hard a task. I thought to find one stubborn, at the least; but my one cogged circle fits into all their various wheels, and they revolve. What I've dared, I've willed; and what I've willed, I'll do! They think me mad-Starbuck does; but I'm demoniac, I am madness maddened! The prophecy was that I should be dismembered; and-Aye! I lost this leg. I now prophesy that I will dismember my dismemberer. Now, then, be the prophet and the fulfiller one. That's more than ye, ye great gods, ever were. I laugh and hoot at ye, ye cricket-players, ye pugilists. I will not say as schoolboys do to bullies -Take some one of your own size; don't pommel me! No, ye've knocked me down, and I am up again; but ye have run and hidden. Come, Ahab's compliments to ye; come and see if ye can swerve me. Swerve me? ye cannot swerve me, else ye swerve yourselves! man has ye there. Swerve me? The path to my fixed purpose is laid with iron rails, whereon my soul is grooved to run. Naught's an obstacle, naught's an angle to thy iron way!

CHAPTER 29

Dusk

BY THE MAINMAST; Starbuck leaning against it.

My soul is more than matched; she's over-manned; and by a madman! But he drilled deep down, and blasted all my reason out of me! I think I see his impious end; but feel that I must help him to it Will I, nill I, the ineffable thing has tied me to him; tows me with a cable I have no knife to cut. Horrible old man! Who's over him, he cries;—aye, he would be a democrat to all above; look, how he lords it over all below! Oh! I plainly see my miserable office—to obey, rebelling; and worse yet, to hate with touch of pity! For in his eyes I read

over all below! Oh! I plainly see my miserable office—to obey, rebelling; and worse yet, to hate with touch of pity! For in his eyes I read some lurid woe would shrivel me up, had I it. Yet is there hope. Time and tide flow wide. The hated whale has the round watery world to swim in. His heaven-insulting purpose, God may wedge aside. I would up heart, were it not like lead. But my whole clock's run down; my

heart the all-controlling weight, I have no key to lift again.

A burst of revelry from the forecastle. Oh, God! to sail with such a heathen crew that have small touch of human mothers in them! Whelped somewhere by the sharkish sea. Hark! the infernal orgies! that revelry is forward! mark the unfaltering silence aft! Peace! ye revelers, and set the watch! Oh, life! 'tis in an hour like this, with soul beat down and held to knowledge—Oh, life! 'tis now that I do feel the latent horror in thee! but 'tis not me! that horror's out of me, and with the soft feeling of the human in me, yet will I try to fight ye, ye grim, phantom futures! Stand by me, hold me, bind me, O ye blessed influences!

CHAPTER 30

Moby Dick

Ishmael, was one of that crew; my shouts had gone up with the rest; my oath had been welded with theirs; and stronger I shouted, and more did I hammer and clinch my oath, because of the dread in my soul. A wild, mystical, sympathetical feeling was in me; Ahab's

quenchless feud seemed mine. With greedy ears I learned the history of that murderous monster against whom I and all the others had taken our oaths of violence and revenge.

For some time past, though at intervals only, the unaccompanied, secluded White Whale had haunted those uncivilized seas mostly frequented by the Sperm Whale fishermen. But not all of them knew of his existence; only a few of them, comparatively, had knowingly seen him; while the number who as yet had actually and knowingly given battle to him was small indeed. As for those who, previously hearing of the White Whale, by chance caught sight of him; in the beginning of the thing they had every one of them, almost, as boldly and fearlessly lowered for him, as for any other whale of that species. But at length, such calamities did ensue in these assaults—not restricted to sprained wrists and ankles, broken limbs, or devouring amputations—but fatal to the last degree of fatality; those repeated disastrous repulses, all accumulating and piling their terrors upon Moby Dick; those things had gone far to shake the fortitude of many brave hunters to whom the story of the White Whale had eventually come.

Nor did wild rumors of all sorts fail to exaggerate and still the more horrify the true histories of these deadly encounters. For not only are whalemen as a body unexempt from that ignorance and superstitiousness hereditary to all sailors; but of all sailors, they are by all odds the most directly brought into contact with whatever is appallingly astonishing in the sea; face to face they not only eye its greatest marvels, but, hand to jaw, give battle to them. Alone, in such remotest waters, that though you passed a thousand shores, you would not come to any chiseled hearth-stone; in such latitudes and longitudes, pursuing too such a calling as he does, the whaleman is wrapped by influences all tending to make his fancy pregnant with many a mighty birth.

No wonder, then, that ever gathering volume from the mere transit over the wildest watery spaces, the outblown rumors of the White Whale did in the end incorporate with themselves all manner of morbid hints, and half-formed fœtal suggestions of supernatural agencies, which eventually invested Moby Dick with new terrors unborrowed from anything that visibly appears. So that in many cases such a panic did he finally strike that few who by those rumors, at least, had heard of the White Whale, few of those hunters were willing to encounter the perils of his jaw.

One of the wild suggestions referred to, as at last coming to be

linked with the White Whale in the minds of the superstitiously inclined, was the unearthly conceit that Moby Dick was ubiquitous; that he had actually been encountered in opposite latitudes at one and the same instant of time.

Nor, credulous as such minds must have been, was this conceit altogether without some faint show of superstitious probability. It is a thing well known to both American and English whale-ships, and as well a thing placed upon authoritative record years ago by Scoresby, that some whales have been captured far north in the Pacific, in whose bodies have been found the barbs of harpoons darted in the Greenland seas. Nor is it to be gainsaid that in some of these instances it has been declared that the interval of time between the two assaults could not have exceeded many days. Hence, by inference, it has been believed by some whalemen that the Nor' West Passage, so long a problem to man, was never a problem to the whale.

Forced into familiarity, then, with such prodigies as these, and knowing that after repeated, intrepid assaults, the White Whale had escaped alive, it cannot be much matter of surprise that some whalemen should go still further in their superstitions; declaring Moby Dick not only ubiquitous, but immortal; that though groves of spears should be planted in his flanks, he would still swim away unharmed; or if indeed he should ever be made to spout thick blood, such a sight would be but a ghastly deception; for again in unensanguined billows hundreds of leagues away, his unsullied jet would once more be seen.

But even stripped of these supernatural surmisings, there was enough in the earthly make and incontestable character of the monster to strike the imagination with unwonted power. For, it was not so much his uncommon bulk that so much distinguished him from other sperm whales, but, as was elsewhere thrown out—a peculiar snow-white wrinkled forehead, and a high, pyramidical white hump. These were his prominent features; the tokens whereby, even in the limitless, uncharted seas, he revealed his identity, at a long distance, to those who knew him.

The rest of his body was so streaked, and spotted, and marbled with the same shrouded hue, that, in the end, he had gained his distinctive appellation of the White Whale; a name, indeed, literally justified by his vivid aspect, when seen gliding at high noon through a dark blue sea, leaving a milky-way wake of creamy foam, all spangled with golden gleamings.

Nor was it his unwonted magnitude, nor his remarkable hue, nor yet his deformed lower jaw, that so much invested the whale with natural terror, as that unexampled, intelligent malignity which, according to specific accounts, he had over and over again evinced in his assaults. More than all, his treacherous retreats struck more of dismay than perhaps aught else. For, when swimming before his exulting pursuers, with every apparent symptom of alarm, he had several times been known to turn round suddenly, and, bearing down upon them, either stave their boats to splinters, or drive them back in consternation to their ship.

Already several fatalities had attended his chase. But though similar

Already several fatalities had attended his chase. But though similar disasters, however little bruited ashore, were by no means unusual in the fishery; yet, in most instances, such seemed the White Whale's infernal aforethought of ferocity that every dismembering or death that he caused was not wholly regarded as having been inflicted by an unintelligent agent.

His three boats stove around him, and oars and men both whirling in the eddies, one captain, seizing the line-knife from his broken prow, had dashed at the whale, blindly seeking with a six-inch blade to reach the fathom-deep life of the whale. That captain was Ahab. And then it was that suddenly sweeping his sickle-shaped lower jaw beneath him, Moby Dick had reaped away Ahab's leg, as a mower a blade of grass in the field. No turbaned Turk, no hired Venetian or Malay, could have smote him with more seeming malice. Small reason was there to doubt, then, that ever since that almost fatal encounter, Ahab had cherished a wild vindictiveness against the whale, all the more fell for that in his frantic morbidness he at last came to identify with him not only all his bodily woes, but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations. The White Whale swam before him as the monomaniac incarnation of all those malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating in them, till they are left living on with half a heart and half a lung. That intangible malignity which has been from the beginning; to whose dominion even the modern Christians ascribe one-half of the worlds; which the ancient Ophites of the east reverenced in their statue devil—Ahab did not fall down and worship it like them; but deliriously transferring its idea to the abhorred white whale, he pitted himself, all mutilated, against it. All that most maddens and torments; all that stirs up the lees of things; all truth with malice in it; all the subtle demonisms of life and thought; all evil, to crazy Ahab, were visibly personified, and made practically assailable

in Moby Dick. He piled upon the whale's white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down; and then, as if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart's shell upon it.

It is not probable that this monomania in him took its instant rise at the precise time of his bodily dismemberment. Yet, when by this collision forced to turn towards home, and for long months of days and weeks, Ahab and anguish lay stretched together in one hammock. rounding in mid-winter that dreary, howling Patagonian Cape; then it was that his torn body and gashed soul bled into one another: and so interfusing, made him mad. That it was only then, on the homeward voyage that the final monomania seized him seems all but certain from the fact that, at intervals during the passage, he was a raving lunatic; and, though unlimbed of a leg, yet such vital strength yet lurked in his Egyptian chest, and was moreover intensified by his delirium, that his mates were forced to lace him fast, raving in his hammock. In a strait-jacket, he swung to the mad rockings of the gales. And, when running into more sufferable latitudes, the ship floated across the tranquil tropics, and, to all appearances, the old man's delirium seemed left behind him with the Cape Horn swells, and he came forth from his dark den into the blessed light and air; even then, when he bore that firm, collected front, however pale, and issued his calm orders once again; and his mates thanked God the direful madness was now gone; even then, Ahab, in his hidden self, raved on. Human madness is oftentimes a cunning and most feline thing. When you think it fled, it may have but become transfigured into some still subtler form. Ahab's full lunacy subsided not, but deepeningly contracted; like the unabated Hudson, when that noble Northman flows narrowly but unfathomably through the Highland gorge. But, as in his narrow-flowing monomania, not one jot of Ahab's broad madness had been left behind; so in that broad madness, not one jot of his great natural intellect had perished. That before living agent now became the living instrument. If such a furious trope may stand, his special lunacy stormed his general sanity, and carried it, and turned all its concentred cannon upon its own mad mark; so that far from having lost his strength, Ahab, to that one end, did now possess a thousand-fold more potency than ever he had sanely brought to bear upon any one reasonable object.

Now, in his heart, Ahab had some glimpse of this, namely: all my means are sane, my motive and my object mad. Yet without power to

kill, or change, or shun the fact, he likewise knew that to mankind he did long dissemble; in some sort, did still. But that thing of his dissembling was only subject to his perceptibility, not to his will determinate. Nevertheless, so well did he succeed in that dissembling, that when with ivory leg he stepped ashore at last, no Nantucketer thought him otherwise than but naturally grieved, and that to the quick, with the terrible casualty which had overtaken him.

The report of his undeniable delirium at sea was likewise popularly ascribed to a kindred cause. And so too, all the added moodiness which always afterwards, to the very day of sailing in the Pequod on the present voyage, sat brooding on his brow. Nor is it so very unlikely that, far from distrusting his fitness for another whaling voyage, the calculating people of that prudent isle were inclined to harbor the conceit, that for those very reasons he was all the better qualified for a pursuit so full of rage and wildness as the bloody hunt of whales. Gnawed within and scorched without, with the infixed, unrelenting fangs of some incurable idea; such an one, could he be found, would seem the very man to dart his iron and lift his lance against the most appalling of all brutes. But be all this as it may, certain it is that with the mad secret of his unabated rage bolted up and keyed in him, Ahab had purposely sailed upon the present voyage with the one only and allengrossing object of hunting the White Whale. Had any one of his old acquaintances on shore but half dreamed of what was lurking in him then, how soon would their aghast and righteous souls have wrenched the ship from such a fiendish man! They were bent on profitable cruises, the profit to be counted down in dollars from the mint. He was intent on an audacious, immitigable, and supernatural revenge.

Here, then, was this grey-headed, ungodly old man, chasing with curses a Job's whale round the world, at the head of a crew, too, chiefly made up of mongrel renegades, and castaways, and cannibals—morally enfeebled also, by the incompetence of mere unaided virtue or right-mindedness in Starbuck, the invulnerable jollity of indifference and recklessness in Stubb, and the pervading mediocrity in Flask. Such a crew, so officered, seemed specially picked and packed by some infernal fatality to help him to his monomaniac revenge. How it was that they so aboundingly responded to the old man's ire—by what evil magic their souls were possessed, that at times his hate seemed almost theirs; the White Whale as much their insufferable foe as his; how all this came to be—what the White Whale was to them, or how to their unconscious understandings, also, in some dim, unsus-

pected way, he might have seemed the gliding great demon of the seas of life—all this to explain, would be to dive deeper than Ishmael can go. For one, I gave myself up to the abandonment of the time and the place; but while yet all a-rush to encounter the whale, could see naught in that brute but the deadliest ill.

CHAPTER 31.

The Whiteness of the Whale

WHAT THE WHITE WHALE was to Ahab has been hinted; what, at times, he was to me, as yet remains unsaid.

Aside from those more obvious considerations touching Moby Dick, which could not but occasionally awaken in any man's soul some alarm, there was another thought, or rather vague, nameless horror concerning him, which at times by its intensity completely overpowered all the rest; and yet so mystical and well nigh ineffable was it, that I almost despair of putting it in a comprehensible form. It was the whiteness of the whale that above all things appalled me. But how can I hope to explain myself here; and yet, in some dim, random way, explain myself I must, else all these chapters might be naught.

Though in many natural objects, whiteness refiningly enhances beauty, as if imparting some special virtue of its own, as in marbles, joponicas, and pearls; and though various nations have in some way recognized a certain royal pre-eminence in this hue; and though, besides, all this, whiteness has been even made significant of gladness, for among the Romans a white stone marked a joyful day; and though in other mortal sympathies and symbolizings this same hue is made the emblem of many touching, noble things—the innocence of brides, the benignity of age; though among the Red Men of America the giving of the white belt of wampum was the deepest pledge of honor; though in many climes, whiteness typifies the majesty of Justice in the ermine of the judge, and contributes to the daily state of kings and queens drawn by milk-white steeds; though even in the higher mysteries of the most august religions it has been made the symbol of the divine spotlessness and power; by the Persian fire worshipers, the white forked flame being held the holiest on the altar; and in the Greek mythologies, Great Jove himself being made incarnate in a snow-white

bull; and though to the noble Iroquois, the midwinter sacrifice of the sacred White Dog was by far the holiest festival of their theology, that spotless, faithful creature being held the purest envoy they could send to the Great Spirit with the annual tidings of their own fidelity; and though directly from the Latin word for white, all Christian priests derive the name of one part of their sacred vesture, the alb or tunic, and though among the holy pomps of the Romish faith, white is specially employed in the celebration of the Passion of our Lord; though in the Vision of St. John, white robes are given to the redeemed, and the four-and-twenty elders stand clothed in white before the great white throne, and the Holy One that sitteth there white like wool; yet for all these accumulated associations, with whatever is sweet, and honorable, and sublime, there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue, which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood.

This elusive quality it is which causes the thought of whiteness, when divorced from more kindly associations, and coupled with any object terrible in itself, to heighten that terror to the furthest bounds. Witness the white bear of the poles, and the white shark of the tropics; what but their smooth, flaky whiteness makes them the transcendent horrors they are? That ghastly whiteness it is which imparts such an abhorrent mildness, even more loathsome than terrific, to the dumb gloating of their aspect.

Bethink thee of the albatross, whence come those clouds of spiritual wonderment and pale dread, in which that white phantom sails in all imaginations? Not Coleridge first threw that spell; but God's great, unflattering laureate, Nature.

Nor, in some things, does the common, hereditary experience of all mankind fail to bear witness to the supernaturalism of this hue. It cannot well be doubted that the one visible quality in the aspect of the dead which most appals the gazer is the marble pallor lingering there; as if indeed that pallor were as much like the badge of consternation in the other world, as of mortal trepidation here. And from that pallor of the dead we borrow the expressive hue of the shroud in which we wrap them. Nor even in our superstitions do we fail to throw the same snowy mantle round our phantoms; all ghosts rising in a milk-white fog. Yea, while these terrors seize us, let us add that even the king of terrors, when personified by the evangelist, rides on his pallid horse.

I know that, to the common apprehension, this phenomenon of whiteness is not confessed to be the prime agent in exaggerating the

terror of objects otherwise terrible; nor to the unimaginative mind is there aught of terror in those appearances whose awfulness to another mind almost solely consists in this one phenomenon, especially when exhibited under any form at all approaching to muteness or universality. What I mean by these two statements may perhaps be respectively elucidated by the following examples.

First: The mariner, when drawing nigh the coasts of foreign lands, if by night he hear the roar of breakers, starts to vigilance, and feels just enough of trepidation to sharpen all his faculties; but under precisely similar circumstances, let him be called from his hammock to view his ship sailing through a midnight sea of milky whiteness, then he feels a silent, superstitious dread; the shrouded phantom of the whitened waters is horrible to him as a real ghost; in vain the lead assures him he is still off soundings; heart and helm they both go down; he never rests till blue water is under him again. Yet where is the mariner who will tell thee, "Sir, it was not so much the fear of striking hidden rocks, as the fear of that hideous whiteness that so stirred me?"

Second: To the native Indian of Peru, the continual sight of the snow-howdahed Andes conveys naught of dread, except, perhaps, in the mere fancying of the eternal frosted desolateness reigning at such vast altitudes, and the natural conceit of what a fearfulness it would be to lose oneself in such inhuman solitude. Much the same is it with the backwoodsman of the West, who with comparative indifference views an unbounded prairie sheeted with driven snow, no shadow of tree or twig to break the fixed trance of whiteness. Not so the sailor, beholding the scenery of the Antarctic seas; where at times, by some infernal trick of legerdemain in the powers of frost and air, he, shivering and half shipwrecked, instead of rainbows speaking hope and solace to his misery, views what seems a boundless churchyard grinning upon him with its lean ice monuments and splintered crosses.

Tell me why this strong young colt, foaled in some peaceful valley of Vermont—why is it that upon the sunniest day, if you but shake a fresh buffalo robe behind him, so that he cannot even see it, but only smells its wild animal muskiness—why will he start, snort, and with bursting eyes paw the ground in phrensies of affright? There is no remembrance in him of any gorings of wild creatures in his green northern home, so that the strange muskiness he smells cannot recall to him anything associated with the experience of former perils; for what knows he, this New England colt, of the black bisons of distant Oregon?

No; but here thou beholdest even in a dumb brute the instinct of the knowledge of the demonism in the world. Though thousands of miles from Oregon, still when he smells that savage musk, the rending, goring bison herds are as present as to the deserted wild foal of the prairies, which this instant they may be trampling into dust.

Thus, then, the muffled rollings of a milky sea; the bleak rustlings of the festooned frosts of mountains; the desolate shiftings of the windrowed snows of prairies; all these, to Ishmael, are as the shaking of that buffalo robe to the frightened colt!

Though neither knows where lie the nameless things of which the mystic sign gives forth such hints; yet with me, as with the colt, somewhere those things must exist. Though in many of its aspects this visible world seems formed in love, the invisible spheres were formed in fright.

But not yet have we solved the incantation of this whiteness, and learned why it appeals with such power to the soul; and more strange and far more portentous—why, as we have seen, it is at once the most meaning symbol of spiritual things, nay, the very veil of the Christian's Deity; and yet should be as it is, the intensifying agent in things the most appalling to mankind.

Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way? Or is it that as in essence whiteness is not so much a color as the visible absence of color; and at the same time the concrete of all colors; is it for these reasons that there is such a dumb blankness, full of meaning, in a wide landscape of snows-a colorless, all-color of atheism from which we shrink? And when we consider that other theory of the natural philosophers, that all other earthly hues—every stately or lovely emblazoning—all these are but subtile deceits, not actually inherent in substances, but only laid on from without; so that all deified Nature absolutely paints like the harlot, whose allurements cover nothing but the charnel-house within; and when we proceed further, and consider that the mystical cosmetic which produces every one of her hues, the great principle of light, for ever remains white or colorless in itself, and if operating without medium upon matter, would touch all objects, even tulips and roses, with its own blank tinge—pondering all this, the palsied universe lies before us a leper; and like willful travelers in Lapland, who refuse to wear colored and coloring glasses upon their eyes, so the wretched

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infidel gazes himself blind at the monumental white shroud that wraps all the prospect around him. And of all these things the Albino whale was the symbol. Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt?

CHAPTER 32

Hark!

HIST! Did you hear that noise, Cabaco?"

It was the middle watch: the seamen were standing in a cordon, extending from one of the fresh-water butts in the waist to the scuttle-butt near the taffrail. In this manner, they passed the buckets to fill the scuttle-butt. Standing, for the most part, on the hallowed precincts of the quarter-deck, they were careful not to speak or rustle their feet. From hand to hand, the buckets went in the deepest silence, only broken by the occasional flap of a sail, and the steady hum of the unceasingly advancing keel.

It was in the midst of this repose that Archy, one of the cordon, whose post was near the after-hatches, whispered to his neighbor the words above.

"Hist! did you hear that noise, Cabaco?"

"Take the bucket, will ye, Archy? what noise d'ye mean?"

"There it is again—under the hatches—don't you hear it—a cough—it sounded like a cough."

"Cough be damned! Pass along that return bucket."

"There again—there it is!—it sounds like two or three sleepers turning over, now!"

"Caramba! have done, shipmate, will ye? It's the three soaked biscuits ye eat for supper turning over inside of ye—nothing else. Look to the bucket!"

"Hark ye, Cabaco, there is somebody down in the after hold that has not yet been seen on deck; and I suspect our old Mogul knows something of it too. I heard Stubb tell Flask, one morning watch, that there was something of that sort in the wind."

CHAPTER 33

The Chart

HAD YOU FOLLOWED Captain Ahab down into his cabin after that wild ratification of his purpose with his crew, you would have seen him go to a locker in the transom, and bringing out a large wrinkled roll of yellowish sea charts, spread them before him on his screwed-down table. Then seating himself before it, you would have seen him intently study the various lines and shadings which there met his eye; and with slow but steady pencil trace additional courses over spaces that before were blank. At intervals, he would refer to piles of old log-books beside him, wherein were set down the seasons and places in which, on various former voyages of various ships, sperm whales had been captured or seen.

But it was not this night in particular that, in the solitude of his cabin, Ahab thus pondered over his charts. Almost every night they were brought out; almost every night some pencil marks were effaced, and others were substituted. For with the charts of all four oceans before him, Ahab was threading a maze of currents and eddies, with a view to the more certain accomplishment of that monomaniac thought of his soul.

Now, to any one not fully acquainted with the ways of the leviathans, it might seem an absurdly hopeless task thus to seek out one solitary creature in the unhooped oceans of this planet. But not so did it seem to Ahab, who knew the sets of all tides and currents; and thereby calculating the driftings of the sperm whale's food; and, also calling to mind the regular, ascertained seasons for hunting him in particular latitudes, could arrive at reasonable surmises, almost approaching to certainties, concerning the timeliest day to be upon this or that ground in search of his prey.

Hence not only at substantiated times, upon well-known separate feeding-grounds, could Ahab hope to encounter his prey; but in crossing the widest expanses of water between those grounds he could, by his art, so place and time himself on his way, as even then not to be wholly without prospect of a meeting.

There was a circumstance which at first sight seemed to entangle

his delirious but still methodical scheme. But not so in the reality, perhaps. Though Moby Dick had in a former year been seen, for example, on what is called the Seychelle ground in the Indian Ocean, or Volcano Bay on the Japanese Coast; yet it did not follow that were the Pequod to visit either of those spots at any subsequent corresponding season, she would infallibly encounter him there. So, too, with some other feeding-grounds, where he had at times revealed himself. But all these seemed only his casual stopping-places and ocean-inns, so to speak, not his places of prolonged abode. And where Ahab's chances of accomplishing his object have hitherto been spoken of, allusion has only been made to whatever way-side, antecedent, extra prospects were his, ere a particular set time or place were attained, when all possibilities would become probabilities, and, as Ahab fondly thought, every possibility the next thing to a certainty. That particular set time and place were conjoined in the one technical phrase—the Season-on-the-Line. For there and then, for several consecutive years, Moby Dick had been periodically descried, lingering in those waters for a while. There it was, too, that most of the deadly encounters with the white whale had taken place; there the waves were storied with his deeds; there also was that tragic spot where the monomaniac old man had found the awful motive to his vengeance.

Now, the Pequod had sailed from Nantucket at the very beginning of the Season-on-the-Line. No possible endeavor then could enable her commander to make the great passage southwards, double Cape Horn, and then running down sixty degrees of latitude arrive in the equatorial Pacific in time to cruise there. Therefore, he must wait for the next ensuing season. Yet the premature hour of the Pequod's sailing had, perhaps, been correctly selected by Ahab, with a view to this very complexion of things. Because an interval of three hundred and sixty-five days and nights was before him; an interval which, instead of impatiently enduring ashore, he would spend in a miscellaneous hunt; if by chance the White Whale, spending his vacation in seas far remote from his periodical feeding-grounds, should turn up his wrinkled brow off the Persian Gulf, or in the Bengal Bay, or China Seas, or in any other waters haunted by his race. So that Monsoons, Pampas, Nor-Westers, Harmattans, Trades; any wind but the Levanter and Simoom, might blow Moby Dick into the devious zig-zag worldcircle of the Pequod's circumnavigating wake.

But granting all this; yet, regarded discreetly and coolly, seems it not but a mad idea, this: that in the broad boundless ocean, one soli-

tary whale, even if encountered, should be thought capable of individual recognition from his hunter, even as a white-bearded Mufti in the thronged thoroughfares of Constantinople? Yes. For the peculiar snow-white brow of Moby Dick, and his snow-white hump, could not but be unmistakable. And have I not tallied the whale, Ahab would mutter to himself, as after poring over his charts till long after midnight he would throw himself back in reveries—tallied him, and shall he escape? And here, his mad mind would run on in a breathless race; till a weariness and faintness of pondering came over him, and in the open air of the deck he would seek to recover his strength. Ah, God! what trances of torments does that man endure who is consumed with one unachieved revengeful desire. He sleeps with clenched hands; and wakes with his own bloody nails in his palms.

I do not know where I can find a better place than just here to make mention of one or two other things, which to me seem important, as establishing in all respects the reasonableness of the whole story of the White Whale, more especially the catastrophe. For this is one of those disheartening instances where truth requires full as much bolstering as error. So ignorant are most landsmen of some of the plainest and most palpable wonders of the world, that without some hints touching the plain facts, historical and otherwise, of the fishery, they might scout at Moby Dick as a monstrous fable, or still worse and more detestable, a hideous and intolerable allegory.

First: Though most men have some vague flitting ideas of the general perils of the grand fishery, yet they have nothing like a fixed, vivid conception of those perils, and the frequency with which they recur. One reason perhaps is that not one in fifty of the actual disasters and deaths by casualties in the fishery ever finds a public record at home, however transient and immediately forgotten that record. Yet I will tell you that upon one particular voyage which I made to the Pacific, among many others, we spoke thirty different ships, every one of which had had a death by a whale, some of them more than one, and three that had each lost a boat's crew.

Secondly: People ashore have indeed some indefinite idea that a whale is an enormous creature of enormous power; but I have ever found that when narrating to them some specific example of this two-fold enormousness, they have significantly complimented me upon my facetiousness; when I declare, upon my soul, I had no more idea of being facetious than Moses, when he wrote the history of the plagues of Egypt.

But fortunately the special point I here seek can be established upon testimony entirely independent of my own. That point is this: The Sperm Whale is in some cases sufficiently powerful, knowing, and judiciously malicious, as with direct aforethought to stave in, utterly destroy, and sink a large ship; and what is more, the Sperm Whale has done it.

First: In the year 1820 the ship Essex, Captain Pollard, of Nantucket, was cruising in the Pacific Ocean. One day she saw spouts, lowered her boats, and gave chase to a shoal of sperm whales. Ere long, several of the whales were wounded; when, suddenly, a very large whale escaping from the boats, issued from the shoal, and bore directly down upon the ship. Dashing his forehead against her hull, he so stove her in that in less than ten minutes she settled down and fell over. Not a surviving plank of her has been seen since. After the severest exposure, part of the crew reached the land in their boats. Being returned home at last, Captain Pollard once more sailed for the Pacific in command of another ship, but the gods shipwrecked him again upon unknown rocks and breakers; for the second time his ship was utterly lost, and forthwith forswearing the sea, he has never attempted it since. At this day Captain Pollard is a resident of Nantucket. I have seen Owen Chace, who was chief mate of the Essex at the time of the tragedy; I have read his plain and faithful narrative; I have conversed with his son; and all this within a few miles of the scene of the catastrophe.

Secondly: The ship Union, also of Nantucket, was in the year 1807 totally lost off the Azores by a similar onset, but the authentic particulars of this catastrophe I have never chanced to encounter, though from the whale hunters I have now and then heard casual allusions to it.

Thirdly: Some eighteen or twenty years ago Commodore J——then commanding an American sloop-of-war of the first class, happened to be dining with a party of whaling captains, on board a Nantucket ship in the harbor of Oahu, Sandwich Islands. Conversation turning upon whales, the Commodore was pleased to be sceptical touching the amazing strength ascribed to them by the professional gentlemen present. He peremptorily denied, for example, that any whale could so smite his stout sloop-of-war as to cause her to leak so much as a thimbleful. Very good; but there is more coming. Some weeks later, the Commodore set sail in this impregnable craft for Valparaiso. But he was stopped on the way by a portly sperm whale

that begged a few moments' confidential business with him. That business consisted in fetching the Commodore's craft such a thwack, that with all his pumps going he made straight for the nearest port to heave down and repair. I am not superstitious, but I consider the Commodore's interview with that whale as providential. Was not Saul of Tarsus converted from unbelief by a similar fright? I tell you, the sperm whale will stand no nonsense.

CHAPTER 34

Surmises

Though, consumed with the hot fire of his purpose, Ahab in all his thoughts and actions ever had in view the ultimate capture of Moby Dick; though he seemed ready to sacrifice all mortal interests to that one passion; nevertheless it may have been that he was by nature and long habituation far too wedded to a fiery whaleman's ways altogether to abandon the collateral prosecution of the voyage.

To accomplish his object Ahab must use tools; and of all tools used in the shadow of the moon, men are most apt to get out of order. He knew, for example, that however magnetic his ascendency in some respects was over Starbuck, yet that ascendency did not cover the complete spiritual man any more than mere corporeal superiority involves intellectual mastership; for to the purely spiritual, the intellectual but stand in a sort of corporeal relation. Starbuck's body and Starbuck's coerced will were Ahab's, so long as Ahab kept his magnet at Starbuck's brain; still he knew that for all this the chief mate, in his soul, abhorred his captain's quest, and could he, would joyfully disintegrate himself from it, or even frustrate it. It might be that a long interval would elapse ere the White Whale was seen. During that long interval Starbuck would ever be apt to fall into open relapses of rebellion against his captain's leadership, unless some ordinary, prudential, circumstantial influences were brought to bear upon him. Not only that, but the subtle insanity of Ahab respecting Moby Dick was noways more significantly manifested than in his superlative sense and shrewdness in foreseeing that, for the present, the hunt should in some way be stripped of that strange imaginative impiousness which naturally invested it; that the full terror of the voyage must be kept withdrawn into the obscure background (for few men's courage is proof against protracted meditation unrelieved by action); that when they stood their long night watches, his officers and men must have some nearer things to think of than Moby Dick.

Nor was Ahab unmindful of another thing. In times of strong emotion mankind disdain all base considerations; but such times are evanescent. The permanent constitutional condition of the manufactured man, thought Ahab, is sordidness. Granting that the White Whale fully incites the hearts of this my sayage crew, and playing round their savageness even breeds a certain generous knight-errantism in them, still, while for the love of it they give chase to Moby Dick, they must also have food for their more common, daily appetites. For even the high-lifted and chivalric Crusaders of old times were not content to traverse two thousand miles of land to fight for their holy sepulcher, without committing burglaries, picking pockets, and gaining other pious perquisites by the way. I will not strip these men, thought Ahab, of all hopes of cash—aye, cash. They may scorn cash now; but let some months go by, and no perspective promise of it to them, and then this same quiescent cash all at once mutinying in them, this same cash would soon cashier Ahab.

Nor was there wanting still another precautionary motive more related to Ahab personally. Having impulsively, it is probable, and perhaps somewhat prematurely revealed the prime but private purpose of the Pequod's voyage, Ahab was now entirely conscious that, in so doing, he had indirectly laid himself open to the unanswerable charge of usurpation; and with perfect impunity, both moral and legal, his crew if so disposed, and to that end competent, could refuse all further obedience to him, and even violently wrest from him the command. From even the barely hinted imputation of usurpation, and the possible consequences of such a suppressed impression gaining ground, Ahab must of course have been most anxious to protect himself. That protection could only consist in his own predominating brain and heart and hand, backed by a heedful, closely calculating attention to every minute atmospheric influence which it was possible for his crew to be subjected to.

For all these reasons then, and others perhaps too analytic to be verbally developed here, Ahab plainly saw that he must still in a good degree continue true to the natural, nominal purpose of the Pequod's voyage; observe all customary usages; and not only that, but force himself to evince all his well-known passionate interest in the general pursuit of his profession.

CHAPTER 35

The Mat-Maker

It was a cloudy, sultry afternoon; the seamen were lazily lounging about the decks, or vacantly gazing over into the lead-colored waters. Queequeg and I were mildly employed weaving what is called a sword-mat, for an additional lashing to our boat.

I was the attendant or page of Queequeg, while busy at the mat. As I kept passing and repassing the filling or woof of marline between the long yarns of the warp, using my own hand for the shuttle, and as Queequeg, standing sideways, ever and anon slid his heavy oaken sword between the threads, and idly looking off upon the water, carelessly and unthinkingly drove home every yarn; I say so strange a dreaminess did there then reign all over the ship and all over the sea, only broken by the intermitting dull sound of the sword, that it seemed as if this were the Loom of Time, and I myself were a shuttle mechanically weaving and weaving away at the Fates. There lay the fixed threads of the warp subject to but one single, ever returning, unchanging vibration, and that vibration merely enough to admit of the crosswise interblending of other threads with its own. This warp seemed necessity; and here, thought I, with my own hand I ply my own shuttle and weave my own destiny into these unalterable threads. Meantime, Queequeg's impulsive, indifferent sword, sometimes hitting the woof slantingly, or crookedly, or strongly, or weakly, as the case might be; and by this difference in the concluding blow producing a corresponding contrast in the final aspect of the completed fabric; this savage's sword, thought I, which thus finally shapes and fashions both warp and woof; this easy, indifferent sword must be chance—aye, chance, free will, and necessity-no wise incompatible-all interweavingly working together. The straight warp of necessity, not to be swerved from its ultimate course—its every alternating vibration, indeed, only tending to that; free will still free to ply her shuttle between given threads; and chance, though restrained in its play within the right lines of necessity, and sideways in its motions directed by free will, though thus prescribed to by both, chance by turns rules either, and has the last featuring blow at events.

93

Thus we were weaving and weaving away when I started at a sound so strange, long drawn, and musically wild and unearthly, that the ball of free will dropped from my hand, and I stood gazing up at the clouds whence that voice dropped like a wing. High aloft in the cross-trees was that mad Gay-Header, Tashtego. His body was reaching eagerly forward, his hand stretched out like a wand, and at brief sudden intervals he continued his cries.

"There she blows! there! there! she, blows! she blows!" "Where-away?"

"On the lee-beam, about two miles off! a school of them!" Instantly all was commotion.

The Sperm Whale blows as a clock ticks, with the same undeviating \ and reliable uniformity. And thereby whalemen distinguish this fish from other tribes of his genus.

"There go flukes!" was now the cry from Tashtego; and the whales disappeared.

"Quick, steward!" cried Ahab. "Time! time!"

Dough-Boy hurried below, glanced at the watch, and reported the exact minute to Ahab.

The ship was now kept away from the wind, and she went gently rolling before it. Tashtego reporting that the whales had gone down heading to leeward, we confidently looked to see them again directly in advance of our bows. One of the men selected for shipkeepers—that is, those not appointed to the boats, by this time relieved the Indian at the mainmast head. The sailors at the fore and mizzen had come down; the line tubs were fixed in their places; the cranes were thrust out; the mainyard was backed, and the three boats swung over the sea. Outside of the bulwarks their eager crews with one hand clung to the rail, while one foot was expectantly poised on the gunwale.

But at this critical instant a sudden exclamation was heard that took every eye from the whale. With a start all glared at dark Ahab, who was surrounded by five dusky phantoms that seemed fresh formed out of air.

CHAPTER 36

The First Lowering

The Phantoms, for so they seemed, were flitting on the other side of the deck, and, with a noiseless celerity, were casting loose the tackles and bands of the boat which swung there. This boat had always been deemed one of the spare boats, though technically called the captain's, on account of its hanging from the starboard quarter. The figure that now stood by its bows was tall and swart, with one white tooth evilly protruding from its steel-like lips. A rumpled Chinese jacket of black cotton funereally invested him, with wide black trowsers of the same dark stuff. Crowning this ebonness was a glistening white plaited turban, the living hair braided and coiled round and round upon his head. Less swart in aspect, the companions of this figure were of that vivid, tiger-yellow peculiar to some of the aboriginal natives of the Manillas—a race notorious for a certain diabolism of subtilty, and by some mariners supposed to be the paid spies on the water of the devil, their lord.

While yet the wondering ship's company were gazing upon these strangers, Ahab cried out to the white-turbaned old man at their head, "All ready there, Fedallah?"

"Ready," was the half-hissed reply.

"Lower away then; d'ye hear?" shouting across the deck. "Lower away there, I say."

Such was the thunder of his voice that spite of their amazement the men sprang over the rail; with a wallow, the three boats dropped into the sea; while, with an off-handed daring, unknown in any other vocation, the sailors leaped down the rolling ship's side into the tossed boats below.

Hardly had they pulled out from under the ship's lee, when a fourth keel pulled round under the stern, and showed the five strangers rowing Ahab, who, standing erect in the stern, loudly hailed Starbuck, Stubb, and Flask, to spread themselves widely, so as to cover a large expanse of water. But with all their eyes again riveted upon the swart Fedallah and his crew, the inmates of the other boats obeyed not the command.

"Captain Ahab?—" said Starbuck.

"Spread yourselves," cried Ahab. "Thou, Flask, pull out more to leeward!"

"Aye, aye, sir," cheerily cried little King-Post, sweeping round his great steering oar. "Lay back!" addressing his crew. "There!—there again! There she blows right ahead, boys!—lay back!"

"Never heed yonder yellow boys, Archy."

"Oh, I don't mind 'em, sir," said Archy; "I knew it all before now. Didn't I hear 'em in the hold? And didn't I tell Cabaco here of it? They are stowaways, Mr. Flask."

"Pull, pull, my fine hearts-alive; pull, my children; pull, my little ones," soothingly sighed Stubb to his crew, some of whom still showed signs of uneasiness. "Why don't you break your backbones, my boys? What is it you stare at? Those chaps in yonder boat? Tut! They are only five more hands come to help us—never mind from where—the more the merrier. Pull, then, do pull; never mind—devils are good fellows enough. So, so; there you are now; that's the stroke for a thousand pounds; that's the stroke to sweep the stakes!"

In obedience to a sign from Ahab, Starbuck was now pulling obliquely across Stubb's bow; and when for a minute or so the two boats were pretty near to each other, Stubb hailed the mate.

"Mr. Starbuck! a word with ye, sir, if ye please!"

"Halloa!" returned Starbuck, turning round not a single inch as he spoke; still earnestly but whisperingly urging his crew.

"What think ye of those yellow boys, sir!"

"Smuggled on board, somehow, before the ship sailed. (Strong, strong, boys!)" in a whisper to his crew, then speaking out loud again: "A sad business, Mr. Stubb! (seethe her, seethe her, my lads!) but never mind, Mr. Stubb, all for the best. Let all your crew pull strong, come what will. (Spring, my men, spring!) There's hogsheads of sperm ahead, Mr. Stubb, and that's what ye came for. (Pull, my boys!) Sperm, sperm's the play!"

"Aye, aye, I thought as much," soliloquized Stubb, when the boats diverged, "as soon as I clapt eye on 'em, I thought so. The White Whale's at the bottom of it. Well, well, so be it! Can't be helped! All right! Give way, men! It ain't the White Whale to-day! Give way!"

Now the advent of these outlandish strangers at such a critical instant as the lowering of the boats from the deck, this had not unreasonably awakened a sort of superstitious amazement in some of the ship's company; but Archy's fancied discovery having some time pre-

vious got abroad among them, this had in some small measure prepared them for the event. It took off the extreme edge of their wonder; and so what with all this and Stubb's confident way of accounting for their appearance, they were for the time freed from superstitious surmisings; though the affair still left room for all manner of conjectures. For me, I silently recalled the mysterious shadows I had seen creeping on board the Pequod during the dim Nantucket dawn, as well as the enigmatical hintings of Elijah.

Meantime, Ahab, out of hearing of his officers, was still ranging ahead of the other boats; a circumstance bespeaking how potent a crew was pulling him. Ahab was steadily managing his steering oar as in a thousand boat lowerings ere the White Whale had torn him. All at once the outstretched arm gave a peculiar motion and then remained fixed, while the boat's five oars were seen simultaneously peaked. Boat and crew sat motionless on the sea. Instantly the three spread boats in the rear paused on their way. The whales had irregularly settled bodily down into the blue, thus giving no distantly discernible token of the movement, though from his closer vicinity Ahab had observed it.

"Every man look out along his oars!" cried Starbuck. "Thou, Queequeg, stand up!"

To a landsman, no whale, nor any sign of a herring, would have been visible at that moment; nothing but a troubled bit of greenish white water, and thin scattered puffs of vapor hovering over it. The air around suddenly vibrated and tingled like the air over intensely heated plates of iron. Beneath this atmospheric waving and curling, and partially beneath a thin layer of water, also, the whales were swimming. Seen in advance of all the other indications, the puffs of vapor they spouted seemed their forerunning couriers and detached flying outriders.

All four boats were now in keen pursuit of that one spot of troubled water and air. But it bade far outstrip them; it flew on and on.

"Pull, pull, my good boys," said Starbuck, in the lowest possible but intensest concentrated whisper to his men; while the sharp fixed glance from his eyes darted straight ahead of the bow. He did not say much to his crew, though, nor did his crew say anything to him. Only the silence of the boat was at intervals startlingly pierced by one of his peculiar whispers, now harsh with command, now soft with entreaty.

How different the loud little King-Post. "Sing out and say some-

thing, my hearties. Roar and pull, my thunderbolts! Beach me, beach me on their black backs, boys; lay me on—lay me on! O Lord, Lord! See! see that white water!" And so shouting, he pulled his hat from his head, and stamped up and down on it; then picking it up, flirted it far off upon the sea; and finally fell to rearing and plunging in the boat's stern.

"Look at that chap now," philosophically drawled Stubb, who, with his unlighted short pipe, mechanically retained between his teeth, at a short distance, followed after—"He's got fits, that Flask has. Merrily, merrily, hearts-alive. Pudding for supper, you know—merry's the word. Pull, babes—pull, sucklings—pull, all. Only pull, and keep pulling; nothing more." Meanwhile, all the boats tore on. The dancing white water made by the chase was now becoming more and more visible, owing to the increasing darkness of the dun cloud-shadows flung upon the sea. The jets of vapor no longer blended, but tilted everywhere to right and left; the whales seemed separating their wakes. The boats were pulled more apart; Starbuck giving chase to three whales running dead to leeward. Our sail was now set, and, with the still rising wind, we rushed along; the boat going with such madness through the water that the lee oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the row-locks.

Soon we were running through a suffusing wide veil of mist; neither ship nor boat to be seen.

"Give way, men," whispered Starbuck, drawing still further aft the sheet of his sail; "there is time to kill a fish yet before the squall comes. There's white water again!—close to! Spring!"

Soon after, two cries in quick succession on each side of us denoted that the other boats had got fast; but hardly were they overheard when with a lightning-like hurtling whisper Starbuck said: "Stand up!" and Queequeg, harpoon in hand, sprang to his feet.

Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the life-and-death peril so close to them ahead, yet with their eyes on the intense countenance of the mate in the stern of the boat, they knew that the imminent instant had come; they heard, too, an enormous wallowing sound as of fifty elephants stirring in their litter. Meanwhile the boat was still booming through the mist, the waves curling and hissing around us like the erected crests of enraged serpents.

"That's his hump. There, there, give it to him!" whispered Starbuck.

A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat; it was the darted iron

of Queequeg. Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern, while forward the boat seemed striking on a ledge; the sail collapsed and exploded; a gush of scalding vapor shot up near by; something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us. The whole crew were half suffocated as they were tossed helter-skelter into the white curdling cream of the squall. Squall, whale, and harpoon had all blended together; and the whale, merely grazed by the iron, escaped.

Though completely swamped, the boat was nearly unharmed. Swimming round it we picked up the floating oars, and lashing them across the gunwale, tumbled back to our places. There we sat up to our knees in the sea, the water covering every rib and plank.

The wind increased to a howl; the waves dashed their bucklers together; the whole squall roared, forked, and crackled around us like a white fire upon the prairie, in which, unconsumed, we were burning; immortal in these jaws of death! In vain we hailed the other boats; as well roar to the live coals down the chimney of a flaming furnace as hail those boats in that storm. Meanwhile the driving scud, rack, and mist grew darker with the shadows of night; no sign of the ship could be seen. The rising sea forbade all attempts to bale out the boat. The oars were useless as propellers, performing now the office of life-preservers. So, cutting the lashing of the waterproof match keg, after many failures Starbuck contrived to ignite the lamp in the lantern; then, stretching it on a waif pole, handed it to Queequeg as the standard-bearer of this forlorn hope. There, then, he sat, holding up that imbecile candle in the heart of that almighty forlornness.

Wet, drenched through, and shivering cold, despairing of ship or boat, we lifted up our eyes as the dawn came on. The mist still spread over the sea, the empty lantern lay in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet, hollowing his hand to his ear. We all heard a faint creaking, as of ropes and yards hitherto muffled by the storm. The sound came nearer and nearer; the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge, vague form. Affrighted, we all sprang into the sea as the ship at last loomed into view, bearing right down upon us within a distance of not much more than its length.

Floating on the waves we saw the abandoned boat, as for one instant it tossed and gaped beneath the ship's bows like a chip at the base of a cataract; and then the vast hull rolled over it, and it was seen no more till it came up weltering astern. Again we swam for it, were dashed against it by the seas, and were at last taken up and safely

landed on board. Ere the squall came close to, the other boats had cut loose from their fish and returned to the ship in good time. The ship had given us up, but was still cruising, if haply it might light upon some token of our perishing.

CHAPTER 37

The Hyena

HERE ARE CERTAIN queer occasions in this strange mixed affair we A call life when a man takes this whole universe for a vast practical joke, though the wit thereof he but dimly discerns, and more than suspects that the joke is at nobody's expense but his own. However, nothing dispirits, and nothing seems worth while disputing. He bolts down all events, and beliefs, and persuasions, all hard things visible and invisible. And as for small difficulties and worryings, prospects of sudden disaster, peril of life and limb; all these, and death itself, seem to him only sly, good-natured hits, and jolly punches in the side bestowed by the unseen and unaccountable old joker. That odd sort of wayward mood I am speaking of comes over a man only in some time of extreme tribulation; it comes in the very midst of his earnestness, so that what just before might have seemed to him a thing most momentous, now seems but a part of the general joke. There is nothing like the perils of whaling to breed this free and easy sort of genial, desperado philosophy; and with it I now regarded this whole voyage of the Pequod, and the great White Whale its object.

"Queequeg," said I, when they had dragged me, the last man, to the deck, and I was still shaking myself in my jacket to fling off the water; "Queequeg, my fine friend, does this sort of thing often happen?" Without much emotion, he gave me to understand that such things did often happen.

"Mr. Stubb," said I, turning to that worthy, who, buttoned up in his oil-jacket, was now calmly smoking his pipe in the rain; "Mr. Stubb, I think I have heard you say that of all whalemen you ever met, our chief mate, Mr. Starbuck, is by far the most careful and prudent. I suppose then, that going plump on a flying whale with your sail set in a foggy squall is the height of a whaleman's discretion?"

"Certain. I've lowered for whales from a leaking ship in a gale off Cape Horn."

"Mr. Flask," said I, turning to little King-Post, who was standing close by; "you are experienced in these things, and I am not. Will you tell me whether it is an unalterable law in this fishery, Mr. Flask, for an oarsman to break his own back pulling himself back-foremost into death's jaws?"

"Can't you twist that smaller?" said Flask. "Yes, that's the law. I should like to see a boat's crew backing water up to a whale face foremost. Ha, ha! the whale would give them squint for squint, mind that!"

Here then, from three impartial witnesses, I had a deliberate statement of the entire case. Considering, therefore, that squalls and capsizings in the water were matters of common occurrence in this kind of life; considering that at the superlatively critical instant of going on to the whale I must resign my life into the hands of him who steered the boat; considering that the particular disaster to our own particular boat was chiefly to be imputed to Starbuck's driving on to his whale almost in the teeth of a squall, and considering that Starbuck, notwithstanding, was famous for his great heedfulness in the fishery; considering that I belonged to this uncommonly prudent Starbuck's boat; and finally considering in what a devil's chase I was implicated, touching the White Whale: I thought I might as well go below and make a rough draft of my will. "Queequeg," said I, "come along, you shall be my lawyer, executor, and legatee."

CHAPTER 38

The Spirit-Spout

[The Pequod visits four cruising-grounds in the South Atlantic. Repeatedly on moonlight nights a whale jet is sighted and repeatedly the ship follows swiftly in pursuit, but always loses sight of its prey. Some of the sailors begin to believe that the jet belongs to Moby Dick, who is treacherously luring the Pequod to some remote and savage seas. Finally, the ship rounds the Cape of Good Hope in a heavy storm.]

CHAPTER 39

The Albatross

SOUTH-EASTWARD from the Cape, off the distant Crozetts, a good cruising ground for Right Whalemen, a sail loomed ahead, the Goney (Albatross) by name. As she slowly drew nigh, from my lofty perch at the fore-mast-head I had a good view of that sight so remarkable to a tyro in the far ocean fisheries—a whaler at sea, and long absent from home.

As if the waves had been fullers, this craft was bleached like the skeleton of a stranded walrus. All down her sides, this spectral appearance was traced with long channels of reddened rust, while all her spars and her rigging were like the thick branches of trees furred over with hoar-frost. Only her lower sails were set. A wild sight it was to see her long-bearded look-outs at those three mast-heads. They seemed clad in the skins of beasts, so torn and bepatched the raiment that had survived nearly four years of cruising. Standing in iron hoops nailed to the mast, they swayed and swung over a fathomless sea.

"Ship ahoy! Have ye seen the White Whale?"

But as the strange captain was in the act of putting his trumpet to his mouth, it somehow fell from his hand into the sea; and the wind now rising amain, he in vain strove to make himself heard without it. Meantime his ship was still increasing the distance between us. While in various silent ways the seamen of the Pequod were evincing their observance of this ominous incident at the first mere mention of the White Whale's name to another ship, Ahab for a moment paused. Taking advantage of his windward position, he again seized his trumpet, and knowing by her aspect that the stranger vessel was a Nantucketer and shortly bound home, he loudly hatled—"Ahoy there! This is the Pequod, bound round the world! Tell them to address all future letters to the Pacific ocean! and this time three years, if I am not at home, tell them to address them to—"

At that moment the two wakes were fairly crossed, and instantly shoals of small harmless fish, that for some days before had been placidly swimming by our side, darted away with what seemed shuddering fins, and ranged themselves fore and aft with the stranger's

flanks. Though in the course of his continual voyagings Ahab must often before have noticed a similar sight, yet, to any monomaniac man, the veriest trifles capriciously carry meanings.

"Swim away from me, do ye?" murmured Ahab, gazing over into the water. There seemed but little in the words, but the tone conveyed more of deep helpless sadness than the insane old man had ever before evinced. But turning to the steersman, who thus far had been holding the ship in the wind to diminish her headway, he cried out in his old lion voice,—"Up helm! Keep her off round the world!"

Round the world! There is much in that sound to inspire proud feelings; but whereto does all that circumnavigation conduct? Only through numberless perils to the very point whence we started.

Were this world an endless plain, and by sailing eastward we could for ever reach new distances, and discover sights more sweet and strange than any Cyclades or Islands of King Solomon, then there were promise in the voyage. But in pursuit of those far mysteries we dream of, or in tormented chase of that demon phantom that, some time or other, swims before all human hearts; while chasing such over this round globe, they either lead us on in barren mazes or midway leave us whelmed.

CHAPTER 40

The Gam

[The gam, or meeting of whale-ships in mid-ocean, is described. The gam is welcomed by all whalemen as an opportunity to exchange letters, newspapers, and whaling information and as an opportunity for rest and jolly sociability. Ahab's refusal to participate in a gam is very unusual and clearly shows his singleness of purpose and his rejection of human obligations and human fellowship.]

CHAPTER 41

The Town-Ho's Story

[The Pequod meets the Town-Ho, and Ishmael hears of an encounter between Moby Dick and a ship, which never reaches the ears of Ahab or his mates. In this encounter, the whale killed villain and prevented a good man's committing murder.]

CHAPTER 42

Brit

STEERING NORTH-EASTWARD from the Crozetts, we fell in with vast meadows of brit, the minute yellow substance upon which the Right Whale largely feeds. For leagues and leagues it undulated round us, so that we seemed to be sailing through boundless fields of ripe and golden wheat.

On the second day, numbers of Right Whales were seen, who, secure from the attack of a Sperm-Whaler like the Pequod, with open jaws sluggishly swam through the brit. As morning mowers, who side by side slowly and seethingly advance their scythes through the long wet grass of marshy meads; even so these monsters swam, making a strange, grassy, cutting sound; and leaving behind them endless swaths of blue upon the yellow sea.

But it was only the sound they made as they parted the brit which at all reminded one of mowers. Seen from the mast-heads, especially when they paused and were stationary for a while, their vast black forms looked more like lifeless masses of rock than anything else. And even when recognized at last, their immense magnitude renders it very hard really to believe that such bulky masses of overgrowth can possibly be instinct, in all parts, with the same sort of life that lives in a dog or a horse.

Indeed, you can hardly regard any creatures of the deep with the

same feelings that you do those of the shore. For though some naturalists have maintained that all creatures of the land are of their kind in the sea; and though taking a broad general view of the thing, this may very well be; yet coming to specialities, where, for example, does the ocean furnish any fish that in disposition answers to the sagacious kindness of the dog? The accursed shark alone can in any generic respect be said to bear comparative analogy to him.

But though, to landsmen in general, the native inhabitants of the seas have ever been regarded with emotions unspeakably unsocial and repelling; though we know the sea to be an everlasting terra incognita, so that Columbus sailed over numberless unknown worlds to discover his one superficial western one; though, by vast odds, the most terrific of all mortal disasters have immemorially and indiscriminately befallen tens and hundreds of thousands of those who have gone upon the waters; though but a moment's consideration will teach, that however baby man may brag of his science and skill, and however much, in a flattering future, that science and skill may augment; yet for ever and for ever, to the crack of doom, the sea will insult and murder him, and pulverize the stateliest, stiffest frigate he can make; nevertheless, by the continual repetition of these very impressions, man has lost that sense of the full awfulness of the sea which aboriginally belongs to it. Yea, foolish mortals, Noah's flood is not yet subsided; twothirds of the fair world it yet covers.

Wherein differ the sea and the land, that a miracle upon one is not a miracle upon the other? Preternatural terrors rested upon the Hebrews, when under the feet of Korah and his company the live ground opened and swallowed them up for ever; yet not a modern sun ever sets, but in precisely the same manner the live sea swallows up ships and crews.

But not only is the sea such a foe to man who is an alien to it, but it is also a fiend to its own off-spring; worse than the Persian host who murdered his own guests; sparing not the creatures which itself hath spawned. The sea dashes even the mightiest whales against the rocks, and leaves them there side by side with the split wrecks of ships. No mercy, no power but its own controls it.

Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes, as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks. Consider once

more the universal cannibalism of the sea; all whose creatures prey upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began.

Consider all this; and then turn to this green, gentle, and most docile earth; consider them both, the sea and the land; and do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself? For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land, so in the soul of man there lies one insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half-known life. God keep thee! Push not off from that isle, thou canst never return!

CHAPTER 43

The Line

WITH REFERENCE TO the whaling scene shortly to be described, as well as for the better understanding of all similar scenes elsewhere presented, I have here to speak of the magical, sometimes horrible whale-line.

The whale-line is only two thirds of an inch in thickness. At first sight, you would not think it so strong as it really is. By experiment its one and fifty yarns will each suspend a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds; so that the whole rope will bear a strain nearly equal to three tons. In length, the common sperm whale-line measures something over two hundred fathoms. Towards the stern of the boat it is spirally coiled away in the tub, so as to form one round, cheese-shaped mass of densely bedded "sheaves," or layers of concentric spiralizations, without any hollow but the "heart," or minute vertical tube formed at the axis of the cheese. As the least tangle or kink in the coiling would, in running out, infallibly take somebody's arm, leg, or entire body off, the utmost precaution is used in stowing the line in its tub. Some harpooneers will consume almost an entire morning in this business, carrying the line high aloft and then reeving it downwards through a block towards the tub, so as in the act of coiling to free it from all possible wrinkles and twists.

Both ends of the line are exposed, the lower end terminating in an eye-splice or loop coming up from the bottom against the side of the tub, and hanging over its edge completely disengaged from everything. This arrangement of the lower end is necessary on two accounts.

First: In order to facilitate the fastening to it of an additional line from a neighboring boat, in case the stricken whale should sound so deep as to threaten to carry off the entire line originally attached to the harpoon. Second: This arrangement is indispensable for common safety's sake; for were the lower end of the line in any way attached to the boat, and were the whale then to run the line out to the end almost in a single, smoking minute as he sometimes does, he would not stop there, for the doomed boat would infallibly be dragged down after him into the profundity of the sea; and in that case no town-crier would ever find her again.

Before lowering the boat for the chase, the upper end of the line is taken aft from the tub, and passing round the loggerhead there, is again carried forward the entire length of the boat, resting crosswise upon the loom or handle of every man's oar, so that it jogs against his wrist in rowing; and also passing between the men, as they alternately sit at the opposite gunwales, to the leaded chocks or grooves in the extreme pointed prow of the boat, where a wooden pin or skewer the size of a common squill prevents it from slipping out. From the chocks it hangs in a slight festoon over the bows, and is then passed inside the boat again; and some ten or twenty fathoms (called box-line) being coiled upon the box in the bows, it continues its way to the gunwale still a little further aft, and is then attached to the shortwarp—the rope which is immediately connected with the harpoon; but previous to that connexion, the short-warp goes through sundry mystifications too tedious to detail.

Thus the whale-line folds the whole boat in its complicated coils, twisting and writhing around it in almost every direction. All the oarsmen are involved in its perilous contortions; so that to the timid eye of the landsman, they seem as Indian jugglers, with the deadliest snakes sportively festooning their limbs. Nor can any son of mortal woman, for the first time, seat himself amid those hempen intricacies, and while straining his utmost at the oar, bethink him that at any unknown instant the harpoon may be darted, and all these horrible contortions be put in play like ringed lightnings; he cannot be thus circumstanced without a shudder that makes the very marrow in his bones to quiver in him like a shaken jelly.

Perhaps a very little thought will now enable you to account for those repeated whaling disasters—some few of which are casually chronicled—of this man or that man being taken out of the boat by the line, and lost. For, when the line is darting out, to be seated then

in the boat is like being seated in the midst of the manifold whizzings of a steam-engine in full play, when every flying beam, and shaft, and wheel, is grazing you. It is worse; for you cannot sit motionless in the heart of these perils, because the boat is rocking like a cradle, and you are pitched one way and the other, without the slightest warning; and only by a certain self-adjusting buoyancy and simultaneousness of volition and action can you escape being run away with where the all-seeing sun himself could never pierce you out.

Again: as the profound calm which only apparently precedes and prophesies of the storm is perhaps more awful than the storm itself, so the graceful repose of the line, as it silently serpentines about the oarsmen before being brought into actual play—this is a thing which carries more of true terror than any other aspect of this dangerous affair. But why say more? All men live enveloped in whale-lines. All are born with halters round their necks; but it is only when caught in the swift, sudden turn of death that mortals realize the silent, subtle, ever-present perils of life. And if you be a philosopher, though seated in the whale-boat, you would not at heart feel one whit more of terror than though seated before your evening fire with a poker, and not a harpoon, by your side.

CHAPTER 44 Stubb Kills a Whale

[Stubb captures a sperm whale.]

CHAPTER 45

The Shark Massacre-

When in the Southern Fishery a captured Sperm Whale, after long and weary toil, is brought alongside late at night, it is not customary to proceed at once to the business of cutting him in. For that business is not very soon completed; and requires all hands to set about it. Therefore, the common usage is to take in all sail; lash the helm a'lee; and then send every one below to his hammock till day-

light, with the reservation that, until that time, anchor-watches shall be kept.

But sometimes, especially upon the Line in the Pacific, this plan will not answer at all; because such incalculable hosts of sharks gather round the moored carcase that were he left so for six hours, say, on a stretch, little more than the skeleton would be visible by morning. In most other parts of the ocean, however, where these fish do not so largely abound, their wondrous voracity can be at times considerably diminished, by vigorously stirring them up with sharp whaling-spades.

Upon Stubb setting the anchor-watch after his supper was concluded and when, accordingly, Queequeg and a forecastle seaman came on deck, no small excitement was created among the sharks; for immediately suspending the cutting stages over the side, and lowering three lanterns, these two mariners, darting their long whaling-spades, kept up an incessant murdering of the sharks, by striking the keen steel deep into their skulls, seemingly their only vital part. But in the foamy confusion of their mixed and struggling hosts, the marksmen could not always hit their mark; and this brought about new revelations of the incredible ferocity of the foe. They viciously snapped, not only at each other's disembowelments, but like flexible bows, bent round, and bit their own. Nor was this all. It was unsafe to meddle with the corpses and ghosts of these creatures. A sort of generic or Pantheistic vitality seemed to lurk in their very joints and bones, after what might be called the individual life had departed. Killed and hoisted on deck for the sake of his skin, one of these sharks almost took poor Queequeg's hand off, when he tried to shut down the dead lid of his murderous jaw.

"Queequeg no care what god made him shark," said the savage, agonizingly lifting his hand up and down; "wedder Fejee god or Nantucket god; but de god wat made shark must be one dam Ingin."

CHAPTER 46

Cutting In

I'T WAS A SATURDAY NIGHT, and such a Sabbath as followed! The ivory Pequod was turned into what seemed a shamble; every sailor a butcher. You would have thought we were offering up ten thousand red oxen to the sea gods.

In the first place, the enormous cutting tackles, among other ponderous things comprising a cluster of blocks—this vast bunch of grapes was swayed up to the main-top and firmly lashed to the lower mast-head, the strongest point anywhere above a ship's deck. The end of the hawser-like rope winding through these intricacies was then conducted to the windlass, and the huge lower block of the tackles was swung over the whale; to this block the great blubber hook, weighing some one hundred pounds, was 'attached. And now suspended in stages over the side, Starbuck and Stubb, armed with their long spades, began cutting a hole in the body for the insertion of the hook just above the nearest of the two side-fins. This done, a broad semicircular line is cut round the hole, the hook is inserted, and the main body of the crew, striking up a wild chorus, now commence heaving in one dense crowd at the windlass. When, instantly, the entire ship careens over on her side; she trembles, quivers, and nods her frighted mast-heads to the sky. More and more she leans over to the whale, while every gasping heave of the windlass is answered by a helping heave from the billows; till at last, a swift, startling snap is heard; with a great swash the ship rolls upwards and backwards from the whale, and the triumphant tackle rises into sight dragging after it the disengaged semicircular end of the first strip of blubber. Now as the blubber envelops the whale precisely as the rind does an orange, so is it stripped off from the body precisely as an orange is sometimes stripped by spiralizing it. For the strain constantly kept up by the windlass continually keeps the whale rolling over and over in the water, and as the blubber in one strip uniformly peels off along the line called the "scarf," simultaneously cut by the spades of the mates, and just as fast as it is thus peeled off, it is all the time being hoisted higher and higher aloft till its upper end grazes the main-top; the men at the windlass then cease heaving, for a moment or two the prodigious blood-dripping mass sways to and fro as if let down from the sky.

One of the attending harpooneers now advances with a long, keen weapon called a boarding-sword, and dexterously slices out a considerable hole in the lower part of the swaying mass. Into this hole the end of the second alternating great tackle is then hooked so as to retain a hold upon the blubber, in order to prepare for what follows. Whereupon, this accomplished swordsman once more makes a scientific dash at the mass, and with a few sidelong, lunging slicings, severs it completely in twain; so that while the short lower part is still fast, the long upper strip, called a blanket-piece, swings clear, and is all

ready for lowering. The heavers forward now resume their song, and while the one tackle is peeling and hoisting a second strip from the whale, the other is slowly slackened away, and down goes the first strip through the main hatchway right beneath, into the blubber-room. Into this twilight apartment sundry nimble hands keep coiling away the long blanket-piece as if it were a great live mass of plaited serpents. And thus the work proceeds; the two tackles hoisting and lowering simultaneously; both whale and windlass heaving, the heavers singing, the blubber-room gentlemen coiling, the mates scarfing, the ship straining, and all hands swearing occasionally, by way of assuaging the general friction.

CHAPTER 47

The Sphinx

It should not have been omitted that previous to completely stripping the body of the leviathan, he was beheaded. When first severed, the head is dropped astern and held there by a cable till the body is stripped. That done, if it belong to a small whale it is hoisted on deck to be deliberately disposed of. But, with a full-grown leviathan this is impossible; for the sperm whale's head embraces nearly one third of his entire bulk, and completely to suspend such a burden as that, even by the immense tackles of a whaler, this were as vain a thing as to attempt weighing a Dutch barn in jewelers' scales.

The Pequod's whale being decapitated and the body stripped, the head was hoisted against the ship's side—about halfway out of the sea, so that it might yet in great part be buoyed up by its native element. And there with the strained craft steeply leaning over it, there, that blood-dripping head hung to the Pequod's waist like the giant Holofernes's from the girdle of Judith.

When this last task was accomplished it was noon, and the seamen went below to their dinner. Silence reigned over the before tumultuous but now deserted deck. An intense copper calm, like a universal yellow lotus, was more and more unfolding its noiseless measureless leaves upon the sea.

A short space elapsed, and up into this noiselessness came Ahab alone from his cabin. Taking a few turns on the quarter-deck, he

paused to gaze over the side and so stood leaning over with eyes attentively fixed on this head.

It was a black and hooded head; and hanging there in the midst of so intense a calm, it seemed the Sphinx's in the desert. "Speak, thou vast and venerable head," muttered Ahab, "speak, mighty head, and tell us the secret thing that is in thee. Of all divers, thou hast dived the deepest. That head upon which the upper sun now gleams has moved amid this world's foundations. Where unrecorded names and navies rust, and untold hopes and anchors rot; where in her murderous hold this frigate earth is ballasted with bones of millions of the drowned; there, in that awful water-land, there was thy most familiar home. Thou hast been where bell or diver never went; hast slept by many a sailor's side, where sleepless mothers would give their lives to lay them down. Thou saw'st the locked lovers when leaping from their flaming ship; heart to heart they sank beneath the exulting wave; true to each other, when heaven seemed false to them. Thou saw'st the murdered mate when tossed by pirates from the midnight deck; for hours he fell into the deeper midnight of the insatiate maw; and his murderers still sailed on unharmed—while swift lightnings shivered the neighboring ship that would have borne a righteous husband to outstretched, longing arms. O head! thou hast seen enough to split the planets and make an infidel of Abraham, and not one syllable is thine!"

"Sail ho!" cried a triumphant voice from the main-mast-head.

"Aye? Well, now, that's cheering," cried Ahab, suddenly erecting himself, while whole thunder-clouds swept aside from his brow. "That lively cry upon this deadly calm might almost convert a better man.—Where away?"

"Three points on the starboard bow, sir, and bringing down her breeze to us!"

CHAPTER 48

The Jeroboam's Story

Hand in Hand, ship and breeze blew on; but the breeze came faster than the ship, and soon the Pequod began to rock.

By and by, through the glass the stranger's boats and manned mastheads proved her a whale-ship. But as she was so far to windward,

and shooting by, apparently making a passage to some other ground, the Pequod could not hope to reach her. So the signal was set to see what response would be made.

The Pequod's signal was at last responded to by the stranger's setting her own; which proved the ship to be the Jeroboam of Nantucket. Squaring her yards, she bore down, ranged abeam under the Pequod's lee, and lowered a boat; it soon drew nigh; but, as the side-ladder was being rigged by Starbuck's order to accommodate the visiting captain, the stranger waved his hand from his boat's stern in token of that proceeding being entirely unnecessary. It turned out that the Jeroboam had a malignant epidemic on board, and that Mayhew, her captain, was fearful of infecting the Pequod's company.

Preserving an interval of some few yards between itself and the ship, the Jeroboam's boat by the occasional use of its oars contrived to keep parallel to the Pequod, as she heavily forged through the sea (for by this time it blew very fresh), with her main-topsail aback; though, indeed, at times by the sudden onset of a large rolling wave, the boat would be pushed some way ahead; but would be soon skilfully brought to her proper bearings again. Subject to this, and other like interruptions now and then, a conversation was sustained between the two parties; but at intervals not without still another interruption of a very different sort.

Pulling an oar in the Jeroboam's boat was a man of a singular appearance, even in that wild whaling life. He was a small, short, young-ish man, sprinkled all over his face with freckles, and wearing redundant yellow hair. A long-skirted, cabalistically-cut coat of a faded walnut tinge enveloped him. A deep, settled, fanatic delirium was in his eyes. His story was this:

He had been originally nurtured among the crazy society of Neskyeuna Shakers, where he had been a great prophet; in their cracked, secret meetings having several times descended from heaven by the way of a trap-door, announcing the speedy opening of the seventh vial, which he carried in his vest-pocket. A strange, apostolic whim having seized him, he had left Neskyeuna for Nantucket, where, with that cunning peculiar to craziness, he assumed a steady, common sense exterior, and offered himself as a green-hand candidate for the Jeroboam's whaling voyage. They engaged him; but straightway upon the ship's getting out of sight of land, his insanity broke out in a freshet. He announced himself as the archangel Gabriel, and commanded the captain to jump overboard. He published his manifesto,

whereby he set himself forth as the deliverer of the isles of the sea and vicar-general of all Oceanica. The unflinching earnestness with which he declared these things—the dark, daring play of his sleepless, excited imagination, and all the preternatural terrors of real delirium -united to invest this Gabriel in the minds of the majority of the ignorant crew with an atmosphere of sacredness. Moreover, they were afraid of him. As such a man, however, was not of much practical use in the ship, especially as he refused to work except when he pleased, the incredulous captain would fain have been rid of him; but apprised that that individual's intention was to land him in the first convenient port, the archangel forthwith opened all his seals and vials—devoting the ship and all hands to unconditional perdition, in case this intention was carried out. So strongly did he work upon his disciples among the crew that at last in a body they went to the captain and told him if Gabriel was sent from the ship, not a man of them would remain. He was therefore forced to relinquish his plan. Nor would they permit Gabriel to be any way maltreated, so that it came to pass that Gabriel had the complete freedom of the ship. The consequence of all this was that the archangel cared little or nothing for the captain and mates; and since the epidemic had broken out, he carried a higher hand than ever; declaring that the plague, as he called it, was at his sole command; nor should it be stayed but according to his good pleasure. The sailors, mostly poor devils, cringed, and some of them fawned before him; in obedience to his instructions, sometimes rendering him personal homage, as to a god. Such things may seem incredible; but, however wondrous, they are true. Nor is the history of fanatics half so striking in respect to the measureless selfdeception of the fanatic himself, as his measureless power of deceiving and bedeviling so many others. But it is time to return to the Pequod.

"I fear not thy epidemic, man," said Ahab from the bulwarks, to Captain Mayhew, who stood in the boat's stern; "come on board."

But now Gabriel started to his feet.

"Beware of the horrible plague!"

"Gabriel! Gabriel!" cried Captain Mayhew; "thou must either—" But that instant a headlong wave shot the boat far ahead, and its seethings drowned all speech.

"Hast thou seen the White Whale?" demanded Ahab, when the boat drifted back.

"Think, think of thy whale-boat, stoven and sunk! Beware of the horrible tail!"

"I tell thee again, Gabriel, that—" But again the boat tore ahead as if dragged by fiends. Nothing was said for some moments, while a succession of riotous waves rolled by. Meantime, the hoisted sperm whale's head jogged about very violently, and Gabriel was seen eyeing it with rather more apprehensiveness than his archangel nature seemed to warrant.

When this interlude was over, Captain Mayhew began a dark story concerning Moby Dick; not, however, without frequent interruptions from Gabriel, whenever his name was mentioned, and the crazy sea that seemed leagued with him.

It seemed that the Jeroboam had not long left home, when upon speaking a whale-ship, her people were reliably apprised of the existence of Moby Dick, and the havoc he had made. Greedily sucking in this intelligence, Gabriel solemnly warned the captain against attacking the White Whale, in case the monster should be seen; in his gibbering insanity, pronouncing the White Whale to be no less a being than the Shaker God incarnated. But when, some year or two afterwards, Moby Dick was fairly sighted from the mast-heads, Macey, the chief mate, burned with ardor to encounter him; and the captain himself being not unwilling to let him have the opportunity, despite all the archangel's denunciations and forewarnings, Macey succeeded in persuading five men to man his boat. With them he pushed off; and, after many perilous, unsuccessful onsets, he at last succeeded in getting one iron fast. Meantime, Gabriel, ascending to the main-royal mast-head, was tossing one arm in frantic gestures, and hurling forth prophecies of speedy doom to the sacrilegious assailants of his divinity. Now, while Macey, the mate, was standing up in his boat's bow, and essaying to get a fair chance for his poised lance, lo! a broad white shadow rose from the sea; by its quick, fanning motion, temporarily taking the breath out of the bodies of the oarsmen. Next instant, the luckless mate was smitten bodily into the air, and making a long arc in his descent, fell into the sea at the distance of about fifty yards. Not a chip of the boat was harmed, nor a hair of any oarsman's head; but the mate for ever sank.

The whole calamity, with the falling form of Macey, was plainly descried from the ship. Raising a piercing shriek, Gabriel called off the terror-stricken crew from the further hunting of the whale. This terrible event clothed the archangel with added influence; because his

credulous disciples believed that he had specifically fore-announced it, instead of only making a general prophecy, which any one might have done, and so have chanced to hit one of many marks in the wide margin allowed. He became a nameless terror to the ship.

Mayhew having concluded his narration, Ahab put such questions to him that the stranger captain could not forbear inquiring whether he intended to hunt the White Whale, if opportunity should offer. To which Ahab answered—"Aye." Straightway, then, Gabriel once more started to his feet, glaring upon the old man, and vehemently exclaimed, with downward pointed finger—"Think, think of the blasphemer—dead, and down there!—beware of the blasphemer's end!"

Ahab stolidly turned aside; then said to Mayhew, "Captain, I have just bethought me of my letter-bag; there is a letter for one of thy officers, if I mistake not. Starbuck, look over the bag."

Every whale-ship takes out a goodly number of letters for various ships, whose delivery to the persons to whom they may be addressed depends upon the mere chance of encountering them in the four oceans. Thus, most letters never reach their mark; and many are only received after attaining an age of two or three years or more.

Soon Starbuck returned with a letter in his hand. It was sorely tumbled, damp, and covered with a dull, spotted green mold, in consequence of being kept in a dark locker of the cabin. Of such a letter, Death himself might well have been the post-boy.

"Can'st not read it?" cried Ahab. "Give it me, man. Aye, aye, it's but a dim scrawl;—what's this?" As he was studying it out, Starbuck took a long cutting-spade pole, and with his knife slightly split the end, to insert the letter there, and in that way, hand it to the boat, without its coming any closer to the ship.

Meantime, Ahab, holding the letter, muttered, "Mr. Har—yes, Mr. Harry—aye—Mr. Harry Macey, Ship Jeroboam; why, it's Macey, and he's dead!"

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" sighed Mayhew; "but let me have it."
"Nay, keep it thyself," cried Gabriel to Ahab; "thou art soon going that way."

"Curses throttle thee!" yelled Ahab. "Captain Mayhew, stand by now to receive it;" and taking the fatal missive from Starbuck's hands, he caught it in the slit of the pole, and reached it over towards the boat. But as he did so, the oarsmen expectantly desisted from rowing; the boat drifted a little towards the ship's stern; so that the letter suddenly ranged along with Gabriel's eager hand. He clutched it in an

instant, seized the boat-knife, and impaling the letter on it, sent it thus loaded back into the ship. It fell at Ahab's feet. Then Gabriel shrieked out to his comrades to give way with their oars, and in that manner the mutinous boat rapidly shot away from the Pequod.

CHAPTER 49

The Monkey-Rope

T N THE TUMULTUOUS BUSINESS of cutting-in and attending to a whale, I there is much running backwards and forwards among the crew. There is no staying in any one place; for at one and the same time everything has to be done everywhere. It is much the same with him who endeavors the description of the scene. We must now retrace our way a little. It was mentioned that upon first breaking ground in the whale's back, the blubber-hook was inserted into the original hole there cut by the spades of the mates. But how did so clumsy and weighty a mass as that same hook get fixed in that hole? It was inserted there by my particular friend Queequeg, whose duty it was, as harpooneer, to descend upon the monster's back for the special purpose referred to. But in very many cases, circumstances require that the harpooneer shall remain on the whale till the whole flensing or stripping operation is concluded. The whale, be it observed, lies almost entirely submerged, excepting the immediate parts operated upon. So down there, some ten feet below the level of the deck, the poor harpooneer flounders about, half on the whale and half in the water, as the vast mass revolves like a tread-mill beneath him.

Being the savage's bowsman, that is, the person who pulled the bow-oar in his boat, it was my cheerful duty to attend upon him while taking that hard-scrabble scramble upon the dead whale's back. You have seen Italian organ-boys holding a dancing-ape by a long cord. Just so, from the ship's steep side, did I hold Queequeg down there in the sea, by what is technically called in the fishery a monkey-rope, attached to a strong strip of canvas belted round his waist.

It was a humorously perilous business for both of us. For it must be said that the monkey-rope was fast at both ends; fast to Queequeg's broad canvas belt, and fast to my narrow leather one. So that for better or for worse, we two, for the time, were wedded; and should poor Queequeg sink to rise no more, then both usage and honor demanded that, instead of cutting the cord, it should drag me down in his wake. So, then, an elongated Siamese ligature united us. Queequeg was my own inseparable twin brother; nor could I any way get rid of the dangerous liabilities which the hempen bond entailed.

So strongly and metaphysically did I conceive of my situation then, that I seemed distinctly to perceive that my own individuality was now merged in a joint stock company of two; that my free will had received a mortal wound; and that another's mistake or misfortune might plunge innocent me into unmerited disaster and death. Therefore, I saw that here was a sort of interregnum in Providence; for its even-handed equity never could have sanctioned so gross an injustice. And yet still further pondering—while I jerked him now and then from between the whale and the ship, which would threaten to jam him-still further pondering, I say, I saw that this situation of mine was the precise situation of every mortal that breathes; only, in most cases, he, one way or other, has this Siamese connexion with a plurality of other mortals. If your banker breaks, you snap; if your apothecary by mistake sends you poison in your pills, you die. True, you may say that, by exceeding caution, you may possibly escape these and the multitudinous other evil chances of life. But handle Queequeg's monkey-rope heedfully as I would, sometimes he jerked it so that I came very near sliding overboard. Nor could I possibly forget that, do what I would, I only had the management of one end of it.

I have hinted that I would often jerk poor Queequeg from between the whale and the ship—where he would occasionally fall, from the incessant rolling and swaying of both. But this was not the only jamming jeopardy he was exposed to. The sharks swarmed round like bees in a beehive. And right in among those sharks was Queequeg. Accordingly, besides the monkey-rope, with which I now and then jerked the poor fellow from too close a vicinity to the maw of what seemed a peculiarly ferocious shark—he was provided with still another protection. Suspended over the side in one of the stages, Tashtego and Daggoo continually flourished over his head a couple of keen whale-spades, wherewith they slaughtered as many sharks as they could reach. This procedure of theirs, to be sure, was very disinterested and benevolent of them. They meant Queequeg's best happiness, I admit; but in their hasty zeal to befriend him, and from the circumstance that both he and the sharks were at times half hidden by the blood-

muddled water, those indiscreet spades of theirs would come nearer amputating a leg than a tail.

Well, well, my dear comrade and twin-brother, thought I, as I drew in and then slacked off the rope to every swell of the sea—what matters it, after all? Are you not the precious image of each and all of us men in this whaling world? That unsounded ocean you gasp in is Life; those sharks, your foes; those spades, your friends; and what between sharks and spades you are in a sad pickle and peril, poor lad.

CHAPTER 50

Stubb and Flask Kill a Right Whale; and Then Have a Talk Over Him

[Stubb and Flask kill a right whale in fulfillment of Ahab's special orders. Fedallah has told Ahab that a ship which has once had a sperm whale's head hoisted on her starboard side and, at the same time, a right whale's head on the larboard will never capsize. Stubb tells Flask that he thinks Fedallah is Satan, come to strike a bargain with Ahab, the exchange of Moby Dick for Ahab's soul. Stubb asserts that he will push Fedallah overboard if he has the opportunity.]

CHAPTER 51

The Great Heidelburgh Tun

Regarding the Sperm Whale's head as a solid oblong, you may, on an inclined plane, sideways divide it into two quoins, whereof the lower is the bony structure, forming the cranium and jaws, and the upper an unctuous mass wholly free from bones, its broad forward end forming the expanded vertical apparent forehead of the whale. At the middle of the forehead horizontally subdivide this upper quoin, and then you have two almost equal parts, which before were naturally divided by an internal wall of a thick tendinous substance.

The lower subdivided part, called the junk, is one immense honeycomb of oil, formed by the crossing and re-crossing, into ten thousand infiltrated cells, of tough elastic white fibers throughout its whole extent. The upper part, known as the Case, may be regarded as the great Heidelburgh Tun of the Sperm Whale. As that famous great tierce was always replenished with the most excellent of the wines of the Rhenish valleys, so the tun of the whale contains by far the most precious of all his oily vintages; namely, the highly-prized spermaceti, in its absolutely pure, limpid, and odoriferous state. Nor is this precious substance found unalloyed in any other part of the creature. Though in life it remains perfectly fluid, yet, upon exposure to the air, after death, it soon begins to concrete; sending forth beautiful crystalline shoots, as when the first thin delicate ice is just forming in water. A large whale's case generally yields about five hundred gallons of sperm.

It will have been seen that the Heidelburgh Tun of the Sperm Whale embraces the entire length of the entire top of the head; and since the head embraces one third of the whole length of the creature, then setting that length down at eighty feet for a good-sized whale, you have more than twenty-six feet for the depth of the tun, when it is lengthwise hoisted up and down against a ship's side.

As in decapitating the whale, the operator's instrument is brought close to the spot where an entrance is subsequently forced into the spermaceti magazine; he has, therefore, to be uncommonly heedful, lest a careless, untimely stroke should invade the sanctuary and wastingly let out its invaluable contents. It is this decapitated end of the head, also, which is at last elevated out of the water, and retained in that position by the enormous cutting tackles.

This much being said, attend now, I pray you, to that marvelous and—in this particular instance—almost fatal operation whereby the Sperm Whale's great Heidelburgh Tun is tapped.

CHAPTER 52 -

Cistern and Buckets

NIMBLE AS A CAT, Tashtego mounts aloft and runs straight out upon the overhanging mainyard-arm, to the part where it exactly projects over the hoisted Tun. He has carried with him a light tackle called a whip, consisting of only two parts, traveling through

a single-sheaved block. Securing this block, so that it hangs down from the yard-arm, he swings one end of the rope, till it is caught and firmly held by a hand on the deck. Then, hand-over-hand, down the other part, the Indian drops through the air, till dexterously he lands on the summit of the head. A short-handled sharp spade being sent up to him, he diligently searches for the proper place to begin breaking into the Tun. In this business he proceeds very heedfully, like a treasure-hunter in some old house, sounding the walls to find where the gold is masoned in. By the time this cautious search is over, a stout iron-bound bucket, precisely like a well-bucket, has been attached to one end of the whip; while the other end, being stretched across the deck, is there held by two or three alert hands. These last now hoist the bucket within grasp of the Indian, to whom another person has reached up a very long pole. Inserting this pole into the bucket. Tashtego downward guides the bucket into the Tun, till it entirely disappears; then giving the word to the seaman at the whip, up comes the bucket again, all bubbling like a dairy-maid's pail of new milk. Carefully lowered from its height, the full-freighted vessel is caught by an appointed hand, and quickly emptied into a large tub. Then remounting aloft, it again goes through the same round until the deep cistern will yield no more.

Now, the people of the Pequod had been baling some time in this way; several tubs had been filled with the fragrant sperm; when all at once a queer accident happened. Whether it was that Tashtego, that wild Indian, was so heedless and reckless as to let go for a moment his one-handed hold on the great cabled tackles suspending the head; or whether the place where he stood was so treacherous and oozy, how it was exactly, there is no telling now; but, on a sudden, as the eightieth or ninetieth bucket came suckingly up—my God! poor Tashtego, like the twin reciprocating bucket in a veritable well, dropped head-foremost down into this great Tun of Heidelburgh, and with a horrible oily gurgling, went clean out of sight!

"Man overboard!" cried Daggoo, who amid the general consternation first came to his senses. "Swing the bucket this way!" and putting one foot into it, so as the better to secure his slippery hand-hold on the whip itself, the hoisters ran him high up to the top of the head, almost before Tashtego could have reached its interior bottom. Meantime, there was a terrible tumult. Looking over the side, they saw the before lifeless head throbbing and heaving just below the surface of the sea, as if that moment seized with some momentous idea; whereas

it was only the poor Indian unconsciously revealing by those struggles the perilous depth to which he had sunk.

At this instant, while Daggoo, on the summit of the head, was clearing the whip—which had somehow got foul of the great cutting tackles—a sharp cracking noise was heard; and to the unspeakable horror of all, one of the two enormous hooks suspending the head tore out, and with a vast vibration the enormous mass sideways swung, till the drunk ship reeled and shook as if smitten by an iceberg. The one remaining hook, upon which the entire strain now depended, seemed every instant to be on the point of giving way.

"Stand clear of the tackle!" cried a voice like the bursting of a

rocket.

Almost in the same instant, with a thunder-boom, the enormous mass dropped into the sea, like Niagara's Table-Rock into the whirlpool; the suddenly relieved hull rolled away from it, to far down her glittering copper; and all caught their breath, as half swinging-now over the sailors' heads, and now over the water—Daggoo, through a thick mist of spray, was dimly beheld clinging to the pendulous tackles, while poor, buried-alive Tashtego was sinking utterly down to the bottom of the sea! But hardly had the blinding vapor cleared away, when a naked figure with a boarding-sword in his hand was for one swift moment seen hovering over the bulwarks. The next, a loud splash announced that my brave Queequeg had dived to the rescue. One packed rush was made to the side, and every eye counted every ripple, as moment followed moment, and no sign of either the sinker or the diver could be seen. Some hands now jumped into a boat alongside, and pushed a little off from the ship.

"Ha! ha!" cried Daggoo, all at once, from his now quiet, swinging perch overhead; and looking further off from the side, we saw an arm thrust upright from the blue waves; a sight strange to see, as an arm thrust forth from the grass over a grave.

"Both! both!—it is both!"—cried Daggoo again with a joyful shout; and soon after, Queequeg was seen boldly striking out with one hand, and with the other clutching the long hair of the Indian. Drawn into the waiting boat, they were quickly brought to the deck; but Tashtego was long in coming to, and Queequeg did not look very brisk.

Now, how had this noble rescue been accomplished? Why, diving

after the slowly descending head, Queequeg with his keen sword had made side lunges near its bottom, so as to scuttle a large hole there; then, dropping his sword, had thrust his long arm far inwards and up-

wards, and so hauled out poor Tash by the head. He averred that upon first thrusting in for him, a leg was presented; but well knowing that that was not as it ought to be, and might occasion great trouble; —he had thrust back the leg, and by a dexterous heave and toss, had wrought a somerset upon the Indian; so that with the next trial, he came forth in the good old way—head foremost. As for the great head itself, that was doing as well as could be expected.

And thus, through the courage and great skill in obstetrics of Queequeg, the deliverance, or rather, delivery of Tashtego, was successfully accomplished, in the teeth, too, of the most untoward and apparently hopeless impediments.

CHAPTER 53

The Pequod Meets the Virgin

THE PREDESTINATED DAY ARRIVED, and we duly met the ship Jungfrau, Derick De Deer, master, of Bremen.

For some reason, the Jungfrau seemed quite eager to pay her respects. While yet some distance from the Pequod, she rounded to, and dropping a boat, her captain was impelled towards us, impatiently standing in the bows instead of the stern.

"What has he in his hand there?" cried Starbuck, pointing to something wavingly held by the German. "Impossible!—a lamp-feeder!"

"Not that," said Stubb, "no, no, it's a coffee-pot, Mr. Starbuck; he's coming off to make us our coffee, is the Yarman; don't you see that big tin can there alongside of him?—that's his boiling water."

"Go along with you," cried Flask, "it's a lamp-feeder and an oilcan. He's out of oil, and has come a-begging."

However curious it may seem for an oil-ship to be borrowing oil on the whale-ground, and however much it may invertedly contradict the old proverb about carrying coals to Newcastle, yet sometimes such a thing really happens; and in the present case Captain Derick De Deer did indubitably conduct a lamp-feeder as Flask did declare.

As he mounted the deck, Ahab abruptly accosted him, without at all heeding what he had in his hand; but the German soon evinced his complete ignorance of the White Whale; immediately turning the conversation to his lamp-feeder and oil can—his last drop of Bremen

oil being gone, and not a single flying-fish yet captured to supply the deficiency; concluding by hinting that his ship was indeed what in the Fishery is technically called a *clean* one.

His necessities supplied, Derick departed; but he had not gained his ship's side, when whales were almost simultaneously raised from the mast-heads of both vessels; and so eager for the chase was Derick, that without pausing to put his oil can and lamp-feeder aboard, he slewed round his boat and made after the leviathan lamp-feeders.

Now, the game having risen to leeward, he and the other three German boats that soon followed him had considerably the start of the Pequod's keels. There were eight whales, an average pod. Aware of their danger, they were going all abreast with great speed straight before the wind. They left a great, wide wake, as though continually unrolling a great wide parchment upon the sea.

Full in this rapid wake, and many fathoms in the rear, swam a huge, humped old bull, which by his comparatively slow progress, as well as by the unusual yellowish incrustations over-growing him, seemed afflicted with some infirmity. Whether this whale belonged to the pod in advance seemed questionable; for it is not customary for such venerable leviathans to be at all social. Nevertheless, he stuck to their wake, though indeed their back water must have retarded him. His spout was short, slow, and laborious; coming forth with a choking sort of gush, and spending itself in torn shreds.

As an overladen Indiaman bearing down the Hindostan coast with a deck load of frightened horses careens, buries, rolls, and wallows on her way, so did this old whale heave his aged bulk, and now and then partly turning over on his cumbrous rib-ends, expose the cause of his devious wake in the unnatural stump of his starboard fin. Whether he had lost that fin in battle, or had been born without it, it were hard to say.

"Only wait a bit, old chap, and I'll give ye a sling for that wounded arm," cried cruel Flask, pointing to the whale-line near him.

"Mind he don't sling thee with it," cried Starbuck. "Give way, or the German will have him."

With one intent all the combined rival boats were pointed for this one fish, because not only was he the largest, and therefore the most valuable whale, but he was nearest to them, and the other whales were going with such great velocity, moreover, as almost to defy pursuit for the time. At this juncture, the Pequod's keels had shot by the three German boats last lowered; but from the great start he had had,

Derick's boat still led the chase, though every moment neared by his foreign rivals. The only thing they feared was that from being already so nigh to his mark, he would be enabled to dart his iron before they could completely overtake and pass him. As for Derick, he seemed quite confident that this would be the case, and occasionally with a deriding gesture shook his lamp-feeder at the other boats.

"The ungracious and ungrateful dog!" cried Starbuck; "he mocks and dares me with the very poor-box I filled for him not five minutes

ago!"—then in his old intense whisper—"give way, greyhounds! Dog to it!"

"Oh! see the suds he makes!" cried Flask, dancing up and down-"What a hump—Oh, do pile on the beef—lays like a log! There goes three thousand dollars, men!—a bank!—a whole bank! The bank of England!—Oh, do, do, do!—What's that Yarman about now?"

At this moment Derick was in the act of pitching his lamp-feeder at the advancing boats, and also his oil-can; perhaps with the double view of retarding his rivals' way, and at the same time economically accelerating his own by the momentary impetus of the backward toss.

So decided an original start had Derick had that he would have

proved the victor in this race, had not a righteous judgment descended upon him in a crab which caught the blade of his midship oarsman. While this clumsy lubber was striving to free his white-ash, and while, in consequence, Derick's boat was nigh to capsizing, and he thundering away at his men in a mighty rage; that was a good time for Starbuck, Stubb, and Flask. With a shout, they took a mortal start forwards, and slantingly ranged up on the German's quarter. An instant more, and all four boats were diagonically in the whale's immediate wake.

It was a terrific, most pitiable, and maddening sight. The whale was now going head out, and sending his spout before him in a continual tormented jet; while his one poor fin beat his side in an agony of fright. Now to this hand, now to that, he yawed in his faltering flight, and still at every billow that he broke, he spasmodically sank in the sea, or sideways rolled towards the sky his one beating fin. So have I seen a bird with clipped wing making affrighted broken circle in the air, vainly striving to escape the piratical hawks. But the bird has a voice, and with plaintive cries will make known her fear; but the fear of this vast dumb brute of the sea was chained up and enchanted in him; he had no voice, save that choking respiration through his spiracle, and this made the sight of him unspeakably pitiable; while

still, in his amazing bulk, portcullis jaw, and omnipotent tail, there was enough to appal the stoutest man who so pitied.

Seeing now that but a very few moments more would give the Pequod's boats the advantage, and rather than be thus foiled of his game, Derick chose to hazard what to him must have seemed a most unusually long dart, ere the last chance would for ever escape.

But no sooner did his harpooneer stand up for the stroke, than all three tigers—Queequeg, Tashtego, Daggoo—instinctively sprang to their feet, and standing in a diagonal row, simultaneously pointed their barbs; and darted over the head of the German harpooneer, their three Nantucket irons entered the whale. Blinding vapors of foam and white-fire! The three boats, in the first fury of the whale's headlong rush, bumped the German's aside with such force that both Derick and his baffled harpooneer were spilled out, and sailed over by the three flying keels.

"Don't be afraid, my butter-boxes," cried Stubb, casting a passing glance upon them as he shot by; "ye'll be picked up presently—all right—I saw some sharks astern—St. Bernard's dogs, you know—relieve distressed travelers. Hurrah! this is the way to sail now. Hurrah! this whale carries the everlasting mail!"

But the monster's run was a brief one. Giving a sudden gasp, he tumultuously sounded. With a grating rush, the three lines flew round the loggerheads with such a force as to gouge deep grooves in them; while so fearful were the harpooneers that this rapid sounding would soon exhaust the lines, that using all their dexterous might, they caught repeated smoking turns with the rope to hold on; till at last the gunwales of the bows were almost even with the water, while the three sterns tilted high in the air. And the whale soon ceasing to sound, for some time they remained in that attitude, fearful of expending more line, though the position was a little ticklish. But though boats have been taken down and lost in this way, yet it is this "holding on," as it is called; this hooking up by the sharp barbs of his live flesh from the back; this it is that often torments the Leviathan into soon rising again to meet the sharp lance of his foes.

"Stand by, men; he stirs," cried Starbuck, as the three lines suddenly vibrated in the water. The next moment, relieved in great part from the downward strain at the bows, the boats gave a sudden bounce upwards.

"Haul in! Haul in!" cried Starbuck again; "he's rising."

The lines, of which, hardly an instant before, not one hand's

breadth could have been gained, were now in long quick coils flung back all dripping into the boats, and soon the whale broke water within two ship's length of the hunters.

As the boats now more closely surrounded him, the whole upper part of his form, with much of it that is ordinarily submerged, was plainly revealed. His eyes, or rather the places where his eyes had been, were beheld. As strange misgrown masses gather in the knotholes of the noblest oaks when prostrate, so from the points which the whale's eyes had once occupied, now protruded blind bulbs, horribly pitiable to see. But pity there was none. For all his old age, and his one arm, and his blind eyes, he must die the death and be murdered, in order to light the gay bridals and other merry-makings of men, and also to illuminate the solemn churches that preach unconditional inoffensiveness by all to all. Still rolling in his blood, at last he partially disclosed a strangely discolored bunch or protuberance, the size of a bushel, low down on the flank.

"A nice spot," cried Flask; "just let me prick him there once."

"Avast!" cried Starbuck, "there's no need of that!"

But humane Starbuck was too late. At the instant of the dart an ulcerous jet shot from this cruel wound, and goaded by it into more than sufferable anguish, the whale now spouting thick blood, with swift fury blindly darted at the craft, bespattering them and their glorying crews all over with showers of gore, capsizing Flask's boat and marring the bows. It was his death stroke. For, by this time, so spent was he by loss of blood, that he helplessly rolled away from the wreck he had made; lay panting on his side, impotently flapped with his stumped fin, then over and over slowly revolved like a waning world; turned up the white secrets of his belly; lay like a log, and died. It was most piteous, that last expiring spout. As when by unseen hands the water is gradually drawn off from some mighty fountain, and with half-stifled melancholy gurglings the spray-column lowers and lowers to the ground—so the last long dying spout of the whale.

CHAPTER 54

Jonah Historically Regarded

[Ishmael demonstrates that the story of Jonah, taken literally, is impossible and nonsensical.]

The Grand Armada

THE LONG AND NARROW peninsula of Malacca, extending south-reastward from the territories of Birmah, forms the most southerly point of all Asia. In a continuous line from that peninsula stretch the long islands of Sumatra, Java, Bally, and Timor; which, with many others, form a vast mole, or rampart, lengthwise connecting Asia with Australia, and dividing the long unbroken Indian ocean from the thickly studded oriental archipelagoes. This rampart is pierced by several sally-ports for the convenience of ships and whales; conspicuous among which are the Straits of Sunda and Malacca. By the Straits of Sunda, chiefly, vessels bound to China from the west emerge into the China seas.

With a fair, fresh wind, the Pequod was now drawing nigh to these straits; Ahab purposing to pass through them into the Javan sea, and thence, cruising northwards, over waters known to be frequented here and there by the Sperm Whale, sweep inshore by the Philippine Islands, and gain the far coast of Japan, in time for the great whaling season there. By these means, the circumnavigating Pequod would sweep almost all the known Sperm Whale cruising grounds of the world, previous to descending upon the Line in the Pacific; where Ahab firmly counted upon giving battle to Moby Dick.

Now, as many Sperm Whales had been captured in the near vicinity of the Straits of Sunda; indeed, as most of the ground, roundabout, was generally recognized by the fishermen as an excellent spot for cruising; therefore, as the Pequod gained more and more upon Java Head, the look-outs were repeatedly admonished to keep wide awake. But though the green palmy cliffs of the land soon loomed on the starboard bow, and with delighted nostrils the fresh cinnamon was snuffed in the air, yet not a single jet was descried. Almost renouncing all thought of falling in with any game hereabouts, the ship had well nigh entered the straits, when the customary cheering cry was heard from aloft, and ere long a spectacle of singular magnificence saluted us.

Broad on both bows, at the distance of some two or three miles, and

forming a great semicircle, embracing one half of the level horizon, a continuous chain of whale-jets were up-playing and sparkling in the noon-day air. As marching armies approaching an unfriendly defile in the mountains, accelerate their march, all eagerness to place that perilous passage in their rear, and once more expand in comparative security upon the plain, even so did this vast fleet of whales now seem hurrying forward through the straits; gradually contracting the wings of their semicircle, and swimming on, in one solid, but still crescentic center.

Crowding all sail the Pequod pressed after them; the harpooneers handling their weapons, and loudly cheering from the heads of their yet suspended boats. If the wind only held, little doubt had they that, chased through these Straits of Sunda, the vast host would only deploy into the Oriental seas to witness the capture of not a few of their number. And who could tell whether, in that congregated caravan, Moby Dick himself might not temporarily be swimming, like the worshiped white elephant in the coronation procession of the Siamese!

The Pequod at last shot by the vivid green Cockatoo Point on the Sumatra side, emerging at last upon the broad waters beyond; the wind now dying away, word was passed to spring to the boats. But no sooner did the herd, by some presumed wonderful instinct of the Sperm Whale, become notified of the three keels that were after them—though as yet a mile in their rear—than they rallied again, and forming in close ranks and battalions, so that their spouts all looked like flashing lines of stacked bayonets, moved on with redoubled velocity.

We sprang to the white-ash, and after several hours' pulling were almost disposed to renounce the chase, when a general pausing commotion among the whales gave animating tokens that they were now at last under the influence of that strange perplexity of inert irresolution, which, when the fishermen perceive it in the whale, they say he is gallied. The compact martial columns in which they had been hitherto rapidly and steadily swimming were now broken up in one measureless rout; they seemed going mad with consternation. In all directions expanding in vast irregular circles, and aimlessly swimming hither and thither, by their short thick spoutings, they plainly betrayed their distraction of panic.

Though many of the whales were in violent motion, yet it is to be observed that as a whole the herd neither advanced nor retreated, but

collectively remained in one place. As is customary in those cases, the boats at once separated, each making for some one lone whale on the outskirts of the shoal. In about three minutes' time, Queequeg's harpoon was flung; the stricken fish darted blinding spray in our faces, and then running away with us like light, steered straight for the heart of the herd. Though such a movement on the part of the whale struck under such circumstances is in no wise unprecedented, and indeed is almost always more or less anticipated; yet does it present one of the more perilous vicissitudes of the fishery. For as the swift monster drags you deeper and deeper into the frantic shoal, you bid adieu to circumspect life and only exist in a delirious throb.

The whale plunged forward, as if by sheer power of speed to rid

The whale plunged forward, as if by sheer power of speed to hid himself of the iron leech that had fastened to him; we thus tore a white gash in the sea, on all sides menaced as we flew, by the crazed creatures to and fro rushing about us. But not a bit daunted, Queequeg steered us manfully; now sheering off from this monster directly across our route in advance; now edging away from that, whose colossal flukes were suspended overhead, while all the time, Starbuck stood up in the bows, lance in hand, pricking out of our way whatever whales he could reach by short darts, for there was no time to make long ones. Nor were the oarsmen quite idle, though their wonted duty was now altogether dispensed with. They chiefly attended to the shouting part of the business.

All whale-boats carry certain curious contrivances called druggs. Two thick squares of wood of equal size are stoutly clenched together, so that they cross each other's grain at right angles; a line of considerable length is then attached to the middle of this block, and the other end of the line being looped, it can in a moment be fastened to a harpoon. It is chiefly among gallied whales that this drugg is used. For then, more whales are close round you than you can possibly chase at one time. But sperm whales are not every day encountered; while you may, then, you must kill all you can. And if you cannot kill them all at once, you must wing them, so that they can be afterwards killed at your leisure. Hence it is, that at times like these the drugg comes into requisition. Our boat was furnished with three of them. The first and second were successfully darted, and we saw the whales staggeringly running off, fettered by the enormous sidelong resistance of the towing drugg. But upon flinging the third, in the act of tossing overboard the clumsy wooden block, it caught

under one of the seats of the boat, and in an instant tore it out and carried it away, dropping the oarsman in the boat's bottom as the seat slid from under him. On both sides the sea came in at the wounded planks, but we stuffed two or three drawers and shirts in, and so stopped the leaks for the time.

It had been next to impossible to dart these drugged-harpoons, were it not that as we advanced into the herd, our whale's way greatly diminished; moreover, that as we went still further and further from the circumference of commotion, the direful disorders seemed waning. So that when at last the jerking harpoon drew out, and the towing whale sideways vanished; then, with the tapering force of his parting momentum, we glided between two whales into the innermost heart of the shoal, as if from some mountain torrent we had slid into a serene valley lake. Owing to the density of the crowd of reposing whales, more immediately surrounding the embayed axis of the herd, no possible chance of escape was at present afforded us. We must watch for a breach in the living wall that hemmed us in—the wall that had only admitted us in order to shut us up. Keeping at the center of the lake, we were occasionally visited by small tame cows and calves, the women and children of this routed host.

The entire area at this juncture, embraced by the whole multitude, must have contained at least two or three square miles. I mention this circumstance, because, as if the cows and calves had been purposely locked up in this innermost fold; and as if the wide extent of the herd had hitherto prevented them from learning the precise cause of its stopping; or, possibly, being so young, unsophisticated, and every way innocent and inexperienced; however it may have been, these smaller whales—now and then visiting our becalmed boat from the margin of the lake—evinced a wondrous fearlessness and confidence, or else a still becharmed panic which it was impossible not to marvel at. Like household dogs they came snuffing round us, right up to our gunwales, and touching them; till it almost seemed that some spell had suddenly domesticated them. Queequeg patted their foreheads; Starbuck scratched their backs with his lance; but fearful of the consequences, for the time refrained from darting it.

But far beneath this wondrous world upon the surface, another and still stranger world met our eyes as we gazed over the side. For suspended in those watery vaults floated the forms of the nursing mothers of the whales, and those that by their enormous girth seemed shortly to become mothers. The lake was to a considerable depth exceedingly transparent; and as human infants while suckling will calmly and fixedly gaze away from the breast, as if leading two different lives at the time, even so did the young of these whales seem looking up towards us, but not at us, as if we were but a bit of Gulfweed in their new-born sight. One of these little infants, that seemed hardly a day old, might have measured some fourteen feet in length, and some six feet in girth. He was a little frisky; though as yet his body seemed scarce yet recovered from that irksome position it had so lately occupied in the maternal reticule; where, tail to head, and all ready for the final spring, the unborn whale lies bent like a Tartar's bow.

And thus, though surrounded by circle upon circle of consternations and affrights, did these inscrutable creatures at the center freely and fearlessly indulge in all peaceful concernments; yes, serenely reveled in dalliance and delight. But even so, amid the tornadoed Atlantic of my being, do I myself still for ever centrally disport in mute calm; and while ponderous planets of unwaning woe revolve round me, deep down and deep inland there I still bathe me in eternal mildness of joy.

Meanwhile, as we thus lay entranced, the occasional sudden frantic spectacles in the distance evinced the activity of the other boats, still engaged in drugging the whales on the frontier of the host; or possibly carrying on the war within the first circle, where abundance of room and some convenient retreats were afforded them. But the sight of the enraged drugged whales blindly darting to and fro was nothing to what at last met our eyes. It is sometimes the custom when fast to a whale more than commonly powerful and alert to seek to hamstring him by sundering or maiming his gigantic tail-tendon. It is done by darting a short-handled cutting-spade, to which is attached a rope for hauling it back again. A whale wounded (as we afterwards learned) in this part, but not effectually, as it seemed, had broken away from the boat, carrying along with him half of the harpoon line; and in the extraordinary agony of the wound, he was now dashing among the revolving circles. By one of the unimaginable accidents of the fishery, this whale had become entangled in the harpoon-line that he towed; he had also run away with the cutting-spade in him; and while the free end of the rope attached to that weapon had permanently caught in the coils of the harpoon-line round his tail, the cutting-spade itself had worked loose from his flesh. So that, tormented

to madness, he was now churning through the water, violently flailing with his flexible tail, and tossing the keen spade about him, wounding and murdering his own comrades.

This terrific object seemed to recall the whole herd from their stationary fright. First, the whales forming the margin of our lake began to crowd a little, and tumble against each other; then the lake itself began faintly to heave and swell; the submarine bridal-chambers and nurseries vanished; in more and more contracting orbits the whales in the more central circles began to swim in thickening clusters. Yes, the long calm was departing. A low advancing hum was soon heard; and then like to the tumultuous masses of block-ice when the great river Hudson breaks up in Spring, the entire host of whales came tumbling upon their inner center, as if to pile themselves up in one common mountain. Instantly Starbuck and Queequeg changed places, Starbuck taking the stern.

"Oars! Oars!" he intensely whispered, seizing the helm—"grip your oars, and clutch your souls, now! My God, men, stand by! Shove him off, you Queequeg—the whale there!—prick him!—hit him! Stand up—stand up, and stay so! Spring, men—pull, men; never mind their backs—scrape them!—scrape away!"

The boat was now all but jammed between two vast black bulks, leaving a narrow Dardanelles between their long lengths. But by desperate endeavor we at last shot into a temporary opening; then giving way rapidly, and at the same time earnestly watching for another outlet. After many similar hair-breadth escapes, we at last swiftly glided into what had just been one of the outer circles, but now crossed by random whales, all violently making for one center. Riotous and disordered as the universal commotion now was, it

Riotous and disordered as the universal commotion now was, it soon resolved itself into what seemed a systematic movement; for having clumped together at last in one dense body, they then renewed their onward flight with augmented fleetness. Further pursuit was useless; but the boats still lingered in their wake to pick up what drugged whales might be dropped astern, and likewise to secure one which Flask had killed and waifed.

The Pequod Meets the Rose-Bud

[The Pequod comes upon the Rose-Bud, a French ship, processing for oil two whales, which exude an intolerable smell because they have not been captured, but have died of natural causes. From the shrunken condition of one of the whales, Stubb is convinced that it contains ambergris. He persuades the captain of the Rose-Bud to release the whales and sail away by arguing that such whales will cause a fatal fever among the crew. Once the French ship has disappeared, Stubb collects the fragrant and valuable ambergris from the floating whale.]

CHAPTER 57

The Castaway

IT WAS BUT SOME few days after encountering the Frenchman that a most significant event befell the most insignificant of the Pequod's crew; an event most lamentable. Now, in the whale ship, it is not every one that goes in the boats. Some few hands are reserved called ship-keepers, whose province it is to work the vessel while the boats are pursuing the whale. As a general thing, these ship-keepers are as hardy fellows as the men comprising the boats' crews. But if there happen to be an unduly slender, clumsy, or timorous wight in the ship, that wight is certain to be made a ship-keeper. It was so in the Pequod with the little Negro Pippin by nick-name, Pip by abbreviation. Pip, though over tender-hearted, was at bottom very bright, with that pleasant, genial, jolly brightness peculiar to his tribe. Nor smile so, while I write that this little black was brilliant, for even blackness has its brilliancy. But Pip loved life, and all life's peaceable securities; so that the panic-striking business in which he had somehow unaccountably become entrapped had most sadly blurred his brightness; though, as ere long will be seen, what was thus temporarily subdued

in him in the end was destined to be luridly illumined by strange wild fires.

It came to pass, that in the ambergris affair Stubb's after-oarsman chanced so to sprain his hand as for a time to become quite maimed; and, temporarily, Pip was put into his place.

The first time Stubb lowered with him, Pip evinced much nervousness; but happily, for that time, escaped close contact with the whale; and therefore came off not altogether discreditably. Now upon the second lowering, the boat paddled upon the whale; and as the fish received the darted iron, it gave its customary rap. The involuntary consternation of the moment caused him to leap, paddle in hand, out of the boat; and in such a way that part of the slack whale line coming against his chest, he breasted it overboard with him, so as to become entangled in it, when at last plumping into the water. That instant the stricken whale started on a fierce run, the line swiftly straightened; and presto! poor Pip came all foaming up to the chocks of the boat, remorselessly dragged there by the line, which had taken several turns around his chest and neck.

Tashtego stood in the bows. He was full of the fire of the hunt. He hated Pip for a poltroon. Snatching the boat-knife from its sheath, he suspended its sharp edge over the line, and turning towards Stubb, exclaimed interrogatively, "Cut?"

"Damn him, cut!" roared Stubb; and so the whale was lost and Pip was saved.

So soon as he recovered himself, the poor little Negro was assailed by yells and execrations from the crew. Tranquilly permitting these irregular cursings to evaporate, Stubb then in a plain, business-like, but still half-humorous manner, cursed Pip officially; and that done, unofficially gave him much wholesome advice.

"Stick to the boat, Pip, or by the Lord, I won't pick you up if you jump; mind that. We can't afford to lose whales by the likes of you. Bear that in mind, and don't jump any more."

But we are all in the hands of the Gods; and Pip jumped again. It was under very similar circumstances to the first performance; but this time he did not breast out the line; and hence, when the whale started to run, Pip was left behind on the sea. Alas! Stubb was but too true to his word. It was a beautiful, bounteous, blue day! the spangled sea calm and cool, and flatly stretching away, all around, to the horizon. Bobbing up and down in that sea, Pip's ebon head showed like a head of cloves. No boat-knife was lifted when he fell so rapidly

astern. Stubb's inexorable back was turned upon him; and the whale was winged. In three minutes, a whole mile of shoreless ocean was between Pip and Stubb.

Now, in calm weather, to swim in the open ocean is as easy to the practiced swimmer as to ride in a spring-carriage ashore. But the awful lonesomeness is intolerable. The intense concentration of self in the middle of such a heartless immensity, my God! who can tell it? Mark, how when sailors in a dead calm bathe in the open sea—mark how closely they hug their ship and only coast along her sides.

But had Stubb really abandoned the poor little Negro to his fate? No; he did not mean to, at least. Because there were two boats in his wake, and he supposed, no doubt, that they would of course come up to Pip very quickly, and pick him up.

But it so happened that those boats, without seeing Pip, suddenly spying whales close to them on one side, turned, and gave chase; and Stubb's boat was now so far away, and he and all his crew so intent upon his fish, that Pip's ringed horizon began to expand around him miserably. By the merest chance the ship itself at last rescued him; but from that hour the little Negro went about the deck an idiot; such, at least, they said he was. The sea had jeeringly kept his finite body up, but drowned the infinite of his soul. Not drowned entirely, though. Rather carried down alive to wondrous depths, where strange shapes of the unwarped primal world glided to and fro before his passive eyes; and the miser-merman, Wisdom, revealed his hoarded heaps; and among the joyous, heartless, ever-juvenile eternities, Pip saw the multitudinous, God-omnipresent, coral insects, that out of the firmament of waters heaved the colossal orbs. He saw God's foot upon the treadle of the loom, and spoke it; and therefore his shipmates called him mad. So man's insanity is heaven's sense; and wandering from all mortal reason, man comes at last to that celestial thought, which, to reason, is absurd and frantic; and weal or woe, feels then uncompromised, indifferent as his God.

A Squeeze of the Hand

THAT WHALE OF Stubb's, so dearly purchased, was duly brought to the Pequod's side, where all those cutting and hoisting operations previously detailed were regularly gone through, even to the baling of the Heidelburgh Tun, or Case.

While some were occupied with this latter duty, others were employed in dragging away the larger tubs, so soon as filled with the sperm; and when the proper time arrived, this same sperm was carefully manipulated ere going to the try-works, of which anon.

It had cooled and crystallized to such a degree that when, with several others, I sat down before a large Constantine's bath of it, I found it strangely concreted into lumps, here and there rolling about in the liquid part. It was our business to squeeze these lumps back in the fluid. A sweet and unctuous duty! No wonder that in old times sperm was such a favorite cosmetic.

As I sat there at my ease, cross-legged on the deck; under a blue tranquil sky; the ship under indolent sail, and gliding so serenely along; as I bathed my hands among those soft, gentle globules of infiltrated tissues, wove almost within the hour; as they richly broke to my fingers, and discharged all their opulence, like fully ripe grapes their wine; as I snuffed up that uncontaminated aroma—literally and truly, like the smell of spring violets—I declare to you that for the time I lived as in a musky meadow; I forgot all about our horrible oath; in that inexpressible sperm I washed my hands and my heart of it; I felt divinely free from all ill-will, or petulance, or malice, of any sort whatsoever.

Squeeze! squeeze! squeeze! all the morning long; I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it; I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me; and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-laborers' hands in it, mistaking their hands for the gentle globules. Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avocation beget that at last I was continually squeezing their hands, and looking up into their eyes sentimentally; as much as to say,—Oh! my dear fellow beings, why should we longer cherish any

social acerbities, or know the slightest ill-humor or envy! Come; let us squeeze hands all round; nay, let us all squeeze ourselves into each other; let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness.

Would that I could keep squeezing that sperm for ever! For now, since by many prolonged, repeated experiences, I have perceived that in all cases man must eventually lower, or at least shift, his conceit of attainable felicity; not placing it anywhere in the intellect or the fancy; but in the wife, the heart, the bed, the table, the saddle, the fire-side; the country; now that I have perceived all this, I am ready to squeeze case eternally. In thoughts of the visions of the night, I saw long rows of angels in paradise, each with his hands in a jar of spermaceti.

CHAPTER 59

The Try-Works

Besides her hoisted boats, an American whaler is outwardly distinguished by her try-works. She presents the curious anomaly of the most solid masonry joining with oak and hemp and constituting the completed ship. It is as if from the open field a brick-kiln were transported to her planks.

The try-works are planted between the foremast and mainmast, the most roomy part of the deck. The timbers beneath are of a peculiar strength, fitted to sustain the weight of an almost solid mass of brick and mortar, some ten feet by eight square, and five in height. The foundation does not penetrate the deck, but the masonry is firmly secured to the surface by ponderous knees of iron bracing it on all sides, and screwing it down to the timbers. On the flanks it is cased with wood, and at top completely covered by a large, sloping, battened hatchway. Removing this hatch we expose the great try-pots, two in number, and each of several barrels' capacity.

Removing the fire-board from the front of the try-works, the bare masonry of that side is exposed, penetrated by the two iron mouths of the furnaces, directly underneath the pots. These mouths are fitted with heavy doors of iron. The intense heat of the fire is prevented from communicating itself to the deck by means of a shallow reservoir extending under the entire enclosed surface of the works. By a tunnel

inserted at the rear, this reservoir is kept replenished with water as fast as it evaporates. There are no external chimneys; they open direct from the rear wall. And here let us go back for a moment.

It was about nine o'clock at night that the Pequod's try-works were first started on this present voyage. It belonged to Stubb to oversee the business.

"All ready there? Off hatch, then, and start her. You, cook, fire the works." This was an easy thing, for the carpenter had been thrusting his shavings into the furnace throughout the passage. By midnight the works were in full operation. We were clear from the carcase; sail had been made; the wind was freshening; the wild ocean darkness was intense. But that darkness was licked up by the fierce flames, which at intervals forked forth from the sooty flues, and illuminated every lofty rope in the rigging, as with the famed Greek fire. The burning ship drove on, as if remorselessly commissioned to some vengeful deed.

The hatch, removed from the top of the works, now afforded a wide hearth in front of them. Standing on this were the Tartarean shapes of the pagan harpooneers, always the whale-ship's stokers. With huge pronged poles they pitched hissing masses of blubber into the scalding pots, or stirred up the fires beneath, till the snaky flames darted, curling, out of the doors to catch them by the feet. The smoke rolled away in sullen heaps. Opposite the mouth of the works, on the further side of the wide wooden hearth, was the windlass. This served for a seasofa. Here lounged the watch, when not otherwise employed, looking into the red heat of the fire, till their eyes felt scorched in their heads. Their tawny features, now all begrimed with smoke and sweat, their matted beards, and the contrasting barbaric brilliancy of their teeth, all these were strangely revealed in the capricious emblazonings of the works. As their uncivilized laughter forked upwards out of them, like the flames from the furnace; as to and fro, in their front, the harpooneers wildly gesticulated with their huge pronged forks and dippers; as the wind howled on, and the sea leaped, and the ship groaned and dived, and yet steadfastly shot her red hell further and further into the blackness of the sea and the night, and scornfully champed the white bone in her mouth, and viciously spat round her on all sides; then the rushing Pequod, freighted with savages, and laden with fire, and burning a corpse, and plunging into that blackness of darkness, seemed the material counterpart of her monomaniac commander's soul.

So seemed it to me, as I stood at her helm, and for long hours silently guided the way of this fire-ship on the sea. Wrapped, for that interval, in darkness myself, I but the better saw the redness, the madness, the ghastliness of others. The continual sight of the fiend shapes before me, capering half in smoke and half in fire, these at last begat kindred visions in my soul, so soon as I began to yield to that unaccountable drowsiness which ever would come over me at a midnight helm.

But that night, in particular, a strange thing occurred to me.\Starting from a brief standing sleep, I was horribly conscious of something fatally wrong. The jaw-bone tiller smote my side, which leaned against it; in my ears was the low hum of sails, just beginning to shake in the wind; I thought my eyes were open; I was half conscious of putting my fingers to the lids and mechanically stretching them still further apart. But, spite of all this, I could see no compass before me to steer by; though it seemed but a minute since I had been watching the card, by the steady binnacle lamp illuminating it. Nothing seemed before me but a jet gloom, now and then made ghastly by flashes of redness. Uppermost was the impression that whatever swift, rushing thing I stood on was not so much bound to any haven ahead as rushing from all havens astern. A stark, bewildered feeling, as of death, came over me. Convulsively my hands grasped the tiller, but with the crazy conceit that the tiller was, somehow, in some enchanted way, inverted. My God! what is the matter with me? thought I. Lo! in my brief sleep I had turned myself about, and was fronting the ship's stern, with my back to her prow and the compass. In an instant I faced back, just in time to prevent the vessel from flying up into the wind, and very probably capsizing her. How glad and how grateful the relief from this unnatural hallucination of the night, and the fatal contingency of being brought by the lee!

Look not too long in the face of the fire, O man! Never dream with thy hand on the helm! Turn not thy back to the compass; accept the first hint of the hitching tiller; believe not the artificial fire, when its redness makes all things look ghastly. Tomorrow, in the natural sun, the skies will be bright; those who glared like devils in the forking flames the morn will show in far other, at least gentler, relief; the glorious, golden, glad sun, the only true lamp—all others but liars!

Nevertheless the sun hides not Virginia's Dismal Swamp, nor Rome's accursed Campagna, nor wide Sahara, nor all the millions of miles of deserts and of griefs beneath the moon. The sun hides not

the ocean, which is the dark side of this earth, and which is two thirds of this earth. So, therefore, that mortal man who hath more of joy than sorrow in him, that mortal man cannot be true—not true, or undeveloped. With books the same. The truest of all men was the Man of Sorrows, and the truest of all books is Solomon's, and Ecclesiastes is the fine hammered steel of woe. "All is vanity." All. This willful world hath not got hold of unchristian Solomon's wisdom yet. But he who dodges hospitals and jails, and walks fast crossing graveyards, and would rather talk of operas than hell; and throughout a care-free lifetime swears by Rabelais as passing wise, and therefore jolly—not that man is fitted to sit down on tomb-stones, and break the green damp mold with unfathomably wondrous Solomon.

But even Solomon, he says, "the man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain" (i.e. even while living) "in the congregation of the dead." Give not thyself up, then, to fire, lest it invert thee, deaden thee; as for the time it did me. There is a wisdom that is woe; but there is a woe that is madness. And there is a Catskill eagle in some souls that can alike dive down into the blackest gorges, and soar out of them again and become invisible in the sunny spaces. And even if he for ever flies within the gorge, that gorge is in the mountains; so that even in his lowest swoop the mountain eagle is still higher than other birds upon the plain, even though they soar.

CHAPTER 60

The Doubloon

RE NOW IT HAS BEEN related how Ahab was wont to pace his quarter-deck, taking regular turns at either limit, the binnacle and mainmast; but it has not been added how that sometimes in these walks, when most plunged in his mood, he was wont to pause in turn at each spot, and stand there strangely eyeing the particular object before him. When he halted before the binnacle, with his glance fastened on the pointed needle in the compass, that glance shot like a javelin with the pointed intensity of his purpose; and when resuming his walk he again paused before the mainmast, then, as the same riveted glance fastened upon the riveted gold coin there, he still wore the

same aspect of nailed firmness, only dashed with a certain wild longing, if not hopefulness.

But one morning, turning to pass the doubloon, he seemed to be newly attracted by the strange figures and inscriptions stamped on it, as though now for the first time beginning to interpret for himself in some monomaniac way whatever significance might lurk in them. It so chanced that the doubloon of the Pequod was a most wealthy example of these things. On its round border it bore the letters, REPUBLICA DEL ECUADOR: QUITO. Zoned by those letters you saw the likeness of three Andes' summits; from one a flame; a tower on another; on the third a crowing cock; while arching over all was a segment of the partitioned zodiac, the signs all marked with their usual cabalistics, and the keystone sun entering the equinoctial point at Libra.

Before this equatorial coin, Ahab, not unobserved by others, was now pausing.

"There's something ever egotistical in mountain-tops and towers, and all other grand and lofty things; look here—three peaks as proud as Lucifer. The firm tower, that is Ahab; the volcano, that is Ahab; the courageous, the undaunted, and victorious fowl, that, too, is Ahab; all are Ahab; and this round gold is but the image of the rounder globe, which, like a magician's glass, to each and every man in turn but mirrors back his own mysterious self. Methinks now this coined sun wears a ruddy face; but see! aye, he enters the sign of storms, the equinox! and but six months before he wheeled out of a former equinox at Aries! From storm to storm! So be it, then. Born in throes, 't is fit that man should live in pains and die in pangs! So be it, then! So be it, then."

"No fairy fingers can have pressed the gold, but devil's claws must have left their moldings there since yesterday," murmured Starbuck to himself, leaning against the bulwarks. "I have never marked the coin inspectingly. He goes below; let me read. A dark valley between three mighty, heaven-abiding peaks, that almost seem the Trinity, in some faint earthly symbol. So in this vale of Death, God girds us round; and over all our gloom, the sun of Righteousness still shines a beacon and a hope. If we bend down our eyes, the dark vale shows her moldy soil; but if we lift them, the bright sun meets our glance halfway, to cheer. Yet, oh, the great sun is no fixture; and if, at midnight, we would fain snatch some sweet solace from him, we gaze for him in vain! This coin speaks wisely, mildly, truly, but still sadly to me. I will quit it, lest Truth shake me falsely."

"There now's the old Mogul," soliloquized Stubb by the try-works, "and there goes Starbuck from the same, and both with faces which I should say might be somewhere within nine fathoms long. And all from looking at a piece of gold. Humph! in my poor, insignificant opinion, I regard this as queer. I have seen doubloons before now in my voyagings. What then should there be in this doubloon of the Equator that is so killing wonderful? By Golconda! let me read it once. Halloa! here's signs and wonders truly! There's a clue somewhere; wait a bit; hist—hark! By Jove, I have it! Look you, Doubloon, your zodiac here is the life of man in one round chapter; and now I'll read it off. To begin: there's Aries, or the Ram-lecherous dog, he begets us; then, Taurus, or the Bull—he bumps us the first thing; then Gemini, or the Twins—that is, Virtue and Vice; we try to reach Virtue, when lo! comes Cancer the Crab, and drags us back; and here, going from Virtue, Leo, a roaring Lion, lies in the path—he gives a few fierce bites and surly dabs with his paw; we escape, and hail Virgo, the Virgin! that's our first love; we marry and think to be happy for aye, when pop comes Libra, or the Scales—happiness weighed and found wanting; and while we are very sad about that, Lord! how we suddenly jump, as Scorpio, or the Scorpion, stings us in the rear; we are curing the wound, when whang comes the arrows all round; Sagittarius, or the Archer, is amusing himself. As we pluck out the shafts, stand aside! here's the battering-ram, Capricornus, or the Goat; full tilt, he comes rushing, and headlong we are tossed; when Aquarius, or the Water-bearer, pours out his whole deluge and drowns us; and to wind up with Pisces, or the Fishes, we sleep. There's a sermon now, writ in high heaven, and the sun goes through it every year, and yet comes out of it all alive and hearty. Jollily he, aloft there, wheels through toil and trouble; and so, alow here, does jolly Stubb. Oh, jolly's the word for aye! Adieu, Doubloon! But stop; here comes little King-Post; dodge round the try-works, now, and let's hear what he'll have to say."

"I see nothing here, but a round thing made of gold, and whoever raises a certain whale, this round thing belongs to him. So, what's all this staring been about? It is worth sixteen dollars, that's true; and at two cents the cigar, that's nine hundred and sixty cigars. I like cigars, and here's nine hundred and sixty of them; so here goes Flask aloft to spy 'em out."

"Shall I call that wise or foolish, now; if it be really wise it has a foolish look to it; yet, if it be really foolish, then has it a sort of wiseish

look to it. Dodge again! here comes Queequeg—all tattooing—looks like the signs of the Zodiac himself. What says the Cannibal? As I live he's comparing notes; looking at his thigh bone. And by Jove, he's found something there in the vicinity of his thigh—I guess it's Sagittarius, or the Archer. No: he don't know what to make of the doubloon; he takes it for an old button off some king's trowsers. But, aside again! here comes that ghost-devil, Fedallah; tail coiled out of sight as usual, oakum in the toes of his pumps as usual. What does he say, with that look of his? Ah, only makes a sign to the sign and bows himself; there is a sun on the coin—fire worshiper, depend upon it. Ho! more and more. This way comes Pip—poor boy! would he had died, or I; he's half horrible to me. He too has been watching all of these interpreters, myself included—and look now, he comes to read, with that unearthly idiot face. Stand away again and hear him. Hark!"

"I look, you look, he looks; we look, ye look, they look."

"Upon my soul, he's been studying Murray's Grammar! Improving his mind, poor fellow! But what's that he says now—hist!"

"I look, you look, he looks; we look, ye look, they look."

"Why, he's getting it by heart-hist! again."

"I look, you look, he looks; we look, ye look, they look."

"Well, that's funny—poor lad!—I could go hang myself. Any way, for the present, I'll quit Pip's vicinity. I can stand the rest, for they have plain wits; but he's too crazy-witty for my sanity. So, so, I leave him muttering."

CHAPTER 61

Leg and Arm

[The Pequod meets the Samuel Enderby of London. The captain tells Ahab of losing an arm in an encounter with Moby Dick and swears that he will never again tangle with the White Whale. On learning Ahab's purpose, he thinks him insane.]

Ahab's Leg

THE PRECIPITATING MANNER in which Captain Ahab had quitted the Samuel Enderby of London had not been unattended with some small violence to his own person. He had lighted with such energy upon a thwart of his boat that his ivory leg had received a half-splintering shock. Though it still remained entire, and to all appearances lusty, yet Ahab did not deem it entirely trustworthy.

And, indeed, it seemed small matter for wonder, that for all his pervading, mad recklessness, Ahab did at times give careful heed to the condition of that dead bone upon which he partly stood. For it had not been very long prior to the Pequod's sailing from Nantucket that he had been found one night lying prone upon the ground, and insensible; by some unknown, and seemingly inexplicable, unimaginable casualty, his ivory limb having been so violently displaced that it had stake-wise smitten, and all but pierced his groin; nor was it without extreme difficulty that the agonizing wound was entirely cured.

Nor, at the time, had it failed to enter his monomaniac mind, that all the anguish of that then present suffering was but the direct issue of a former woe; and he too plainly seemed to see that as the most poisonous reptile of the marsh perpetuates his kind as inevitably as the sweetest songster of the grove; so, equally with every felicity, all miserable events do naturally beget their like. Yea, more than equally, thought Ahab; since both the ancestry and posterity of Grief go further than the ancestry and posterity of Joy. For, not to hint of this: that it is an inference from certain canonic teachings, that while some natural enjoyments here shall have no children born to them for the other world, but, on the contrary, shall be followed by the joy-childlessness of all hell's despair; whereas, some guilty mortal miseries shall still fertilely beget to themselves an eternally progressive progeny of griefs beyond the grave; not at all to hint of this, there still seems an inequality in the deeper analysis of the thing. For, thought Ahab, while even the highest earthly felicities ever have a certain unsignifying pettiness lurking in them, but, at bottom, all heart-woes, a

mystic significance, and, in some men, an archangelic grandeur; so do their diligent tracings-out not belie the obvious deduction. To trail the genealogies of these high mortal miseries carries us at last among the sourceless primogenitures of the gods; so that, in the face of all the glad, hay-making suns, and soft-cymbaling, round harvest-moons, we must needs give in to this: that the gods themselves are not for ever glad. The ineffaceable, sad birth-mark in the brow of man is but the stamp of sorrow in the signers.

But be all this as it may; let the unseen, ambiguous synod in the air, or the vindictive princes and potentates of fire, have to do or not with earthly Ahab, yet, in this present matter of his leg, he took plain practical procedures;—he called the carpenter.

And when that functionary appeared before him, he bade him without delay set about making a new leg, and directed the mates to see him supplied with all the studs and joists of jaw-ivory (Sperm Whale) which had thus far been accumulated on the voyage, in order that a careful selection of the stoutest, clearest-grained stuff might be secured. This done, the carpenter received orders to have the leg completed that night; and to provide all the fittings for it, independent of those pertaining to the distrusted one in use. Moreover, the ship's forge was ordered to be hoisted out of its temporary idleness in the hold; and, to accelerate the affair, the blacksmith was commanded to proceed at once to the forging of whatever iron contrivances might be needed.

CHAPTER 63

Ahab and the Carpenter

Carpenter standing before his vise-bench, and by the light of two lanterns busily filing the ivory joist for the leg, which joist is firmly fixed in the vise. Slabs of ivory, leather straps, pads, screws, and various tools of all sorts lying about the bench. Forward, the red flame of the forge is seen, where the blacksmith is at work. Ahab advances.

Well, manmaker!

Just in time, sir. If the captain pleases, I will now mark the length. Let me measure, sir.

Measured for a leg! good. Well, it's not the first time. About it! There; keep thy finger on it. This is a cogent vise thou hast here, carpenter; let me feel its grip once. So, so; it does pinch some.

Oh, sir, it will break bones—beware, beware!

No fear; I like a good grip; I like to feel something in this slippery world that can hold, man. What's Prometheus about there?—the blacksmith, I mean—what's he about?

He must be forging the buckle-screw, sir, now.

Right. It's a partnership; he supplies the muscle part. He makes a fierce red flame there!

Aye, sir; he must have the white heat for his kind of fine work.

Um-m. So he must. I do deem it now a most meaning thing that that old Greek, Prometheus, who made men, they say, should have been a blacksmith, and animated them with fire; for what's made in fire must properly belong to fire; and so hell's probable. Carpenter, when he's through with that buckle, tell him to forge a pair of steel shoulder-blades; there's a peddler aboard with a crushing pack.

Sir?

Hold; while Prometheus is about it, I'll order a complete man after a desirable pattern. Imprimis, fifty feet high in his socks; then, chest modeled after the Thames Tunnel; then, legs with roots to 'em, to stay in one place; then, arms three feet through the wrist; no heart at all, brass forehead, and about a quarter of an acre of fine brains; and let me see—shall I order eyes to see outwards? No, but put a sky-light on top of his head to illuminate inwards. There, take the order, and away.

Now, what's he speaking about, and who's he speaking to, I should like to know? Shall I keep standing here?

Look ye, carpenter, I dare say thou callest thyself a right good workmanlike workman, eh? Well, then, will it speak thoroughly well for thy work if, when I come to mount this leg thou makest, I shall nevertheless feel another leg in the same identical place with it; that is, carpenter, my old lost leg; the flesh and blood one, I mean. Canst thou not drive that old Adam away?

Truly, sir, I begin to understand somewhat now. Yes, I have heard something curious on that score, sir; how that a dismasted man never entirely loses the feeling of his old spar, but it will be still pricking him at times. May I humbly ask if it be really so, sir?

It is, man. Look, put thy live leg here in the place where mine was; so, now, here is only one distinct leg to the eye, yet two to the soul.

Where thou feelest tingling life; there, exactly there, there to a hair, do I. Is't a riddle?

I should humbly call it a poser, sir.

Hist, then. How dost thou know that some entire, living, thinking thing may not be invisibly and uninterpenetratingly standing precisely where thou now standest? And if I still feel the smart of my crushed leg, though it be now so long dissolved; then, why mayst not thou, carpenter, feel the fiery pains of hell for ever, and without a body? Hah!

Good Lord! Truly, sir, if it comes to that, I must calculate over again; I think I didn't carry a small figure, sir.

Look ye, pudding-heads should never grant premises.—How long before the leg is done?

Perhaps an hour, sir.

Bungle away at it then, and bring it to me turns to go. Oh, Life! Here I am, proud as Greek god, and yet standing debtor to this blockhead for a bone to stand on! Cursed be that mortal inter-indebtedness which will not do away with ledgers. I would be free as air; and I'm down in the whole world's books. I am so rich, I could have given bid for bid with the wealthiest Prætorians at the auction of the Roman empire; and yet I owe for the flesh in the tongue I brag with. By heavens! I'll get a crucible, and into it, and dissolve myself down to one small, compendious vertebra. So.

CARPENTER resuming his work—Well, well, well! Stubb knows him best of all, and Stubb always says he's queer; he's queer, says Stubb; he's queer—queer, queer; and keeps dinning it into Mr. Starbuck all the time—queer—sir—queer, queer, very queer. What was that now about one leg standing in three places, and all three places standing in one hell—how was that? Oh, I don't wonder he looked so scornful at me! A short, little old body like me, should never undertake to wade out into deep water with tall, heron-built captains; the water chucks you under the chin pretty quick, and there's a great cry for life-boats. So, so; chisel, file, and sand-paper, now!

Ahab and Starbuck in the Cabin

ACCORDING TO USAGE they were pumping the ship next morning; and lo! no inconsiderable oil came up with the water; the casks below must have sprung a bad leak. Much concern was shown; and Starbuck went down into the cabin to report this unfavorable affair.

Now, from the South and West the Pequod was drawing nigh to Formosa and the Bashee Isles, between which lies one of the tropical outlets from the China waters into the Pacific. And so Starbuck found Ahab with a general chart of the oriental archipelagoes spread before him; and another separate one representing the long eastern coasts of the Japanese islands—Niphon, Matsmai, and Sikoke. The wondrous old man, with his back to the gangway door, was wrinkling his brow, and tracing his old courses again.

"Who's there?" hearing the footstep at the door, but not turning round to it. "On deck! Begone!"

"Captain Ahab mistakes; it is I. The oil in the hold is leaking, sir. We must up Burtons and break out."

"Up Burtons and break out? Now that we are nearing Japan, heave-to here for a week to tinker a parcel of old hoops?"

"Either do that, sir, or waste in one day more oil than we may make good in a year. What we come twenty thousand miles to get is worth saving, sir."

"So it is, so it is; if we get it."

"I was speaking of the oil in the hold, sir."

"And I was not speaking or thinking of that at all. Begone! Let it leak! I'm all aleak myself. Aye! leaks in leaks! Yet I don't stop to plug my leak. Starbuck! I'll not have the Burtons hoisted."

"What will the owners say, sir?"

"Let the owners stand on Nantucket beach and outyell the Typhoons. What cares Ahab? Owners, owners? Thou art always prating to me, Starbuck, about those miserly owners, as if the owners were my conscience. But look ye, the only real owner of anything is its commander; and hark ye, my conscience is in this ship's keel.—On deck!"

"Captain Ahab," said the reddening mate, moving further into the cabin, with a daring so strangely respectful and cautious that it almost seemed not only every way seeking to avoid the slightest outward manifestation of itself, but within also seemed more than half distrustful of itself; "A better man than I might well pass over in thee what he would quickly enough resent in a younger man; aye, and in a happier, Captain Ahab."

"Devils! Dost thou then so much as dare to critically think of me?

—On deck!"

"Nay, sir, not yet; I do entreat. And I do dare, sir—to be forbearing! Shall we not understand each other better than hitherto, Captain Ahab?"

Ahab seized a loaded musket from the rack (forming part of most South-Sea-men's cabin furniture), and pointing it towards Starbuck, exclaimed: "There is one God that is Lord over the earth, and one Captain that is lord over the Pequod.—On deck!"

For an instant in the flashing eyes of the mate, and his fiery cheeks, you would have almost thought that he had really received the blaze of the leveled tube. But, mastering his emotion, he half calmly rose, and as he quitted the cabin, paused for an instant and said: "Thou hast outraged, not insulted me, sir; but for that I ask thee not to beware of Starbuck; thou wouldst but laugh; but let Ahab beware of Ahab; beware of thyself, old man."

"He waxes brave, but nevertheless obeys; most careful bravery that!" murmured Ahab, as Starbuck disappeared. "What's that he said —Ahab beware of Ahab—there's something there!" Then unconsciously using the musket for a staff, with an iron brow he paced to and fro in the little cabin; but presently the thick plaits of his forehead relaxed, and returning the gun to the rack, he went to the deck.

"Thou art but too good a fellow, Starbuck," he said lowly to the mate; then raising his voice to the crew: "Furl the t'gallant-sails, and close-reef the top-sails, fore and aft; back the main-yard; up Burtons, and break out in the main-hold."

It were perhaps vain to surmise exactly why it was that as respecting Starbuck, Ahab thus acted. It may have been a flash of honesty in him; or mere prudential policy which, under the circumstance, imperiously forbade the slightest symptom of open disaffection, however transient, in the important chief officer of his ship. However it was, his orders were executed; and the Burtons were hoisted.

Queequeg in His Coffin

UPON SEARCHING, it was found that the casks last struck into the hold were perfectly sound, and that the leak must be further off. So, it being calm weather, they broke out deeper and deeper, disturbing the slumbers of the huge ground-tier butts; and from that black midnight sending those gigantic moles into the daylight above. Tierce after tierce, too, of water, and bread, and beef, and shooks of staves, and iron bundles of hoops, were hoisted out, till at last the piled decks were hard to get about; and the hollow hull echoed under foot.

Now, at this time it was that my poor pagan companion, and fast bosom-friend, Queequeg, was seized with a fever, which brought him nigh to his endless end.

Be it said, that in this vocation of whaling sinecures are unknown; dignity and danger go hand in hand; till you get to be Captain, the higher you rise the harder you toil. So with poor Queequeg, who, as harpooneer, must not only face all the rage of the living whale, but—as we have elsewhere seen—mount his dead back in a rolling sea; and finally descend into the gloom of the hold, and bitterly sweating all day in that subterraneous confinement, resolutely manhandle the clumsiest casks and see to their stowage. To be short, among whalemen, the harpooneers are the holders, so called.

Poor Queequeg! when the ship was about half disemboweled, you should have stooped over the hatchway, and peered down upon him there; where the tattooed savage was crawling about amid that dampness and slime, like a green spotted lizard at the bottom of a well. For all the heat of his sweatings, he caught a terrible chill which lapsed into a fever; and at last, after some days' suffering, laid him in his hammock, close to the very sill of the door of death. How he wasted and wasted away in those few long-lingering days, till there seemed but little left of him but his frame and tattooing. But as all else in him thinned, and his cheek-bones grew sharper, his eyes, nevertheless, seemed growing fuller and fuller; they became of a strange softness of luster; and mildly but deeply looked out at you there from his sickness, a wondrous testimony to that immortal health in him which

could not die, or be weakened. And like circles on the water, which, as they grow fainter, expand; so his eyes seemed rounding and rounding, like the rings of Eternity. An awe that cannot be named would steal over you as you sat by the side of this waning savage, and saw as strange things in his face, as any beheld who were bystanders when Zoroaster died. No dying Chaldee or Greek had higher and holier thoughts than those, whose mysterious shades you saw creeping over the face of poor Queequeg, as he quietly lay in his swaying hammock, and the rolling sea seemed gently rocking him to his final rest, and the ocean's invisible flood-tide lifted him higher and higher towards his destined heaven.

Not a man of the crew but gave him up; and, as for Queeque's himself, what he thought of his case was forcibly shown by a curious favor he asked. He called one to him in the grey morning watch, and taking his hand, said that while in Nantucket he had chanced to see certain little canoes of dark wood, like the rich war-wood of his native isle; and upon inquiry, he had learned that all whalemen who died in Nantucket were laid in those same dark canoes, and that the fancy of being so laid had much pleased him; for it was not unlike the custom of his own race, who, after embalming a dead warrior, stretched him out in his canoe, and so left him to be floated away to the starry archipelagoes. He added, that he shuddered at the thought of being buried in his hammock, according to the usual sea-custom, tossed like something vile to the death-devouring sharks.

Now, when this strange circumstance was made known aft, the carpenter was at once commanded to do Queequeg's bidding, whatever it might include. There was some heathenish, coffin-colored old lumber aboard, which, upon a long previous voyage, had been cut from the aboriginal groves of the Lackaday islands, and from these dark planks the coffin was recommended to be made.

When the last nail was driven, and the lid duly planed and fitted, he lightly shouldered the coffin and went forward with it, inquiring whether they were ready for it yet in that direction.

Overhearing the indignant but half-humorous cries with which the people on deck began to drive the coffin away, Queequeg, to every one's consternation, commanded that the thing should be instantly brought to him, nor was there any denying him; seeing that, of all mortals, some dying men are the most tyrannical; and certainly, since they will shortly trouble us so little for evermore, the poor fellows ought to be indulged.

Leaning over in his hammock, Queequeg long regarded the coffin with an attentive eye. He then called for his harpoon, had the wooden stock drawn from it, and then had the iron part placed in the coffin along with one of the paddles of his boat. All by his own request, also, biscuits were then ranged round the sides within; a flask of fresh water was placed at the head, and a small bag of woody earth scraped up in the hold at the foot; and a piece of sail-cloth being rolled up for a pillow, Queequeg now entreated to be lifted into his final bed, that he might make trial of its comforts, if any it had. He lay without moving a few minutes, then told one to go to his bag and bring out his little god, Yojo. Then crossing his arms on his breast with Yojo between, he called for the coffin lid to be placed over him. The head part turned over with a leather hinge, and there lay Queequeg in his coffin with little but his composed countenance in view. "Rarmai" (it will do; it is easy), he murmured at last, and signed to be replaced in his hammock.

But now that he had apparently made every preparation for death; now that his coffin was proved a good fit, Queequeg suddenly rallied; soon there seemed no need of the carpenter's box; and thereupon, when some expressed their delighted surprise, he, in substance, said that the cause of his sudden convalescence was this: at a critical moment, he had just recalled a little duty ashore, which he was leaving undone; and therefore had changed his mind about dying: he could not die yet, he averred. They asked him, then, whether to live or die was a matter of his own sovereign will and pleasure. He answered, certainly. In a word, it was Queequeg's conceit that if a man made up his mind to live, mere sickness could not kill him: nothing but a whale, or a gale, or some violent, ungovernable, unintelligent destroyer of that sort.

Now, there is this noteworthy difference between savage and civilized; that while a sick, civilized man may be six months convalescing, generally speaking, a sick savage is almost half-well again in a day. So, in good time my Queequeg gained strength; and at length after sitting on the windlass for a few indolent days (but eating with a vigorous appetite) he suddenly leaped to his feet, threw out his arms and legs, gave himself a good stretching, yawned a little bit, and then springing into the head of his hoisted boat, and poising a harpoon, pronounced himself fit for a fight.

The Forge

WITH MATTED BEARD, and swathed in a bristling shark-skin apron, about mid-day, Perth was standing between his forge and anvil, the latter placed upon an iron-wood log, with one hand holding a pike-head in the coals, and with the other at his forge's lungs, when Captain Ahab came along, carrying in his hand a small rusty-looking leathern bag.

"Look ye here!" jingling the leathern bag, as if it were full of gold coins. "I want a harpoon made; one that a thousand yoke of fiends could not part, Perth; something that will stick in a whale like his own fin-bone. There's the stuff," flinging the pouch upon the anvil. "Look ye, blacksmith, these are the gathered nail-stubbs of the steel shoes of racing horses."

"Horse-shoe stubbs, sir? Why, Captain Ahab, thou hast here, then, the best and stubbornest stuff we blacksmiths ever work."

"I know it, old man. Quick! forge me the harpoon. And forge me first, twelve rods for its shank; then wind, and twist, and hammer these twelve together like the yarns and strands of a tow-line. Quick! I'll blow the fire."

When at last the twelve rods were made, Ahab tried them, one by one, by spiraling them, with his own hand, round a long, heavy iron bolt. "A flaw!" rejecting the last one. "Work that over again, Perth."

This done, Perth was about to begin welding the twelve into one, when Ahab stayed his hand, and said he would weld his own iron. As, then, with regular, gasping hems, he hammered on the anvil, Perth passing to him the glowing rods, after the other, and the hard-pressed forge shooting up its intense straight flame, the Parsee passed silently, and bowing over his head towards the fire, seemed invoking some curse or some blessing on the toil. But, as Ahab looked up, he slid aside.

At last the shank, in one complete rod, received its final heat; and as Perth, to temper it, plunged it all hissing into the cask of water near by, the scalding steam shot up into Ahab's bent face.

"Would'st thou brand me, Perth?" wincing for a moment with the pain; "have I been but forging my own branding-iron, then?"

"Pray God, not that; yet I fear something, Captain Ahab. Is not this harpoon for the White Whale?"

"For the white fiend! But now for the barbs; thou must make them thyself, man. Here are my razors—the best of steel; here, and make the barbs sharp as the needle-sleet of the Icy Sea."

For a moment, the old blacksmith eyed the razors as though he would fain not use them.

"Take them, man, I have no need for them; for I now neither shave, sup, nor pray till—but here—to work!"

Fashioned at last into an arrowy shape, and welded by Perth to the shank, the steel soon pointed the end of the iron; and as the black-smith was about giving the barbs their final heat, prior to tempering them, he cried to Ahab to place the water-cask near.

"No, no—no water for that; I want it of the true death-temper. Ahoy, there! Tashtego, Queequeg, Daggoo! What say ye, pagans! Will ye give me as much blood as will cover this barb?" holding it high up. A cluster of dark nods replied, Yes. Three punctures were made in the heathen flesh, and the White Whale's barbs were then tempered.

Now, mustering the spare poles from below, and selecting one of hickory, with the bark still investing it, Ahab fitted the end to the socket of the iron. A coil of new tow-line was then unwound, and some fathoms of it taken to the windlass, and stretched to a great tension. Pressing his foot upon it, till the rope hummed like a harp-string, then eagerly bending over it, and seeing no strandings, Ahab exclaimed, "Good! and now for the seizings."

At one extremity the rope was unstranded, and the separate spread yarns were all braided and woven round the socket of the harpoon; the pole was then driven hard up into the socket; from the lower end the rope was traced halfway along the pole's length, and firmly secured so, with inter-twistings of twine. This done, pole, iron, and rope—like the Three Fates—remained inseparable, and Ahab moodily stalked away with the weapon; the sound of his ivory leg, and the sound of the hickory pole, both hollowly ringing along every plank.

The Gilder

PENETRATING FURTHER and further into the heart of the Japanese cruising ground the Pequod was soon all astir in the fishery. Often, in mild, pleasant weather, for twelve, fifteen, eighteen, and twenty hours on the stretch, they were engaged in the boats, steadily pulling, or sailing, or paddling after the whales, or for an interlude of sixty or seventy minutes calmly awaiting their uprising; though with but small success for their pains.

At such times, under an abated sun; afloat all day upon smooth, slow heaving swells; seated in his boat, light as a birch canoe; and so sociably mixing with the soft waves themselves, that like hearth-stone cats they purr against the gunwale; these are the times of dreamy quietude, when beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin, one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it; and would not willingly remember, that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang.

These are the times, when in his whale-boat the rover softly feels a certain filial, confident, land-like feeling towards the sea; that he regards it as so much flowery earth. Oh, grassy glades! Would to God these blessed calms would last. But the mingled, mingling threads of life are woven by warp and woof: calms crossed by storms, a storm for every calm. There is no steady unretracing progress in this life; we do not advance through fixed gradations, and at the last one pause: through infancy's unconscious spell, boyhood's thoughtless faith, adolescence' doubt (the common doom), then scepticism, then disbelief, resting at last in manhood's pondering repose of If. But once gone through, we trace the round again; and are infants, boys, and men, and Ifs eternally. Where lies the final harbor, whence we unmoor no more? In what rapt ether sails the world, of which the weariest will never weary?

And that same day, too, gazing far down from his boat's side into that same golden sea, Starbuck lowly murmured:

"Loveliness unfathomable, as ever lover saw in his young bride's

eye!—Tell me not of thy teeth-tiered sharks, and thy kidnaping cannibal ways. Let faith oust fact; let fancy oust memory; I look deep down and do believe."

CHAPTER 68

The Pequod Meets the Bachelor

[The Bachelor is a jolly ship, full of oil and homeward bound. Ahab contemptuously refuses an invitation to come aboard.]

CHAPTER 69

The Whale Watch

Not seldom in this life, when, on the right side, fortune's favorites sail close by us, we, though all adroop before, catch somewhat of the rushing breeze, and joyfully feel our bagging sails fill out. So seemed it with the Pequod. For next day after encountering the gay Bachelor, whales were seen and four were slain; and one of them by Ahab.

The four whales slain that evening had died wide apart; one, far to windward; one less distant, to leeward; one ahead; one astern. These last three were brought alongside ere nightfall; but the windward one could not be reached till morning; and the boat that had killed it lay by its side all night; and that boat was Ahab's.

The waif-pole was thrust upright into the dead whale's spout-hole; and the lantern hanging from its top cast a troubled flickering glare upon the black, glossy back, and far out upon the midnight waves, which gently chafed the whale's broad flank, like soft surf upon a beach.

Ahab and all his boat's crew seemed asleep but the Parsee, who crouching in the bow, sat watching the sharks that spectrally played round the whale, and tapped the light cedar planks with their tails. A sound like the moaning of unforgiven ghosts of Gomorrah ran shuddering through the air.

Started from his slumbers, Ahab, face to face, saw the Parsee; and

hooped round by the gloom of the night they seemed the last men in a flooded world. "I have dreamed it again," said he.

"Of the hearses? Have I not said, old man, that neither hearse nor coffin can be thine?"

"And who are hearsed that die on the sea?"

"But I said, old man, that ere thou couldst die on this voyage, two hearses must verily be seen by thee on the sea; the first not made by mortal hands; and the visible wood of the last one must be grown in America."

"Aye, aye! a strange sight that, Parsee!—a hearse and its plumes floating over the ocean with the waves for the pallbearers. Ha! Such a sight we shall not soon see."

"Believe it or not, thou canst not die till it be seen, old man."

"And what was that saying about thyself?"

"Though it come to the last, I shall still go before thee thy pilot."

"And when thou art so gone before—if that ever befall—then ere I can follow, thou must still appear to me, to pilot me still?—Was it not so? Well, then, did I believe all ye say, oh my pilot! I have here two pledges that I shall yet slay Moby Dick and survive it."

"Take another pledge, old man," said the Parsee, as his eyes lighted up like fire-flies in the gloom—"Hemp only can kill thee."

"The gallows, ye mean.—I am immortal then, on land and on sea," cried Ahab, with a laugh of derision—"Immortal on land and on sea!"

Both were silent again, as one man. The gray dawn came on, and the slumbering crew arose from the boat's bottom, and ere noon the dead whale was brought to the ship.

CHAPTER 70

The Quadrant

The season for the Line at length drew near; and every day when Ahab, coming from his cabin, cast his eyes aloft, the vigilant helmsman would ostentatiously handle his spokes, and the eager mariners quickly run to the braces, impatient for the order to point the ship's prow for the equator. In good time the order came. It was hard upon high noon; and Ahab, seated in the bows of his high-hoisted boat, was about taking his wonted daily observation of the sun to determine his latitude.

Now, in that Japanese sea, the days in summer are as freshets of effulgences. The sky looks lacquered; clouds there are none; the horizon floats; and this nakedness of unrelieved radiance is as the insufferable splendors of God's throne. Well that Ahab's quadrant was furnished with colored glasses, through which to take sight of that solar fire. So, swinging his seated form to the roll of the ship, and with his astrological-looking instrument placed to his eye, he remained in that posture for some moments to catch the precise instant when the sun should gain its precise meridian. At length the desired observation was taken; and with his pencil upon his ivory leg, Ahab soon calculated what his latitude must be at that precise instant. Then falling into a moment's revery, he again looked up towards the sun and murmured to himself: "Thou sea-mark! thou high and mighty Pilot! thou tellest me truly where I am—but canst thou cast the least hint where I shall be? Or canst thou tell where some other thing besides me is this moment living? Where is Moby Dick? This instant thou must be eyeing him. These eyes of mine look into the very eye that is even now beholding him; aye, and into the eye that is even now equally beholding the objects on the unknown, thither side of thee, thou sun!"

Then gazing at his quadrant, he pondered again, and muttered: "Foolish toy! babies' plaything of haughty Admirals, and Commodores, and Captains; the world brags of thy cunning and might; but what after all canst thou do, but tell the poor, pitiful point where thou thyself happenest to be on this wide planet, no! not one jot more! Thou canst not tell where one drop of water or one grain of sand will be to-morrow noon; and yet with thy impotence thou insultest the sun! Science! Curse thee, thou vain toy; and cursed be all the things that cast man's eyes aloft to that heaven, whose vividness but scorches him! Level by nature to this earth's horizon are the glances of man's eyes; not shot from the crown of his head, as if God had meant him to gaze on his firmament. Curse thee, thou quadrant!" dashing it to the deck, "No longer will I guide my earthly way by thee; the level ship's compass, and the level dead-reckoning, by log and by line; these shall conduct me, and show me my place on the sea. Aye," lighting from the boat to the deck, "thus I trample on thee, thou paltry thing that feebly pointest on high; thus I split and destroy thee!" Awestruck by the aspect of their commander, the seamen clustered together on the forecastle, till Ahab, troubledly pacing the deck, shouted out—"To the braces! Up helm!—square in!"

CHAPTER 71

The Candles

Warmest climes but nurse the cruellest fangs.

Towards evening of that day, the Pequod was torn of her canvas, and bare-poled was left to fight a Typhoon which had struck her directly ahead. When darkness came on, sky and sea roared and split with the thunder, and blazed with the lightning that showed the disabled mast fluttering here and there with the rags which the first fury of the tempest had left for its after-sport.

Holding by a shroud, Starbuck was standing on the quarter-deck; at every flash of the lightning glancing aloft, to see what additional disaster might have befallen the intricate hamper there; while Stubb and Flask were directing the men in the higher hoisting and firmer lashing of the boats. But all their pains seemed naught. Though lifted to the very top of the cranes, the windward quarter boat (Ahab's) did not escape. A great rolling sea, dashing high up against the reeling ship's high teetering side, stove in the boat's bottom at the stern, and left it again, all dripping through like a sieve.

"Bad work, bad work! Mr. Starbuck," said Stubb, regarding the wreck, "but the sea will have its way. Stubb, for one, can't fight it. But never mind; it's all in fun: so the old song says."

"Avast, Stubb," cried Starbuck, "let the Typhoon sing, and strike his harp here in our rigging; but if thou art a brave man thou wilt hold thy peace."

"But I am not a brave man; never said I was a brave man; I am a coward; and I sing to keep up my spirits. And I tell you what it is, Mr. Starbuck, there's no way to stop my singing in this world but to cut my throat."

"Madman! look through my eyes if thou hast none of thine own."
"What! how can you see better of a dark night than anybody else,
never mind how foolish?"

"Here!" cried Starbuck, seizing Stubb by the shoulder, and pointing his hand towards the weather bow, "markest thou not that the gale comes from the eastward, the very course Ahab is to run for Moby

Dick? the very course he swung to this day noon? now mark his boat there; where is that stove? In the stern-sheets, man; where he is wont to stand—his stand-point is stove, man!"

"I don't half understand ye: what's in the wind?"

"Yes, yes, round the Cape of Good Hope is the shortest way to Nantucket," soliloquized Starbuck suddenly, heedless of Stubb's question. "The gale that now hammers at us to stave us, we can turn it into a fair wind that will drive us towards home. Yonder, to windward, all is blackness of doom; but to leeward, homeward—I see it lightens up there; but not with the lightning."

At that moment in one of the intervals of profound darkness, following the flashes, a voice was heard at his side; and almost at the same instant a volley of thunder peals rolled overhead.

"Who's there?"

"Old Thunder!" said Ahab, groping his way along the bulwarks to his pivot-hole; but suddenly finding his path made plain to him by elbowed lances of fire.

Now, as the lightning-rod to a spire on shore is intended to carry off the perilous fluid into the soil, so the kindred rod which at sea some ships carry to each mast is intended to conduct it into the water. But as this conductor must descend to considerable depth, that its end may avoid all contact with the hull; and as moreover, if kept constantly towing there, it would be liable to many mishaps, besides interfering not a little with some of the rigging, and more or less impeding the vessel's way in the water; because of all this, the lower parts of a ship's lightning-rods are not always overboard; but are generally made in long slender links, so as to be the more readily hauled up into the chains outside, or thrown down into the sea, as occasion may require.

"The rods! the rods!" cried Starbuck to the crew, suddenly admonished to vigilance by the vivid lightning. "Are they overboard? drop them over, fore and aft. Quick!"

"Avast!" cried Ahab; "let's have fair play here, though we be the weaker side. Yet I'll contribute to raise rods on the Himmalehs and Andes, that all the world may be secured; but out on privileges! Let them be, sir."

"Look aloft!" cried Starbuck. "The corpusants! the corpusants!"

All the yard-arms were tipped with a pallid fire; and touched at each tri-pointed lightning-rod-end with three tapering white flames, each of the three tall masts was silently burning in that sulphurous air, like three gigantic wax tapers before an altar.

"Blast the boat! let it go!" cried Stubb at this instant, as a swashing sea heaved up under his own little craft so that its gunwale violently jammed his hand, as he was passing a lashing. "Blast it!"—but slipping backward on the deck, his uplifted eyes caught the flames; and immediately shifting his tone he cried—"The corpusants have mercy on us all!"

At the base of the main-mast, full beneath the doubloon and the flame, the Parsee was kneeling in Ahab's front, but with his head bowed away from him; while near by, from the arched and overhanging rigging, a number of the seamen, arrested by the glare, now cohered together, and hung pendulous. In various enchanted attitudes like the standing, or stepping, or running skeletons in Herculaneum, others remained rooted to the deck; but all their eyes upcast.

"Aye, aye, men!" cried Ahab. "Look up at it; mark it well; the white flame but lights the way to the White Whale! Hand me those mainmast links there; I would fain feel this pulse, and let mine beat against it; blood against fire! So."

Then turning—the last link held fast in his left hand, he put his foot upon the Parsee; and with fixed upward eye, and high-flung right arm, he stood erect before the lofty tri-pointed trinity of flames.

"Oh! thou clear spirit of clear fire, whom on these seas I as Persian once did worship, till in the sacramental act so burned by thee that to this hour I bear the scar; I now know thee, thou clear spirit, and I now know that thy right worship is defiance. To neither love nor reverence wilt thou be kind; and e'en for hate thou canst but kill; and all are killed. No fearless fool now fronts thee. I own thy speechless, placeless power; but to the last gasp of my earthquake life will dispute its unconditional, unintegral mastery in me. In the midst of the personified impersonal, a personality stands here. Though but a point at best; whencesoe'er I came; wheresoe'er I go; yet while I earthly live, the queenly personality lives in me, and feels her royal rights. But war is pain, and hate is woe. Come in thy lowest form of love, and I will kneel and kiss thee; but at thy highest, come as mere supernal power; and though thou launchest navies of full-freighted worlds, there's that in here that still remains indifferent. Oh, thou clear spirit, of thy fire thou madest me, and like a true child of fire, I breathe it back to thee."

Sudden, repeated flashes of lightning; the nine flames leap lengthwise to thrice their previous height; Ahab, with the rest, closes his eyes, his right hand pressed hard upon them.

"I own thy speechless, placeless power; said I not so? Nor was it wrung from me; nor do I now drop these links. Thou canst blind; but I can then grope. Thou canst consume; but I can then be ashes. Now I do glory in my genealogy. But thou art but my fiery father; my sweet mother, I know not. Oh, cruel! what hast thou done with her? There lies my puzzle; but thine is greater. Thou knowest not how came ye, hence callest thyself unbegotten; certainly knowest not thy beginning, hence callest thyself unbegun. I know that of me, which thou knowest not of thyself, oh, thou omnipotent. There is some unsuffusing thing beyond thee, thou clear spirit, to whom all thy eternity is but time, all thy creativeness mechanical. Through thee, thy flaming self, my scorched eyes do dimly see it. Oh, thou foundling fire, thou hermit immemorial, thou too hast thy incommunicable riddle, thy unparticipated grief. Here again with haughty agony, I read my sire. Leap! leap up, and lick the sky! I leap with thee; I burn with thee; would fain be welded with thee; defyingly I worship thee!"

"The boat! the boat!" cried Starbuck, "look at thy boat, old man!" Ahab's harpoon, the one forged at Perth's fire, remained firmly lashed in its conspicuous crotch, so that it projected beyond his whale-boat's bow; but the sea that had stove its bottom had caused the loose leather sheath to drop off; and from the keen steel barb there now came a leveled flame of pale, forked fire. As the silent harpoon burned there like a serpent's tongue, Starbuck grasped Ahab by the arm—"God is against thee, old man; forbear! 'tis an ill voyage! ill begun, ill continued; let me square the yards, old man, and make a fair wind of it homewards, to go on a better voyage than this."

Overhearing Starbuck, the panic-stricken crew instantly ran to the braces—though not a sail was left aloft. For the moment all the aghast mate's thoughts seemed theirs; they raised a half-mutinous cry. But dashing the rattling lightning links to the deck, and snatching the burning harpoon, Ahab waved it like a torch among them; swearing to transfix with it the first sailor that but cast loose a rope's end. Petrified by his aspect, and still more shrinking from the fiery dart that he held, the men fell back in dismay, and Ahab again spoke:

"All your oaths to hunt the White Whale are as binding as mine; and heart, soul, and body, lungs and life, old Ahab is bound. And that ye may know to what tune this heart beats, look ye here: thus I blow out the last fear!" And with one blast of his breath he extinguished the flame.

As in the hurricane that sweeps the plain, men fly the neighborhood

of some lone, gigantic elm, whose very height and strength but render it so much the more unsafe, because so much the more a mark for thunderbolts; so at those last words of Ahab's many of the mariners did run from him in a terror of dismay.

CHAPTER 72

The Musket

Some Hours after midnight the Typhoon abated so much that through the strenuous exertions of Starbuck and Stubb—one engaged forward and the other aft—the shivered remnants of the jib and fore and main top sails were cut adrift from the spars, and went eddying away to leeward.

The three corresponding new sails were now bent and reefed, and a storm-trysail was set further aft; so that the ship soon went through the water with some precision again; and the course—for the present, East-southeast—which he was to steer, if practicable, was once more given to the helmsman. For during the violence of the gale, he had only steered according to its vicissitudes. But as he was now bringing the ship as near her course as possible, watching the compass meanwhile, lo! a good sign! the wind seemed coming round astern; aye, the foul breeze became fair!

In compliance with the standing order of his commander—to report immediately, and at any one of the twenty-four hours, any decided change in the affairs of the deck—Starbuck had no sooner trimmed the yards to the breeze—however reluctantly and gloomily—than he mechanically went below to apprise Captain Ahab of the circumstance.

Ere knocking at his state-room, he involuntarily paused before it a moment. The cabin lamp—taking long swings this way and that—was burning fitfully, and casting fitful shadows upon the old man's bolted door, a thin one, with fixed blinds inserted, in place of upper panels. The isolated subterraneousness of the cabin made a certain humming silence to reign there, though it was hooped round by all the roar of the elements. The loaded muskets in the rack were shiningly revealed, as they stood upright against the forward bulkhead. Starbuck was an honest, upright man; but out of Starbuck's heart, at that in-

stant when he saw the muskets, there strangely evolved an evil thought; but so blent with its neutral or good accompaniments that for the instant he hardly knew it for itself.

"He would have shot me once," he murmured, "yes, there's the very musket that he pointed at me—that one with the studded lock; let me touch it, lift it. Loaded? I must see. Aye, aye; and powder in the pan—that's not good. Best spill it?—wait. I'll cure myself of this. I'll hold the musket boldly while I think.—I come to report a fair wind to him. But how fair? Fair for death and doom—that's fair for Moby Dick.—I hold it here; he would have killed me with the very thing I handle now. Aye and he would fain kill all his crew. Has he not dashed his heavenly quadrant? and in these same perilous seas, gropes he not his way by mere dead reckoning of the error-abounding log? and in this very Typhoon, did he not swear that he would have no lightning-rods? But shall this crazed old man be tamely suffered to drag a whole ship's company down to doom with him?—Yes, it would make him the willful murderer of thirty men and more, if this ship come to any deadly harm; and come to deadly harm, my soul swears this ship will, if Ahab have his way. If, then, he were this instant put aside, that crime would not be his. Yes, just there—in there—he's sleeping. Sleeping? aye, but still alive, and soon awake again. I can't withstand thee, then, old man. Not reasoning, not remonstrance, not entreaty wilt thou hearken to; all this thou scornest. Flat obedience to thy own flat commands, this is all thou breathest. But is there no other way? no lawful way?—Make him a prisoner to be taken home? What! hope to wrest this old man's living power from his own living hands? Only a fool would try it. Say he were pinioned even; knotted all over with ropes and hawsers; chained down to ring-bolts on this cabin floor; he would be more hideous than a caged tiger, then. I could not endure the sight; could not possibly fly his howlings; all comfort, sleep itself, inestimable reason would leave me on the long intolerable voyage. What, then, remains? I stand alone here upon an open sea, with two oceans and a whole continent between me and law. Aye, aye, 'tis so. Is heaven a murderer when its lightning strikes a would-be murderer in his bed? And would I be a murderer, then, if"-and slowly, stealthily, and half-sideways looking, he placed the loaded musket's end against the door.

"On this level, Ahab's hammock swings within; his head this way. A touch, and Starbuck may survive to hug his wife and child again. But if I wake thee not to death, old man, who can tell to what un-

sounded deeps Starbuck's body this day week may sink, with all the crew! Great God, where art Thou? Shall I? shall I?— The wind has gone down and shifted, sir; the fore and main topsails are reefed and set! she heads her course."

"Stern all! Oh, Moby Dick, I clutch thy heart at last!"

The yet leveled musket shook like a drunkard's arm against the panel; Starbuck seemed wrestling with an angel, but turning from the door, he placed the death-tube in its rack, and left the place.

CHAPTER 73

The Needle

Next morning the not-yet-subsided sea rolled in long slow billows of mighty bulk, and striving in the Pequod's gurgling track, pushed her on like giants' palms outspread. The strong unstaggering breeze abounded so, that sky and air seemed vast outbellying sails; the whole world boomed before the wind. Muffled in the full morning light, the invisible sun was only known by the spread intensity of his place, where his bayonet rays moved on in stacks.

Long maintaining an enchanted silence, Ahab stood apart; and every time the teetering ship loweringly pitched down her bowsprit, he turned to eye the bright sun's rays produced ahead; and when she profoundly settled by the stern, he turned behind, and saw the sun's rearward place, and how the same yellow rays were blending with his undeviating wake. But suddenly reined back by some counter thought, he hurried towards the helm, huskily demanding how the ship was heading.

"East-sou-east, sir," said the frightened steersman.

"Thou liest!" smiting him with his clenched fist. "Heading East at this hour in the morning, and the sun astern?"

Upon this every soul was confounded; for the phenomenon just then observed by Ahab had unaccountably escaped everyone else; but its very blinding palpableness must have been the cause.

Thrusting his head halfway into the binnacle, Ahab caught one glimpse of the compasses; his uplifted arm slowly fell; for a moment he almost seemed to stagger. Standing behind him Starbuck looked,

and lo! the two compasses pointed East, and the Pequod was as infallibly going West.

But ere the first wild alarm could get out abroad among the crew, the old man with a rigid laugh exclaimed, "I have it! It has happened before. Mr. Starbuck, last night's thunder turned our compasses—that's all. Thou hast before now heard of such a thing, I take it."

"Aye; but never before has it happened to me, sir," said the pale mate, gloomily.

Here it must needs be said that accidents like this have in more than one case occurred to ships in violent storms. The magnetic energy, as developed in the mariner's needle is, as all know, essentially one with the electricity beheld in heaven; hence it is not to be much marveled at that such things should be. Instances where the lightning has actually struck the vessel, so as to smite down some of the spars and rigging, the effect upon the needle has at times been still more fatal; all its loathsome virtue being annihilated, so that the before-magnetic steel was of no more use than an old wife's knitting needle. But in either case, the needle never again, of itself, recovers the original virtue thus marred or lost; and if the binnacle compasses be affected, the same fate reaches all the others that may be in the ship; even were the lowermost one inserted into the kelson.

Deliberately standing before the binnacle, and eyeing the transpointed compasses, the old man, with the sharp of his extended hand, now took the precise bearing of the sun, and satisfied that the needles were exactly inverted, shouted out his orders for the ship's course to be changed accordingly. The yards were hard up; and once more the Pequod thrust her undaunted bows into the opposing wind, for the supposed fair one had only been juggling her.

"So, so. But Ahab is lord over the level loadstone yet. Mr. Starbuck—a lance without the pole; a top-maul, and the smallest of the sail-maker's needles. Quick!"

Accessory, perhaps, to the impulse dictating the thing he was now about to do, were certain prudential motives, whose object might have been to revive the spirits of his crew by a stroke of his subtile skill, in a matter so wondrous as that of the inverted compasses. Besides, the old man well knew that to steer by transpointed needles, though clumsily practicable, was not a thing to be passed over by superstitious sailors, without some shudderings and evil portents.

"Men," said he, steadily turning upon the crew, as the mate handed him the things he had demanded, "my men, the thunder turned old Ahab's needles; but out of this bit of steel Ahab can make one of his own, that will point as true as any."

Abashed glances of servile wonder were exchanged by the sailors, as this was said; and with fascinated eyes they awaited whatever magic might follow. But Starbuck looked away.

With a blow from the top-maul Ahab knocked off the steel head of the lance, and then handing to the mate the long iron rod remaining, bade him hold it upright, without its touching the deck. Then, with the maul, after repeatedly smiting the upper end of this iron rod, he placed the blunted needle endwise on the top of it, and less strongly hammered that, several times, the mate still holding the rod as before. Then going through some small strange motions with it—whether indispensable to the magnetizing of the steel, or merely intended to augment the awe of the crew, is uncertain—he called for linen thread, and moving to the binnacle, slipped out the two reversed needles there, and horizontally suspended the sail-needle by its middle, over one of the compass cards. At first the steel went round and round, quivering and vibrating at either end; but at last it settled to its place, when Ahab, who had been intently watching for this result, stepped frankly back from the binnacle, and pointing his stretched arm towards it, exclaimed: "Look ye, for yourselves, if Ahab be not lord of the level loadstone! The sun is East, and that compass swears it!"

One after another they peered in, for nothing but their own eyes could persuade such ignorance as theirs, and one after another they slunk away.

In his fiery eyes of scorn and triumph, you then saw Ahab in all his fatal pride.

CHAPTER 74

The Log and Line

WHILE NOW THE FATED Pequod had been so long affoat this voyage, the log and line had but very seldom been in use. Owing to a confident reliance upon other means of determining the vessel's place, some merchantmen, and many whalemen, especially when cruising, wholly neglect to heave the log. It had been thus with the Pequod. The wooden reel and angular log attached hung, long

untouched, just beneath the railing of the after bulwarks. Rains and spray had dampened it; sun and wind had warped it; all the elements had combined to rot a thing that hung so idly. But heedless of all this, his mood seized Ahab, as he happened to glance upon the reel, not many hours after the magnet scene, and he remembered how his quadrant was no more, and recalled his frantic oath about the level log and line.

"Forward, there! Heave the log!"

Two seamen came. The golden-hued Tahitian and the grizzly Manxman. "Take the reel, one of ye, I'll heave."

They went towards the extreme stern, on the ship's lee side, where the deck, with the oblique energy of the wind, was now almost dipping into the creamy, sidelong-rushing sea.

The Manxman took the reel, and holding it high up, by the projecting handle-ends of the spindle, round which the spool of line revolved, so stood with the angular log hanging downwards, till Ahab advanced to him.

The log was heaved. The loose coils rapidly straightened out in a long dragging line astern, and then, instantly, the reel began to whirl. In turn, jerkingly raised and lowered by the rolling billows, the towing resistance of the log caused the old reelman to stagger strangely.

"Hold hard!"

Snap! the overstrained line sagged down in one long festoon; the tugging log was gone.

"I crush the quadrant, the thunder turns the needles, and now the mad sea parts the log-line. But Ahab can mend all. Haul in here, Tahitian; reel up, Manxman. And look ye, let the carpenter make another log, and mend thou the line. See to it."

"There he goes now; to him nothing's happened; but to me, the skewer seems loosening out of the middle of the world. Haul in, haul in, Tahitian! These lines run whole, and whirling out: come in broken, and dragging slow. Ha, Pip? come to help; eh, Pip?"

"Pip? whom call ye Pip? Pip jumped from the whale-boat. Pip's missing. Let's see now if ye haven't fished him up here, fisherman. It drags hard; I guess he's holding on. Jerk him, Tahiti! Jerk him off; we haul in no cowards here. Ho! there's his arm just breaking water. A hatchet! a hatchet! cut it off—we haul in no cowards here. Captain Ahab! sir, sir! here's Pip, trying to get on board again."

"Peace, thou crazy loon," cried the Manxman, seizing him by the arm. "Away from the quarter-deck!"

"The greater idiot ever scolds the lesser," muttered Ahab, advancing. "Hands off from that holiness! Where sayest thou Pip was, boy?" "Astern there, sir, astern! Lo! lo!"

"And who art thou, boy? I see not my reflection in the vacant pupils of thy eyes. Oh God! that man should be a thing for immortal souls to sieve through! Who art thou, boy?"

"Bell-boy, sir; ship's-crier. Pip! Pip! Pip! One hundred pounds of clay reward for Pip; five feet high—looks cowardly—quickest known by that! Who's seen Pip the coward?"

"There can be no hearts above the snow-line. Oh, ye frozen heavens! look down here. Ye did beget this luckless child, and have abandoned him, ye creative libertines. Here, boy; Ahab's cabin shall be Pip's home henceforth, while Ahab lives. Thou touchest my inmost center, boy: thou art tied to me by cords woven of my heart-strings. Come, let's down."

"What's this? here's velvet shark-skin," intently gazing at Ahab's hand, and feeling it. "Ah, now, had poor Pip but felt so kind a thing as this, perhaps he had ne'er been lost! This seems to me, sir, as a man-rope; something that weak souls may hold by. Oh, sir, let old Perth now come and rivet these two hands together; the black one with the white, for I will not let this go."

"Oh, boy, nor will I thee, unless I should thereby drag thee to worse horrors than are here. Come, then, to my cabin. Lo! ye believers in gods all goodness, and in man all ill, lo you! see the omniscient gods oblivious of suffering man; and man, though idiotic, and knowing not what he does, yet full of the sweet things of love and gratitude. Come! I feel prouder leading thee by thy black hand, than though I grasped an Emperor's!"

CHAPTER 75

The Life-Buoy

STEERING NOW south-eastward by Ahab's leveled steel, and her progress solely determined by Ahab's level log and line, the Pequod held on her path towards the Equator. At last, when the ship drew near to the outskirts, as it were, of the equatorial fishing-ground, and in the deep darkness that goes before the dawn, was sailing by a

cluster of rocky islets, the watch—then headed by Flask—was startled by a cry so plaintively wild and unearthly—like half-articulated wailings of the ghosts of all Herod's murdered Innocents—that one and all, they started from their reveries, and for the space of some moments stood, or sat, or leaned all transfixed by listening, while that wild cry remained within hearing. The Christian or civilized part of the crew said it was mermaids, and shuddered; but the pagan harpooneers remained unappalled. Yet the grey Manxman—the oldest mariner of all—declared that the wild thrilling sounds that were heard were the voices of newly-drowned men in the sea.

Below in his hammock, Ahab did not hear of this till grey dawn, when he came to the deck; it was then recounted to him by Flask, not unaccompanied with hinted dark meanings. He hollowly laughed, and thus explained the wonder.

Those rocky islands the ship had passed were the resort of great numbers of seals, and some young seals that had lost their dams, or some dams that had lost their cubs, must have risen nigh the ship and kept company with her, crying and sobbing with their human sort of wail. But this only the more affected some of them, because most mariners cherish a very superstitious feeling about seals, arising not only from their peculiar tones when in distress, but also from the human look of their round heads and semi-intelligent faces, seen peeringly uprising from the water alongside. In the sea, under certain circumstances, seals have more than once been mistaken for men.

But the bodings of the crew were destined to receive a most plausible confirmation in the fate of one of their number that morning. At sun-rise this man went from his hammock to his mast-head at the fore; and whether it was that he was not yet half waked from his sleep, whether it was thus with the man, there is now no telling; but, be that as it may, he had not been long at his perch, when a cry was heard—a cry and a rushing—and looking up, they saw a falling phantom in the air; and looking down, a little tossed heap of white bubbles in the blue of the sea.

The life-buoy—a long slender cask—was dropped from the stern, where it always hung obedient to a cunning spring; but no hand rose to seize it, and the sun having long beat upon this cask it had shrunken, so that it slowly filled, and the parched wood also filled at its every pore; and the studded iron-bound cask followed the sailor to the bottom.

And thus the first man of the Pequod that mounted the mast to

look out for the White Whale, on the White Whale's own peculiar ground, that man was swallowed up in the deep. But few, perhaps, thought of that at the time. Indeed, in some sort, they were not grieved at this event, at least as a portent; for they regarded it, not as a fore-shadowing of evil in the future, but as the fulfilment of an evil already presaged. They declared that now they knew the reason of those wild shrieks they had heard the night before.

The lost life-buoy was now to be replaced; Starbuck was directed to see to it; but as no cask of sufficient lightness could be found, and as in the feverish eagerness of what seemed the approaching crisis of the voyage, all hands were impatient of any toil but what was directly connected with its final end, whatever that might prove to be; therefore, they were going to leave the ship's stern unprovided with a buoy, when by certain strange signs and innuendoes Queequeg hinted a hint concerning his coffin.

"A life-buoy of a coffin!" cried Starbuck, starting.

"Rather queer, that, I should say," said Stubb.

"It will make a good enough one," said Flask, "the carpenter here can arrange it easily."

"Bring it up; there's nothing else for it," said Starbuck, after a melancholy pause. "Rig it, carpenter; do not look at me so—the coffin, I mean. Dost thou hear me? Rig it."

"And shall I nail down the lid, sir?" moving his hand as with a hammer.

"Aye."

"And shall I caulk the seams, sir?" moving his hand as with a caulking-iron.

"Aye."

"And shall I then pay over the same with pitch, sir?" moving his hand as with a pitch-pot.

"Away! what possesses thee to this? Make a life-buoy of the coffin, and no more.—Mr. Stubb, Mr. Flask, come forward with me."

CHAPTER 76

The Pequod Meets the Rachel

NEXT DAY, a large ship, the Rachel, was descried, bearing directly down upon the Pequod, all her spars thickly clustering with men. At the time the Pequod was making good speed through the water; but as the broad-winged windward stranger shot nigh to her, the boastful sails all fell together as blank bladders that are burst, and all life fled from the smitten hull.

"Bad news; she brings bad news," muttered the old Manxman. But ere her commander, who, with trumpet to mouth, stood up in his boat; ere he could hopefully hail, Ahab's voice was heard.

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Aye, yesterday. Have ye seen a whale-boat adrift?"

Throttling his joy, Ahab negatively answered this unexpected question and would then have fain boarded the stranger, when the stranger captain himself, having stopped his vessel's way, was seen descending her side. A few keen pulls, and his boat-hook soon clinched the Pequod's main-chains, and he sprang to the deck. Immediately he was recognized by Ahab for a Nantucketer he knew. But no formal salutation was exchanged.

"Where was he?—not killed!—not killed!" cried Ahab, closely advancing. "How was it?"

It seemed that somewhat late on the afternoon of the day previous, while three of the stranger's boats were engaged with a shoal of whales which had led them some four or five miles from the ship; and while they were yet in swift chase to windward, the white hump and head of Moby Dick had suddenly loomed up out of the water, not very far to leeward; whereupon, the fourth rigged boat—a reserved one—had been instantly lowered in chase. After a keen sail before the wind, this fourth boat seemed to have succeeded in fastening. In the distance he saw the diminished dotted boat; and then a swift gleam of bubbling white water; and after that nothing more; whence it was concluded that the stricken whale must have indefinitely run away with his pursuers, as often happens. There was some apprehension.

but no positive alarm, as yet. The recall signals were placed in the rigging; darkness came on; and forced to pick up her three far to windward boats—ere going in quest of the fourth one in the precisely opposite direction—the ship had not only been necessitated to leave that boat to its fate till near midnight, but, for the time, to increase her distance from it. But the rest of her crew being at last safe aboard, she crowded all sail after the missing boat; kindling a fire in her try-pots for a beacon; and every other man aloft on the look-out. But though when she had thus sailed a sufficient distance to gain the presumed place of the absent ones when last seen; though she then paused to lower her spare boats to pull all around her, and not finding anything, had again dashed on; again paused, and lowered her boats; and though she had thus continued doing till daylight; yet not the least glimpse of the missing keel had been seen.

The story told, the stranger captain immediately went on to reveal his object in boarding the Pequod. He desired that ship to unite with his own in the search by sailing over the sea some four or five miles apart, on parallel lines, and so sweeping a double horizon, as it were.

"My boy, my own boy is among them. For God's sake—I beg, I conjure"—here exclaimed the stranger captain to Ahab, who thus far had but icily received his petition. "For eight-and-forty hours let me charter your ship—I will gladly pay for it, and roundly pay for it—if there be no other way—for eight-and-forty hours only—only that—you must, oh, you must, and you shall do this thing."

"His son!" cried Stubb, "oh, it's his son he's lost! What says Ahab? We must save that boy."

"I will not go," said the stranger, "till you say aye to me. Do to me as you would have me do to you in the like case. For you too have a boy, Captain Ahab—though but a child, and nestling safely at home now—a child of your old age too—Yes, yes, you relent; I see it—run, run, men, now, and stand by to square in the yards."

"Avast," cried Ahab—"touch not a rope-yarn;" then in a voice that prolongingly molded every word—"Captain Gardiner, I will not do it. Even now I lose time, Good-bye, good-bye. God bless ye, man, and may I forgive myself, but I must go. Mr. Starbuck, look at the binnacle watch, and in three minutes from this present instant warn off all strangers; then brace forward again, and let the ship sail as before."

Hurriedly turning, with averted face, he descended into his cabin, leaving the strange captain transfixed at this unconditional and utter

rejection of his so earnest suit. But starting from his enchantment, Gardiner silently hurried to the side, more fell than stepped into his boat, and returned to his ship.

Soon the two ships diverged their wakes; and long as the strange vessel was in view, she was seen to yaw hither and thither at every dark spot, however small, on the sea. This way and that her yards were swung around; starboard and larboard, she continued to tack; now she beat against a head sea; and again it pushed her before it; while all the while, her masts and yards were thickly clustered with men, as three tall cherry trees, when the boys are cherrying among the boughs.

But by her still halting course and winding, woeful way, you plainly saw that this ship that so wept with spray still remained without comfort. She was Rachel, weeping for her children, because they were not.

CHAPTER 77

The Cabin

AHAB MOVING to go on deck; Pip catches him by the hand to follow. "Lad, lad, I tell thee thou must not follow Ahab now. The hour is coming when Ahab would not scare thee from him, yet would not have thee by him. There is that in thee, poor lad, which I feel too curing to my malady. Like cures like; and for this hunt, my malady becomes my most desired health. Do thou abide below here, where they shall serve thee, as if thou wert the captain. Aye, lad, thou shalt sit here in my own screwed chair."

"No, no, no! ye have not a whole body, sir; do ye but use poor me for your one lost leg; only tread upon me, sir; I ask no more, so I remain a part of ye."

"Oh! spite of million villains, this makes me a bigot in the fadeless fidelity of man!—and a black! and crazy!—but methinks like-cures-like applies to him too; he grows so sane again."

"They tell me, sir, that Stubb did once desert poor little Pip, whose drowned bones now show white, for all the blackness of his living skin. But I will never desert ye, sir, as Stubb did him. Sir, I must go with ye."

"If thou speakest thus to me much more, Ahab's purpose keels up in him. I tell thee no; it cannot be."

"Oh good master, master, master!"

"Weep so, and I will murder thee! have a care, for Ahab too is mad. Listen, and thou wilt often hear my ivory foot upon the deck, and still know that I am there. And now I quit thee. Thy hand!—Met! True art thou, lad, as the circumference to its center. So: God for ever bless thee; and if it come to that—God for ever save thee, let what will befall."

CHAPTER 78

The Pequod Meets the Delight

AND NOW THAT at the proper time and place, after so long and wide A a preliminary cruise, Ahab—all other whaling waters swept seemed to have chased his foe into an oceanfold, to slay him the more securely there; now that he found himself hard by the very latitude and longitude where his tormenting wound had been inflicted; now that a vessel had been spoken which on the very day preceding had actually encountered Moby Dick; and now that all his successive meetings with various ships contrastingly concurred to show the demoniac indifference with which the white whale tore his hunters, whether sinning or sinned against; now it was that there lurked a something in the old man's eyes, which it was hardly sufferable for feeble souls to see. As the unsetting polar star, which through the livelong, arctic, six months' night sustains its piercing, steady, central gaze; so Ahab's purpose now fixedly gleamed down upon the constant midnight of the gloomy crew. It domineered above them so, that all their bodings, doubts, misgivings, fears, were fain to hide beneath their souls, and not sprout forth a single spear or leaf.

In this foreshadowing interval, too, all humor, forced or natural, vanished. Stubb no more strove to raise a smile; Starbuck no more strove to check one. Alike, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, seemed ground to finest dust, and powdered, for the time, in the clamped mortar of Ahab's iron soul. Like machines, they dumbly moved about the deck, ever conscious that the old man's despot eye was on them.

The intense Pequod sailed on; the rolling waves and days went by;

the life-buoy-coffin still lightly swung; and another ship, most miserably misnamed the Delight, was descried. As she drew nigh, all eyes were fixed upon her broad beams, called shears, serving to carry the spare, unrigged, or disabled boats.

Upon the stranger's shears were beheld the shattered white ribs, and some few splintered planks, of what had once been a whale-boat; but you now saw through this wreck, as plainly as you see through the peeled, half-unhinged, and bleaching skeleton of a horse.

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Look!" replied the hollow-cheeked captain from his taffrail; and with his trumpet he pointed to the wreck.

"Hast killed him?"

"The harpoon is not yet forged that ever will do that," answered the other, sadly glancing upon a rounded hammock on the deck, whose gathered sides some noiseless sailors were busy in sewing together.

"Not forged!" and snatching Perth's leveled iron from the crotch, Ahab held it out, exclaiming—"Look ye, Nantucketer; here in this hand I hold his death! Tempered in blood, and tempered by lightning are these barbs; and I swear to temper them triply in that hot place behind the fin, where the White Whale most feels his accursed life!"

"Then God keep thee, old man—see'st thou that"—pointing to the hammock—"I bury but one of five stout men, who were alive only yesterday; but were dead ere night. Only that one I bury; the rest were buried before they died; you sail upon their tomb." Then turning to his crew—"Are ye ready there? place the plank then on the rail, and lift the body; so, then—Oh! God"—advancing towards the hammock with uplifted hands—"may the resurrection and the life—"

"Brace forward! Up helm!" cried Ahab like lightning to his men. But the suddenly started Pequod was not quick enough to escape the sound of the splash that the corpse soon made as it struck the sea; not so quick, indeed, but that some of the flying bubbles might have sprinkled her hull with their ghostly baptism.

CHAPTER 79

The Symphony

It was a clear steel-blue day. The firmaments of air and sea were hardly separable in that all-pervading azure; only, the pensive air was transparently pure and soft, with a woman's look, and the robust and man-like sea heaved with long, strong, lingering swells, as Samson's chest in his sleep.

Slowly crossing the deck from the scuttle, Ahab leaned over the side and watched how his shadow in the water sank and sank to his gaze, the more and the more that he strove to pierce the profundity. But the lovely aromas in that enchanted air did at last seem to dispel, for a moment, the cankerous thing in his soul. That glad, happy air, that winsome sky, did at last stroke and caress him; the step-mother world, so long cruel—forbidding—now threw affectionate arms round his stubborn neck, and did seem to joyously sob over him, as if over one, that however willful and erring, she could yet find it in her heart to save and to bless. From beneath his slouched hat Ahab dropped a tear into the sea; nor did all the Pacific contain such wealth as that one wee drop.

Starbuck saw the old man; saw him, how he heavily leaned over the side; and he seemed to hear in his own true heart the measureless sobbing that stole out of the center of the serenity around. Careful not to touch him, or be noticed by him, he yet drew near to him, and stood there.

Ahab turned.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir!"

"Oh, Starbuck! it is a mild, mild wind, and a mild looking sky. On such a day I struck my first whale—a boy-harpooneer of eighteen! Forty years ago! Forty years of continual whaling! forty years of privation, and peril, and storm-time! forty years on the pitiless sea! for forty years has Ahab forsaken the peaceful land, for forty years to make war on the horrors of the deep! Aye and yes, Starbuck, out of those forty years I have not spent three ashore. When I think of this

life I have led; the desolation of solitude it has been; the masoned, walled-town of a Captain's exclusiveness, which admits but small entrance to any sympathy from the green country without—oh, weariness! heaviness! Guinea-coast slavery of solitary command!—when I think of all this; only half-suspected, not so keenly known to me before-and how for forty years I have fed upon dry salted fare-fit emblem of the dry nourishment of my soul!—when the poorest landsman has had fresh fruit to his daily hand, and broken the world's fresh bread to my moldy crusts—away, whole oceans away, from that young girl-wife I wedded past fifty, and sailed for Cape Horn the next day, leaving but one dent in my marriage pillow—wife?—rather a widow with her husband alive! Aye, I widowed that poor girl when I married her, Starbuck; and then, the madness, the frenzy with which, for a thousand lowerings old Ahab has furiously chased his prey—more a demon than a man!—aye, aye! what a forty years' fool has old Ahab been! Why this strife of the chase? why weary and palsy the arm at the oar, and the iron, and the lance? how the richer or better is Ahab now? Behold. Oh, Starbuck! is it not hard, that with this weary load I bear, one poor leg should have been snatched from under me? Do I look very old, so very, very old, Starbuck? I feel deadly faint, bowed, and humped, as though I were Adam, staggering beneath the piled centuries since Paradise. God! God!—crack my heart!—stave my brain!—mockery! mockery! bitter, biting mockery of grey hairs, have I lived enough joy to wear ye; and seem and feel thus intolerably old? Close! stand close to me, Starbuck; let me look into a human eye; it is better than to gaze into sea or sky; better than to gaze upon God. By the green land; by the bright hearth-stone! this is the magic glass, man; I see my wife and my child in thine eye. No, no; stay on board, on board!—lower not when I do, when branded Ahab gives chase to Moby Dick. That hazard shall not be thine. No, no! not with the far-away home I see in that eye!"

"Oh, my Captain! my Captain! noble soul! why should any one give chase to that hated fish! Away with me! let us fly these deadly waters! let us home! Wife and child, too, are Starbuck's—wife and child of his brotherly, sisterly, play-fellow youth; even as thine, sir, are the wife and child of thy loving, longing, paternal old age! Away! let us away!—this instant let me alter the course! How cheerily, how hilariously, O my Captain, would we bowl on our way to see old Nantucket again! I think, sir, they have some such mild blue days, even as this, in Nantucket."

"They have, they have. I have seen them—some summer days in the morning. About this time—yes, it is his noon nap now—the boy vivaciously wakes; sits up in bed; and his mother tells him of me, of cannibal old me; how I am abroad upon the deep, but will yet come back to dance him again."

"'Tis my Mary, my Mary herself! She promised that my boy, every morning, should be carried to the hill to catch the first glimpse of his father's sail! Yes, yes! no more! it is done! we head for Nantucket! Come, my Captain, study out the course, and let us away! See, see! the boy's face from the window! the boy's hand on the hill!"

But Ahab's glance was averted; like a blighted fruit tree he shook, and cast his last, cindered apple to the soil.

"What is it, what nameless, inscrutable, unearthly thing is it what cozening, hidden lord and master, and cruel, remorseless emperor commands me; that against all natural lovings and longings, I so keep pushing, and crowding, and jamming myself on all the time; recklessly making me ready to do what in my own proper, natural heart, I durst not so much as dare? Is Ahab, Ahab? Is it I, God, or who, that lifts this arm? But if the great sun move not of himself, but is as an errandboy in heaven; nor one single star can revolve, but by some invisible power; how then can this one small heart beat; this one small brain think thoughts; unless God does that beating, does that thinking, does that living, and not I. By heaven, man, we are turned round and round in this world, like yonder windlass, and Fate is the handspike. And all the time, lo! that smiling sky, and this unsounded sea! Look! see yon Albicore! who put it into him to chase and fang that flying-fish? Where do murderers go, man! Who's to doom, when the judge himself is dragged to the bar? But it is a mild, mild wind, and a mild looking sky; and the air smells now, as if it blew from a far-away meadow; they have been making hay somewhere under the slopes of the Andes, Starbuck, and the mowers are sleeping among the newmown hay. Sleeping? Aye, toil we how we may, we all sleep at last on the field. Sleep? Aye, and rust amid greenness; as last year's scythes flung down, and left in the half-cut swaths-Starbuck!"

But blanched to a corpse's hue with despair, the Mate had stolen away.

Ahab crossed the deck to gaze over on the other side; but started at two reflected, fixed eyes in the water; there Fedallah was motionlessly leaning over the same rail.

CHAPTER 80

The Chase—First Day

THAT NIGHT, in the mid-watch when the old man—as his wont at intervals—stepped forth from the scuttle in which he leaned, and went to his pivot-hole, he suddenly thrust out his face fiercely, snuffing up the sea air as a sagacious ship's dog will, in drawing nigh to some barbarous isle. He declared that a whale must be near. Soon that peculiar odor, sometimes to a great distance given forth by the living sperm whale, was palpable to all the watch; nor was any mariner surprised when, after inspecting the compass, and then the dog-vane, and then ascertaining the precise bearing of the odor as nearly as possible, Ahab rapidly ordered the ship's course to be slightly altered, and the sail to be shortened.

The acute policy dictating these movements was sufficiently vindicated at daybreak, by the sight of a long sleek on the sea directly and lengthwise ahead, smooth as oil, and resembling in the pleated watery wrinkles bordering it the polished metallic-like marks of some swift tide-rip, at the mouth of a deep, rapid stream.

"Man the mast-heads! Call all hands!"

Thundering with the butts of three clubbed handspikes on the forecastle deck, Daggoo roused the sleepers with such judgment claps that they seemed to exhale from the scuttle, so instantaneously did they appear with their clothes in their hands.

"What d'ye see?" cried Ahab, flattening his face to the sky.

"Nothing, nothing sir!" was the sound hailing down in reply.

"T'gallant sails!--stunsails! alow and aloft, and on both sides!"

All sail being set, he now cast loose the life-line, reserved for swaying him to the main royal-mast head; and in a few moments they were hoisting him thither, when, while but two thirds of the way aloft, and while peering ahead through the horizontal vacancy between the maintop-sail and top-gallant-sail, he raised a gull-like cry in the air. "There she blows!—there she blows! A hump like a snow-hill! It is Moby Dick!"

Fired by the cry which seemed simultaneously taken up by the

three look-outs, the men on deck rushed to the rigging to behold the famous whale they had so long been pursuing. Ahab had now gained his final perch, some feet above the other look-outs, Tashtego standing just beneath him on the cap of the top-gallant-mast, so that the Indian's head was almost on a level with Ahab's heel. From this height the whale was now seen some mile or so ahead, at every roll of the sea revealing his high sparkling hump, and regularly jetting his silent spout into the air.

"He is heading straight to leeward, sir," cried Stubb, "right away from us; cannot have seen the ship yet."

"Be dumb, man! Stand by the braces! Hard down the helm!—brace up! Shiver her!—shiver her!—So; well that! Boats, boats!" Soon all the boats but Starbuck's were dropped; all the boat-sails

Soon all the boats but Starbuck's were dropped; all the boat-sails set—all the paddles plying; with rippling swiftness, shooting to leeward; and Ahab heading the onset. A pale, death-glimmer lit up Fedallah's sunken eyes; a hideous motion gnawed his mouth.

Like noiseless nautilus shells, their light prows sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast, involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkishrugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side.

On each soft side—coincident with the parted swell, that but once leaving him then flowed so wide away—on each bright side, the whale shed off enticings. No wonder there had been some among the hunters who, namelessly transported and allured by all this serenity, had ventured to assail it, but had fatally found that quietude but the vesture of tornadoes. Yet calm, enticing calm, oh, whale! thou glidest on, to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou mayst have bejuggled and destroyed before.

And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding

rapture, Moby Dick moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wrenched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the fore part of him slowly rose from the water; for an instant his whole marbleized body formed a high arch, like Virginia's Natural Bridge, and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded and went out of sight.

With oars apeak, and paddles down, the sheets of their sails adrift, the three boats now stilly floated, awaiting Moby Dick's reappearance.

"An hour," said Ahab, standing rooted in his boat's stern; and he gazed beyond the whale's place, towards the dim blue spaces and wide wooing vacancies to leeward. It was only an instant; for again his eyes seemed whirling round in his head as he swept the watery circle. The breeze now freshened; the sea began to swell. "The birds!—the birds!" cried Tashtego.

In long Indian file, as when herons take wing, the white birds.were now all flying towards Ahab's boat; and when within a few yards began fluttering over the water there, wheeling round and round, with joyous, expectant cries. Their vision was keener than man's; Ahab could discover no sign in the sea. But suddenly as he peered down and down into its depths, he profoundly saw a white living spot no bigger than a white weasel, with wonderful celerity uprising, and magnifying as it rose, till it turned, and then there were plainly revealed two long crooked rows of white, glistening teeth, floating up from the undiscoverable bottom. It was Moby Dick's open mouth and scrolled jaw; his vast, shadowed bulk still half blending with the blue of the sea. The glittering mouth yawned beneath the boat like an open-doored marble tomb; and giving one sidelong sweep with his steering oar, Ahab whirled the craft aside from this tremendous apparition. Then, calling upon Fedallah to change places with him, went forward to the bows, and seizing Perth's harpoon, commanded his crew to grasp their oars and stand by to stern.

Now, by reason of this timely spinning round the boat upon its axis, its bow, by anticipation, was made to face the whale's head while yet under water. But as if perceiving this stratagem, Moby Dick, with that malicious intelligence ascribed to him, sidelingly transplanted himself, as it were, in an instant, shooting his pleated head lengthwise beneath the boat.

Through and through; through every plank and each rib, it thrilled for an instant, the whale obliquely lying on his back, in the manner

of a biting shark slowly and feelingly taking its bows full within his mouth, so that the long, narrow, scrolled lower jaw curled high up into the open air, and one of the teeth caught in a row-lock. The bluish pearl-white of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab's head, and reached higher than that. In this attitude the White Whale now shook the slight cedar as a mildly cruel cat her mouse. With unastonished eyes Fedallah gazed, and crossed his arms; but the tiger-yellow crew were tumbling over each other's heads to gain the uttermost stern.

And now, while both elastic gunwales were springing in and out, as the whale dallied with the doomed craft in this devilish way; and from his body being submerged beneath the boat, he could not be darted at from the bows, for the bows were almost inside of him, as it were; and while the other boats involuntarily paused, as before a quick crisis impossible to withstand, then it was that monomaniac Ahab, furious with this tantalizing vicinity of his foe, which placed him all alive and helpless in the very jaws he hated; frenzied with all this, he seized the long bone with his naked hands, and wildly strove to wrench it from its grip. As now he thus vainly strove, the jaw slipped from him; the frail gunwales bent in, collapsed, and snapped, as both jaws, like an enormous shears, sliding further aft, bit the craft completely in twain and locked themselves fast again in the sea, midway between the two floating wrecks. These floated aside, the broken ends drooping, the crew at the stern-wreck clinging to the gunwales, and striving to hold fast to the oars to lash them across.

Moby Dick swam swiftly round and round the wrecked crew; sideways churning the water in his vengeful wake, as if lashing himself up to still another and more deadly assault. The sight of the splintered boat seemed to madden him, as the blood of grapes and mulberries cast before Antiochus's elephants in the book of Maccabees. Meanwhile Ahab, half smothered in the foam of the whale's insolent tail, and too much of a cripple to swim—though he could still keep afloat, even in the heart of such a whirlpool as that; helpless Ahab's head was seen, like a tossed bubble which the least chance shock might burst. From the boat's fragmentary stern, Fedallah incuriously and mildly eyed him; the clinging crew, at the other drifting end, could not succor him; more than enough was it for them to look to themselves. For so revolvingly appalling was the White Whale's aspect, and so planetarily swift the ever-contracting circles he made, that he seemed horizontally swooping upon them. And though the other

boats, unharmed, still hovered hard by; still they dared not pull into the eddy to strike, lest that should be the signal for the instant destruction of the jeopardized castaways, Ahab and all; nor in that case could they themselves hope to escape. With straining eyes, then, they remained on the outer edge of the direful zone, whose center had now become the old man's head.

Meantime, from the beginning all this had been descried from the ship's mast-heads; and squaring her yards, she had borne down upon the scene; and was now so nigh that Ahab in the water hailed her—"Sail on the"—but that moment a breaking sea dashed on him from Moby Dick, and whelmed him for the time. But struggling out of it again, and chancing to rise on a towering crest, he shouted,—"Sail on the whale!—Drive him off!"

The Pequod's prows were pointed; and breaking up the charmed circle, she effectually parted the white whale from his victim. As he sullenly swam off, the boats flew to the rescue.

Dragged into Stubb's boat with blood-shot, blinded eyes, the white brine caking in his wrinkles; the long tension of Ahab's bodily strength did crack, and helplessly he yielded to his body's doom for a time, lying all crushed in the bottom of Stubb's boat, like one trodden under foot of herds of elephants. Far inland, nameless wails came from him, as desolate sounds from out ravines.

But this intensity of his physical prostration did but so much the more abbreviate it. In an instant's compass, great hearts sometimes condense to one deep pang, the sum total of those shallow pains kindly diffused through feebler men's whole lives. And so, such hearts, though summary in each one suffering; still, if the gods decree it, in their life-time aggregate a whole age of woe, wholly made up of instantaneous intensities; for even in their pointless centers, those noble natures contain the entire circumferences of inferior souls.

"The harpoon," said Ahab, halfway rising, and draggingly leaning on one bended arm—"is it safe?"

"Aye, sir, for it was not darted; this is it," said Stubb, showing it. "Lay it before me;—any missing men?"

"One, two, three, four, five—there were five oars, sir, and here are five men."

"That's good.—Help me, man; I wish to stand. So, so, I see him! there! there! going to leeward still; what a leaping spout!—Hands off from me! Set the sail; out oars; the helm!" But the whale was swimming with a velocity which plainly showed, that if now, under these

circumstances, pushed on, the chase would prove an indefinitely prolonged, if not a hopeless one; nor could any crew endure for so long a period, such an unintermitted, intense straining at the oar; a thing barely tolerable only in some one brief vicissitude. The ship itself, then, as it sometimes happens, offered the most promising intermediate means of overtaking the chase. Accordingly, the boats now made for her, and were soon swayed up to their cranes—the two parts of the wrecked boats having been previously secured by her-and then hoisting everything to her side, and stacking her canvas high up, and sideways outstretching it with stunsails, like the double-jointed wings of an albatross, the Pequod bore down in the leeward wake of Moby Dick. At the well-known, methodic intervals, the whale's glittering spout was regularly announced from the manned mast-heads; and when he would be reported as just gone down, Ahab would take the time, and then pacing the deck, binnacle-watch in hand, so soon as the last second of the allotted hour expired, his voice was heard.— "Whose is the doubloon now? D'ye see him?" and if the reply was No, sir! straightway he commanded them to lift him to his perch. In this way the day wore on; Ahab, now aloft and motionless; anon, unrestingly pacing the planks.

As he was thus walking, uttering no sound, except to hail the men aloft, or to bid them hoist a sail still higher, or to spread one to a still greater breadth—thus to and fro pacing, beneath his slouched hat, at every turn he passed his own wrecked boat, which had been dropped upon the quarter-deck, and lay there reversed; broken bow to shattered stern. At last he paused before it; and as in an already over-clouded sky fresh troops of clouds will sometimes sail across, so over the old man's face there now stole some such added gloom as this.

"Aye, sir," said Starbuck drawing near, "it is a solemn sight; an omen, and an ill one."

"Omen? omen?—the dictionary! If the gods think to speak outright to man, they will honorably speak outright; not shake their heads, and give an old wives' darkling hint.—Begone! Ahab stands alone among the millions of the peopled earth, nor gods nor men his neighbors! Cold, cold—I shiver!—How now? Aloft there! D'ye see him? Sing out for every spout, though he spout ten times a second!"

CHAPTER 81

The Chase—Second Day

A DAY-BREAK, the three mast-heads were punctually manned afresh.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab after allowing a little space for the light to spread.

"See nothing, sir."

"Turn up all hands and make sail! he travels faster than I thought for. The top-gallant sails!—aye, they should have been kept on her all night. But no matter—'tis but resting for the rush."

The ship tore on, leaving such a furrow in the sea as when a cannon-ball, missent, becomes a plowshare and turns up the level field.

"There she blows—she blows!—she blows!—right ahead!" was now the mast-head cry.

"Aye, aye!" cried Stubb, "I knew it—ye can't escape—blow on and split your spout, O whale! the mad fiend himself is after ye! blow your trump—blister your lungs!—Ahab will dam off your blood!"

And Stubb did but speak out for well nigh all that crew. The frenzies of the chase had by this time worked them bubblingly up, like old wine worked anew. Whatever pale fears and forebodings some of them might have felt before; these were not only now kept out of sight through the growing awe of Ahab, but they were broken up, and on all sides routed, as timid prairie hares that scatter before the bounding bison. The hand of Fate had snatched all their souls; and by the stirring perils of the previous day; the rack of the past night's suspense; the fixed, unfearing, blind, reckless way in which their wild craft went plunging towards its flying mark; by all these things, their hearts were bowled along.

They were one man, not thirty. For as the one ship that held them all; though it was put together of all contrasting things—oak, and maple, and pine wood; iron, and pitch, and hemp—yet all these ran into each other in the one concrete hull, which shot on its way, both balanced and directed by the long central keel; even so, all the indi-

vidualities of the crew, this man's valor, that man's fear; guilt and guiltiness, all varieties were welded into oneness, and were all directed to that fatal goal which Ahab their one lord and keel did point to.

The rigging lived. The mast-heads, like the tops of tall palms, were outspreadingly tufted with arms and legs. Clinging to a spar with one hand, some reached forth the other with impatient wavings; others, shading their eyes from the vivid sunlight, sat far out on the rocking yards; all the spars in full bearing of mortals, ready and ripe for their fate.

"There she breaches! there she breaches!" was the cry, as in his immeasurable bravadoes the White Whale tossed himself salmon-like to Heaven. So suddenly seen in the blue plain of the sea, and relieved against the still bluer margin of the sky, the spray that he raised, for the moment, intolerably glittered and glared like a glacier; and stood there gradually fading and fading away from its first sparkling intensity, to the dim mistiness of an advancing shower in a vale.

"Aye, breach your last to the sun, Moby Dick!" cried Ahab, "thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand!—Down! down all of ye, but one man at the fore. The boats!—stand by!"

Unmindful of the tedious rope-ladders of the shrouds, the men, like shooting stars, slid to the deck by the isolated backstays and halyards; while Ahab, less dartingly, but still rapidly was dropped from his perch.

"Lower away," he cried, so soon as he had reached his boat—a spare one, rigged the afternoon previous. "Mr. Starbuck, the ship is thine—keep away from the boats, but keep near them. Lower, all!"

As if to strike a quick terror into them, by this time being the first assailant himself, Moby Dick had turned, and was now coming for the three crews. Ahab's boat was central; and cheering his men, he told them he would take the whale head-and-head—that is, pull straight up to his forehead—a not uncommon thing; for when within a certain limit, such a course excludes the coming onset from the whale's side-long vision. But ere that close limit was gained, and while yet all three boats were plain as the ship's three masts to his eye the White Whale churning himself into furious speed, almost in an instant, as it were, rushing among the boats with open jaws, and a lashing tail, offered appalling battle on every side; and heedless of the irons darted at him from every boat, seemed only intent on annihilating each separate plank of which those boats were made. But skillfully manœuvred, incessantly wheeling like trained chargers in the field; the boats for a

while eluded him; though, at times, but by a plank's breadth; while all the time, Ahab's unearthly slogan tore every other cry but his to shreds.

But at last in his untraceable evolutions, the White Whale so crossed and recrossed, and in a thousand ways entangled the slack of the three lines now fast to him, that they foreshortened, and, of themselves, warped the devoted boats towards the planted irons in him; though now for a moment the whale drew aside a little, as if to rally for a more tremendous charge. Seizing that opportunity, Ahab first paid out more line; and then was rapidly hauling and jerking in upon it again—hoping that way to disencumber it of some snarls—when lo!—a sight more savage than the embattled teeth of sharks!

Caught and twisted—corkscrewed in the mazes of the line, loose harpoons and lances, with all their bristling barbs and points, came flashing and dripping up to the chocks in the bows of Ahab's boat. Only one thing could be done. Seizing the boat-knife, he critically reached within—through—and then, without—the rays of steel; dragged in the line beyond, passed it, inboard, to the bowsman, and then, twice sundering the rope near the chocks—dropped the intercepted fagot of steel into the sea; and was all fast again. That instant, the White Whale made a sudden rush among the remaining tangles of the other lines; by so doing, irresistibly dragged the more involved boats of Stubb and Flask towards his flukes; dashed them together like two rolling husks on a surf-beaten beach, and then, diving down into the sea, disappeared in a boiling maelstrom, in which, for a space, the odorous cedar chips of the wrecks danced round and round, like the grated nutmeg in a swiftly stirred bowl of punch.

While the two crews were yet circling in the waters, reaching out after the revolving line-tubs, oars, and other floating furniture, while aslope little Flask bobbed up and down like an empty vial, twitching his legs upwards to escape the dreaded jaws of sharks; and Stubb was lustily singing out for someone to ladle him up; and while the old man's line—now parting—admitted of his pulling into the creamy pool to rescue whom he could—in that wild simultaneousness of a thousand concreted perils—Ahab's yet unstricken boat seemed drawn up towards Heaven by invisible wires—as, arrow-like, shooting perpendicularly from the sea, the White Whale dashed his broad forehead against its bottom, and sent it turning over and over, into the air; till it fell again—gunwale downwards—and Ahab and his men struggled out from under it, like seals from a sea-side cave.

The first uprising momentum of the whale—modifying its direction as he struck the surface—involuntarily launched him along it, to a little distance from the center of the destruction he had made; and with his back to it, he now lay for a moment slowly feeling with his flukes from side to side; and whenever a stray oar, bit of plank, the least chip or crumb of the boats touched his skin, his tail swiftly drew back, and came sideways smiting the sea. But soon, as if satisfied that his work for that time was done, he pushed his pleated forehead through the ocean, and trailing after him the intertangled lines, continued his leeward way at a traveler's methodic pace.

As before, the attentive ship having descried the whole fight, again came bearing down to the rescue, and dropping a boat, picked up the floating mariners, tubs, oars, and whatever else could be caught at, and safely landed them on her decks. Some sprained shoulders, wrists, and ankles; livid contusions; wrenched harpoons and lances; inextricable intricacies of rope; shattered oars and planks; all these were there; but no fatal or even serious ill seemed to have befallen any one. As with Fedallah the day before, so Ahab was now found grimly clinging to his boat's broken half, which afforded a comparatively easy float; nor did it so exhaust him as the previous day's mishap.

But when he was helped to the deck, all eyes were fastened upon him; as instead of standing by himself he still half-hung upon the shoulder of Starbuck, who had thus far been the foremost to assist him. His ivory leg had been snapped off, leaving but one short sharp splinter.

"Aye, aye, Starbuck, 'tis sweet to lean sometimes, be the leaner who he will; and would old Ahab had leaned oftener than he has."

"The ferrule has not stood, sir," said the carpenter, now coming up; "I put good work into that leg."

"But no bones broken, sir, I hope," said Stubb with true concern.

"Aye! and all splintered to pieces, Stubb!—d'ye see it.—But even with a broken bone, old Ahab is untouched; and I account no living bone of mine one jot more me, than this dead one that's lost. Nor white whale, nor man, nor fiend, can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and inaccessible being,—Aloft there! which way?"

"Dead to leeward, sir."

"Up helm, then; pile on the sail again, shipkeepers! down the rest of the spare boats and rig them—Mr. Starbuck away, and muster the boat's crews."

"Let me first help thee towards the bulwarks, sir."

"Oh, oh, oh! how this splinter gores me now! Accursed fate! that the unconquerable captain in the soul should have such a craven mate!"

"Sir?"

"My body, man, not thee. Give me something for a cane—there, that shivered lance will do. Muster the men. Surely I have not seen him yet. By Heaven it cannot be!—missing?—quick! call them all."

The old man's hinted thought was true. Upon mustering the company, the Parsee was not there.

"Aye, sir," said Stubb—"caught among the tangles of your line—I thought I saw him dragging under."

"My line! my line? Gone?—gone? What means that little word?—The harpoon, too!—toss over the litter there,—d'ye see it?—the forged iron, men, the white whale's—no, no, no,—blistered fool! this hand did dart it!—'tis in the fish!—Aloft there! Keep him nailed—Quick!—all hands to the rigging of the boats—collect the oars—harpooneers! the irons, the irons!—hoist the royals higher—a pull on all the sheets!—helm there! steady, steady for your life! I'll slay him yet!"

"Great God! but for one single instant show thyself," cried Starbuck; "never, never wilt thou capture him, old man—In Jesus' name no more of this, that's worse than devil's madness. Two days chased; twice stove to splinters; thy very leg once more snatched from under thee; thy evil shadow gone—all good angels mobbing thee with warnings:—what more wouldst thou have?—Shall we keep chasing this murderous fish till he swamps the last man? Shall we be towed by him to the infernal world? Oh, oh—Impiety and blasphemy to hunt him more!"

"Starbuck, of late I've felt strangely moved to thee; ever since that hour we both saw—thou know'st what, in one another's eyes. But in this matter of the whale, be the front of thy face to me as the palm of this hand—a lipless, unfeatured blank. Ahab is for ever Ahab, man. This whole act's immutably decreed. 'Twas rehearsed by thee and me a billion years before this ocean rolled. Fool! I am the Fates' lieutenant; I act under orders. Look thou, underling! that thou obeyest mine.'

So once more the sail was shortened, and everything passed nearly as on the previous night; only, the sound of hammers, and the hum of the grindstone was heard till nearly daylight, as the men toiled by lanterns in the complete and careful rigging of the spare boats and sharpening their fresh weapons for the morrow. Meantime, of the broken keel of Ahab's wrecked craft the carpenter made him another leg; while still as on the night before, slouched Ahab stood fixed within his scuttle; his hid, heliotrope glance anticipatingly gone backward on its dial; sat due eastward for the earliest sun.

CHAPTER 82

The Chase—Third Day

THE MORNING OF the third day dawned fair and fresh, and once more the solitary night-man at the fore-mast-head was relieved by crowds of the daylight look-outs, who dotted every mast and almost every spar.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab; but the whale was not yet in sight.

"In his infallible wake, though; but follow that wake, that's all. Helm there; steady, as thou goest, and hast been going. What a lovely day again! were it a new-made world, and this morning the first of its throwing open to them, a fairer day could not dawn upon that world. How the wild winds blow it; they whip it about me as the torn shreds of split sails lash the tossed ship they cling to. A vile wind that has no doubt blown ere this through prison corridors and cells, and wards of hospitals, and ventilated them, and now comes blowing hither as innocent as fleeces. Out upon it!—it's tainted. Were I the wind, I'd blow no more on such a wicked, miserable world. I'd crawl somewhere to a cave, and slink there. And yet, 'tis a noble and heroic thing, the wind! who ever conquered it? In every fight it has the last and bitterest blow. Run tilting at it, and you but run through it. Ha! a coward wind that strikes stark-naked men, but will not stand to receive a single blow. Even Ahab is a braver thing—a nobler thing than that. Would now the wind but had a body; but all the things that most exasperate and outrage mortal man, all these things are bodiless, but only bodiless as objects, not as agents. There's a most special, a most cunning, oh, a most malicious difference!"

A whole hour now passed; gold-beaten out to ages. Time itself now held long breaths with keen suspense. But at last, some three points off the weather bow, Ahab descried the spout again, and instantly from the three mast-heads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it.

In due time the boats were lowered; but as standing in his shallop's stern, Ahab just hovered upon the point of the descent, he waved to the mate, who held one of the tackle-ropes on deck, and bade him pause.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir?"

"For the third time my soul's ship starts upon this voyage, Starbuck."

"Aye, sir, thou wilt have it so."

"Some ships sail from their ports, and ever afterwards are missing, Starbuck!"

"Truth, sir: saddest truth."

"Some men die at ebb tide; some at low water; some at the full of the flood; and I feel now like a billow that's all one crested comb, Starbuck. I am old; shake hands with me, man."

"Oh, my captain, my captain!—noble heart—go not!—see, it's a brave man that weeps; how great the agony of the persuasion then!"

"Lower away!"—cried Ahab, tossing the mate's arm from him. "Stand by the crew!"

In an instant the boat was pulling round close under the stern.

"The sharks! the sharks!" cried a voice from the low cabin-window there; "O master, my master, come back!"

But Ahab heard nothing; for his own voice was high-lifted then; and the boat leaped on.

Yet the voice spake true; for scarce had he pushed from the ship, when numbers of sharks, seemingly rising from out the dark waters beneath the hull, maliciously snapped at the blades of the oars, every time they dipped in the water; and in this way accompanied the boat with their bites. It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whale-boats in those swarming seas; the sharks at times apparently following them in the same prescient way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the east. But these were the first sharks that had been observed by the Pequod since the White Whale had been first descried; and whether it was that Ahab's crew were all such tiger-yellow barbarians, and therefore their flesh more musky to the senses of the sharks—a matter sometimes well known to affect them—however it was, they seemed to follow that one boat without molesting the others.

The boats had not gone very far, when by a signal from the mast-

heads—a downward pointed arm—Ahab knew that the whale had sounded; but intending to be near him at the next rising, he held on his way a little sideways from the vessel, the becharmed crew maintaining the profoundest silence as the head-beat waves hammered and hammered against the opposing bow.

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad circles; then quickly upheaved, as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice, swiftly rising to the surface. A low rumbling sound was heard; a subterraneous hum; and then all held their breaths; as bedraggled with trailing ropes, and harpoons, and lances, a vast form shot lengthwise, but obliquely from the sea. Shrouded in a thin drooping veil of mist, it hovered for a moment in the rainbowed air; and then fell swamping back into the deep. Crushed thirty feet upwards, the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains, then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes, leaving the circling surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale.

"Give way!" cried Ahab to the oarsmen, and the boats darted forward to the attack; but maddened by yesterday's fresh irons that corroded in him, Moby Dick seemed combinedly possessed by all the angels that fell from heaven. The wide tiers of welded tendons overspreading his broad white forehead, beneath the transparent skin, looked knitted together, as head on, he came churning his tail among the boats, and once more flailed them apart, spilling out the irons and lances from the two mates' boats, and dashing in one side of the upper part of their bows, but leaving Ahab's almost without a scar.

While Daggoo and Queequeg were stopping the strained planks, and as the whale swimming out from them, turned, and showed one entire flank as he shot by them again, at that moment a quick cry went up. Lashed round and round to the fish's back; pinioned in the turns upon turns in which, during the past night, the whale had reeled the involutions of the lines around him, the half torn body of the Parsee was seen, his sable raiment frayed to shreds, his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab.

The harpoon dropped from his hand.

"Befooled, befooled!"—drawing in a long lean breath—"Aye, Parsee! I see thee again.—Aye, and thou goest before; and this, this then is the hearse that thou didst promise. But I hold thee to the last letter of thy word. Where is the second hearse? Away, mates, to the ship! those boats are useless now; repair them if ye can in time, and

return to me; if not, Ahab is enough to die—Down, men! the first thing that but offers to jump from this boat I stand in, that thing I harpoon. Ye are not other men, but my arms and my legs; and so obey me.—Where's the whale? gone down again?"

But he looked too nigh the boat; for as if bent upon escaping with the corpse he bore, and as if the particular place of the last encounter had been but a stage in his leeward voyage, Moby Dick was now again steadily swimming forward; and had almost passed the ship—which thus far had been sailing in the contrary direction to him, though for the present her headway had been stopped. He seemed swimming with his utmost velocity, and now only intent upon pursuing his own straight path in the sea.

"Oh! Ahab," cried Starbuck, "not too late is it, even now, the third day, to desist. See! Moby Dick seeks thee not. It is thou, thou, that madly seekest him!"

Setting sail to the rising wind, the lonely boat was swiftly impelled to leeward, by both oars and canvas. And at last, when Ahab was sliding by the vessel, so near as plainly to distinguish Starbuck's face as he leaned over the rail, he hailed him to turn the vessel about, and follow him, not too swiftly, at a judicious interval. Glancing upwards he saw Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo, eagerly mounting to the three mast-heads; while the oarsmen were rocking in the two staved boats which had just been hoisted to the side, and were busily at work in repairing them. One after the other, through the port-holes, as he sped, he also caught flying glimpses of Stubb and Flask, busying themselves on deck among bundles of new irons and lances. As he saw all this, as he heard the hammers in the broken boats, far other hammers seemed driving a nail into his heart. But he rallied. And now marking that the vane or flag was gone from the main-mast-head, he shouted to Tashtego, who had just gained that perch, to descend again for another flag, and a hammer and nails, and so nail it to the mast.

Whether fagged by the three days' running chase, and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he bore; or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him—whichever was true, the White Whale's way now began to abate, as it seemed, from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more, though indeed the whale's last start had not been so long a one as before. And still as Ahab glided over the waves the unpitying sharks accompanied him, and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat, and so continually bit at the plying oars, that the blades became jagged and crunched, and left small splinters in the sea, at almost every dip.

At length as the craft was cast to one side, and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank, he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance—as the whale sometimes will—and Ahab was fairly within the smoky mountain mist, which, thrown off from the whale's spout, curled round his great Monadnock hump; he was even thus close to him when, with body arched back, and both arms lengthwise highlifted to the poise, he darted his fierce iron, and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale. As both steel and curse sank to the socket, as if sucked into a morass, Moby Dick sidewise writhed; spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow, and, without staving a hole in it, so suddenly canted the boat over that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung, Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea. As it was, three of the oarsmen—who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart, and were therefore unprepared for its effects—these were flung out; but so fell, that, in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave, hurled themselves bodily inboard again; the third man helplessly dropping astern, but still afloat and swimming.

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition of ungraduated, instantaneous swiftness, the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the steersman to take new turns with the line, and hold it so; and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats, and tow the boat up to the mark; the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug, it snapped in the empty air!

"What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks!—'tis whole again; oars! oars! Burst in upon him!"

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay; but in that evolution, catching sight of the nearing black hull of the ship; seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions; bethinking it—it may be—a larger and nobler foe, of a sudden he bore down upon its advancing prow, smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered; his hand smote his forehead. "I grow blind; hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way. Is't night?"

"The whale! The ship!" cried the cringing oarsmen.

"Oars! oars! I see: the ship! the ship! Dash on, my men! will ye not

save my ship?"

MOBY DICK

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledgehammering seas, the before whale-smitten bow-ends of two planks burst through, and in an instant almost, the temporarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves; its half-wading, splashing crew trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water.

Meantime, for that one beholding instant, Tashtego's mast-head hammer remained suspended in his hand; and the red flag, half-wrapping him as with a plaid, then streamed itself straight out from him as his own forward-flowing heart; while Starbuck and Stubb, standing upon the bowsprit beneath, caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

"The whale, the whale! Up helm, up helm! Oh, all ye sweet powers of air, now hug me close! Let not Starbuck die, if die he must, in a woman's fainting fit. Up helm, I say—ye fools, the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all my bursting prayers? all my life-long fidelities? Oh, Ahab, Ahab, lo, thy work. Steady! helmsman, steady. Nay, nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh, his unappeasable brow drives on towards one, whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God, stand by me now!"

From the ship's bows, nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of plank, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of over-spreading semicircular foam before him as he rushed. Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooneers aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume.

"The ship! The hearse!—the second hearse!" cried Ahab from the boat; "its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.

"I turn my body from the sun. What ho, Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer. Oh! ye three unsurrendered spires of mine, thou uncracked keel and only god-bullied hull, thou firm deck, and haughty helm, and

Pole-pointed prow—death-glorious ship! must ye then perish, and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of meanest ship-wrecked captains? Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. From all your furthest bounds, pour ye now in, ye bold billows of my whole foregone life, and top this one piled comber of my death! Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee. Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine, let me then tow to pieces, while still chasing thee, though tied to thee, thou damned whale! Thus, I give up the spear!"

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove—ran foul. Ahab stooped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone. Next instant, the heavy eye-splice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and smiting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned. "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" Soon they through dim, be-wildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom, as in the gaseous Fata Morgana; only the uppermost masts out of the water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their once lofty perches, the pagan harpooneers still maintained their sinking look-outs on the sea. And now, concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole, and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the Pequod out of sight.

But as the last whelmings intermixingly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the mainmast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coincidings, over the destroying billows they almost touched—at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar. A sky-hawk that tauntingly had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding Tashtego there, this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood, and simultaneously feeling

MOBY DICK

that ethereal thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-gasp, kept his hammer frozen there. And so the bird of heaven, with archangelic shrieks, and his imperial beak thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

EPILOGUE

"And I Only Am Escaped Alone to Tell Thee"

Job.

THE DRAMA'S DONE. Why then here does anyone step forth?—Because one did survive the wreck.

It so chanced, that after the Parsee's disappearance, I was he whom the Fates ordained to take the place of Ahab's bowsman, when that bowsman assumed the vacant post; the same, who, when on the last day the three men were tossed from out of the rocking boat, was dropped astern. So, floating on the margin of the ensuing scene, and in full sight of it, when the half-spent suction of the sunk ship reached me, I was then, but slowly, drawn towards the closing vortex. When I reached it, it had subsided to a creamy pool. Round and round, then, and ever contracting towards the button-like black bubble at the axis of that slowly wheeling circle, like another Ixion I did revolve. Till, gaining that vital center, the black bubble upward burst; and now, liberated by reason of its cunning spring, and, owing to its great buoyancy, rising with great force, the coffin lifebuoy shot lengthwise from the sea, fell over, and floated by my side. Buoyed up by that coffin, for almost one whole day and night, I floated on a soft and dirge-like main. The unharming sharks, they glided by as if with padlocks on their mouths; the savage sea-hawks sailed with sheathed beaks. On the second day a sail drew near, nearer, and picked me up at last. It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children only found another orphan.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES



HOME COURSE APPRECIATION



o antoine Galland (1646-1715), a French Orientalist, goes the honor of having been first to translate the Arabian Thousand and One Nights into a European language. First published in 1704, during the reign of Louis XIV, Galland's work had an instant and extraordinary success. For two hundred and fifty years the fascination of these stories, one of the chief compilations of folk tales in the world, has continued unabated in the West. Galland was a gifted storyteller, and his treatment of the fragmentary Arabic manuscripts which came into his possession was quite free.

With all of France soon under the spell of Queen Scheherazade, and then all Europe, a literary vogue commenced which quickly resulted in the publication of Indian tales, Chinese tales, Persian tales. None, however, achieved the popularity of the *Thousand and One Nights*. Galland's work also created a heightened interest among scholars, who instigated an elaborate search for Arabic manuscripts with the hope of discovering a complete version of the sensationally popular tales. No such text has ever been found, owing perhaps to the Eastern disregard of "popular" works which, by tradition, were likely to be considered unworthy of serious attention.

The first six books of Galland's version nearly exhausted the material contained in his beginning manuscript. Luckily for him, however, many new stories were sent to him in Arabic by a Syrian scholar living in Aleppo. In time his translations of these additional stories were published in another six volumes. Little can be authoritatively stated about the origin of these tales. Many of them can be clearly demonstrated to be based on Persian models, but their spirit has become thoroughly Moslem. The form in which the compilation is now known to us, whatever its dim history, is unquestionably native

to an Arabic-speaking country. To this day storytelling in the market place is common in the Orient, and the tales of the *Arabian Nights* are still being told in a thousand different forms.

THE FRAME OF THE STORIES

Like Chaucer's Canterbury Tales and Boccaccio's Decameron, the stories of the Thousand and One Nights are constructed around a "frame story." In the Canterbury Tales a group of pilgrims enliven the tedium of their journey by telling stories as they go along. With matchless skill Chaucer not only endowed each wayfarer with life, but made the frame story an integral part of his tales. In a somewhat less imaginative way, Boccaccio contented himself with the device of the frame as an excuse for gathering his ten storytellers together. Although we are told that they each govern one day's allotment of ten stories, there is but scant distinction to be made between the storytellers. Even more perfunctory is the frame story of the much older Thousand and One Nights.

It concerns the powerful king, Schariar, who, cuckolded by his first wife, thereafter has all his wives put to death after one night of marriage. Not very surprisingly, the supply of marriageable girls dwindles, since fathers with unmarried daughters begin to flee the city. The king's vizier, whose responsibility it is to procure new wives, begins to number his own hours, since he knows failure will bring swift punishment. At this point his own daughter, Shehrzad (or Scheherazade, as the name is usually spelled today), insists upon marrying the king. On her wedding night she begins to tell the king a story, and when his interest is aroused, breaks off, counting on the king's curiosity to save her skin. Each night thereafter she recounts a tale, taking care that her single-minded spouse never breaks through the west of stories and always ending when his interest is great enough to insure her next twenty-four hours. At the end of one thousand and one nights the wily lass presents the king with an heir and wins a permanent stay of execution.

A VAST AND MARVELOUS COLLECTION

To READ the entire collection is a vast undertaking, yet the range and diversity of stories are such that they promise fare for all tastes. Some stories are as brief as a few lines, and some are more

like novels. There are animal fables, brief moral tales, lengthy romances and supernatural accounts, stories of kings and paupers, swindlers and saints, rogues and lovers—in all, two hundred and sixty-four stories, which jumble together with much verse. In turn the reader will find farce and philosophy, tragedy and comedy, gaiety, melancholy, horseplay, asceticism.



"Ali Baba . . . gave him full license to halt there for the night."

The name of Haroun-al-Raschid appears more often in the work than any other. Haroun (c. 764–809) was the most famous of the caliphs of his line, a great patron of arts and letters, and the ruler of Baghdad during its flowering. It is his city, teeming, half-legendary, luxurious, dangerous and beautiful that makes the backdrop of the *Arabian Nights*.

No single story can give an adequate picture of the collection's amazing richness and variety, but *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* is as perfect a tale as will be found in it. The cunning of the faithful

handmaid Morgiana, the avarice of Kasim and his wife, the ruthlessness of the robber chief, the wonderful good fortune which befalls the impoverished Ali Baba—what could be more fascinating? This is no mere fairy tale; the characters are too well drawn and their motivations are too sharp for them to be considered simple stereotypes.

THE TALES WERE ORALLY TRANSMITTED

It must be borne in mind that the stories survived for centuries through an oral tradition, which inevitably involved distortions and variations. They are the creations of many lands and different peoples, and no "official" or "correct" version can be spoken of. Two of the most popular—Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp and Ali Baba—are among the most difficult to assign origins to. The Arabic version of Aladdin that has been found, for example, is considered by many scholars as not old at all, but rather a retranslation into Arabic of Galland's French. And so far no Arabic version has been found of Ali Baba.

The Irish novelist Henry Torrens made the first English translation of the tales. He ceased, however, when Edward Lane, the Egyptologist, began in 1839 to issue his much more accurate but less flavorful translations. John Payne later did a translation that combined many of the virtues of his two predecessors. His work was nearly four times the length of Galland's. Four years after Payne, in 1885, Sir Richard Burton issued a translation that, while it owes much to Payne, has become the best-known version. It was he who established the text in its present division into nights.



In dwelt in a certain town of Persia two brothers, one named Kasim and the other Ali Baba, who at their father's demise had shared the little wealth he had left to them with equitable division, and had lost no time in wasting and spending it all. The elder, however, presently took to himself a wife, the daughter of an opulent merchant; so that when his father-in-law fared to the mercy of Almighty Allah, he became owner of a large shop filled with rare goods and costly wares and of a storehouse stocked with precious stuffs; likewise of much gold that was buried in the ground. Thus was he known throughout the city as a substantial man. But the woman whom Ali Baba had married was poor and needy; they lived, therefore, in a mean hovel and Ali Baba eked out a scanty livelihood by the sale of fuel which he daily collected in the jungle and carried about the town to the bazaar upon his three asses.

Now it chanced one day that Ali Baba had cut dead branches and dry fuel sufficient for his need, and had placed the load upon his beasts when suddenly he espied a dust cloud spiring high in air to his right and moving rapidly toward him; and when he closely considered it he described a troop of horsemen riding on amain and about to reach him.

At this sight he was sore alarmed, and fearing lest perchance they were a band of bandits who would slay him and drive off his donkeys, in his affright he began to run; but for as much as they were near at hand and he could not escape from out the forest, he drove his animals laden with the fuel into a byway of the bushes and swarmed up a thick trunk of a huge tree to hide himself therein;



and he sat upon a branch whence he could descry everything beneath him while none below could catch a glimpse of him above; and that tree grew close beside a rock which towered high abovehead.

The horsemen, young, active, and doughty riders, came close up to the rock face and all dismounted; whereat Ali Baba took good note of them and soon he was fully persuaded by their mien and demeanor that they were a troop of highwaymen who, having fallen upon a caravan had despoiled it and carried off the spoil and brought their booty to this place with intent of concealing it safely in some cache. Moreover he observed that they were forty in number.

And as the morn began to dawn, Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and twenty-sixth night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that Ali Baba saw the robbers, as soon as they came under the tree, each unbridle his horse and hobble it; then all took off their saddlebags which proved to be full of gold and silver. The man who seemed to be the captain presently pushed forward, load on shoulder, through thorns and thickets, till he came up to a certain spot where he uttered these strange words, "Open, O Sesame!"

Forthwith appeared a wide doorway in the face of the rock. The robbers went in and last of all their chief and then the portal shut of itself. A long while they stayed within the cave while Ali Baba was constrained to abide perched upon the tree, reflecting that if he came down, peradventure the band might issue forth that very moment and seize him and slay him. At last he had determined to mount one of the horses and, driving on his asses, to return townward, when suddenly the portal flew open. The robber-chief was first to issue forth; then, standing at the entrance, he saw and counted his men as they came out, and lastly he spake the magical words, "Shut, O Sesame!" whereat the door closed of itself. When all had passed muster and review, each slung on his saddlebags and bridled his





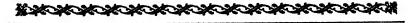
own horse and as soon as ready they rode off, led by the leader, in the direction whence they came.

Ali Baba remained still perched on the tree and watched their departure; nor would he descend until they were clean gone out of sight, lest perchance one of them return and look around and descry him. Then he thought to himself, I too will try the virtue of those magical words and see if at my bidding the door will open and close.

So he called out aloud, "Open, O Sesame!" And no sooner had he spoken than straightway the portal flew open and he entered within. He saw a large and vaulted cavern, in height equaling the stature of a full-grown man and it was hewn in the live stone and lighted up with light that came through air holes and bulls-eyes in the upper surface of the rock which formed the roof. He had expected to find naught save outer gloom in this robbers' den, and he was surprised to see the whole room filled with bales of all manner of stuffs, and heaped up from floor to ceiling with camel-loads of silks and brocades and embroidered cloths and mounds on mounds of varicolored carpetings; besides which he espied golden and silver coins without measure or account, some piled upon the ground and others bound in leathern bags and sacks.

Seeing these goods and moneys in such abundance, Ali Baba determined in his mind that not during a few years only but for many generations thieves must have stored their gains and spoils in this place. When he stood within the cave, its door had closed upon him, yet he was not dismayed since he had kept in memory the magical words; and he took no heed of the precious stuffs around him, but applied himself only and wholly to the sacks of ashrafis.* Of these he carried out as many as he judged sufficient burden for the beasts; then he loaded them upon his animals, and covered this plunder with sticks and fuel, so none might discern the bags, but might think that he was carrying home his usual ware. Lastly he called out, "Shut, O Sesame!" and forthwith the door closed, for

^{*} Gold coins of Persia





the spell so wrought that whensoever any entered the cave, its portal shut of itself behind him; and, as he issued therefrom, the same would neither open nor close again till he had pronounced the words, "Shut, O Sesame!"

Presently, having laden his asses Ali Baba urged them before him with all speed to the city and reaching home he drove them into the yard. Shutting close the outer door, he took down first the sticks and fuel and after that the bags of gold, which he carried in to his wife. She felt them and finding them full of coin suspected that Ali Baba had been robbing and fell to berating and blaming him for doing so ill a thing.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and twenty-seventh night.

Then said she: I have heard, O, auspicious king, that Ali Baba then said to his wife:

"Indeed, I am no robber, and rather do thou rejoice with me at our good fortune." Thereupon he told her of his adventure and began to pour the gold from the bags in heaps before her, and her sight was dazzled by the sheen and her heart delighted at his recital and adventures. Then she began counting the gold, whereat quoth Ali Baba.

"O silly woman, how long wilt thou continue turning over the coin? Now let me dig a hole wherein to hide this treasure that none may know its secret."

Quoth she, "Right is thy advice, still would I weigh the moneys and have some inkling of their amount."

And he replied, "As thou pleasest, but see thou tell no man." So she went off in haste to Kasim's home to borrow weights and scales wherewith she might balance the ashrafis and make some reckoning of their value; and when she could not find Kasim she said to his wife.

"Lend me, I pray thee, thy scales for a moment."

Replied her sister-in-law, "Hast thou need of the bigger balance





or the smaller?"

The other rejoined, "I need not the large scales, give me the little." Her sister-in-law cried, "Stay here a moment while I look about and find thy want."

With this pretext Kasim's wife went aside and secretly smeared wax and suet over the pan of the balance, that she might know what thing it was Ali Baba's wife would weigh, for she made sure that whatsoever it was some bit would stick to the wax and fat. So the woman took this opportunity to satisfy her curiosity, and Ali Baba's wife suspecting naught thereof carried home the scales and began to weigh the gold, while Ali Baba ceased not digging; and, when the money was weighed, they together stowed it into the hole which they carefully filled up with earth. Then the good wife took back the scales to her kinswoman, all unknowing that an ashrafi had adhered to the cup of the scales. But when Kasim's wife espied the gold coin she fumed with envy and wrath, saying to herself, so ho! they borrowed my balance to weigh out ashrafis? And she marveled greatly whence so poor a man as Ali Baba had gotten such store of wealth that he should be obliged to weigh it with a pair of scales.

Now after long pondering the matter, when her husband returned home at eventide, she said to him,

"O man, thou deemest thyself a wight of wealth and substance, but lo, thy brother Ali Baba is an emir by the side of thee and richer far than thou art. He hath such heaps of gold that he must needs weigh his moneys with scales, while thou, forsooth, art satisfied to count thy coin."

"Whence knowest thou this?" asked Kasim, and in answer his wife related all concerning the pair of scales and how she found an ashrafi stuck to them, and showed him the gold coin which bore the mark and superscription of some ancient king. No sleep had Kasim all that night by reason of his envy and jealousy and covetousness; and next morning he rose betimes and going to Ali Baba said,



"O my brother, to all appearance thou art poor and needy; but in effect thou hast a store of wealth so abundant that perforce thou must weigh thy gold with scales."

Quoth Ali Baba, "What is this thou sayest? I understand thee not; make clear thy purport."

Quoth Kasim with ready rage, "Feign not that thou art ignorant of what I say and think not to deceive me." Then showing him the ashrafi he cried, "Thousands of gold coins such as these thou hast put by; and meanwhile my wife found this one stuck to the cup of the scales."

Then Ali Baba understood how both Kasim and his wife knew that he had store of ashrafis, and said in his mind that it would not avail him to keep the matter hidden, but would rather cause ill will and mischief; and thus he was induced to tell his brother every whit concerning the bandits and also of the treasure trove in the cave.

When he had heard the story, Kasim exclaimed, "I would gladly learn of thee the certainty of the place where thou foundest the moneys; also the magical words whereby the door opened and closed; and I forewarn thee, if thou tell me not the whole truth, I will give notice of those ashrafis to the Wali; then shalt thou forfeit all thy wealth and be disgraced and thrown into jail.

Thereupon Ali Baba told him his tale, not forgetting the magical words; and Kasim who kept careful heed of all these matters next day set out, driving ten mules he had hired, and readily found the place which Ali Baba had described to him. And when he came to the aforesaid rock and to the tree whereon Ali Baba had hidden himself, and had made sure of the door he cried in great joy, "Open, O Sesame!"

The portal yawned wide at once and Kasim went within and saw the piles of jewels and treasures lying ranged all around; and, as soon as he stood among them the door shut after him as it was accustomed to do. He walked about in ecstasy marveling at the treasures, and when weary of admiration he gathered together bags of ashrafis, a





sufficient load for his ten mules, and placed them by the entrance in readiness to be carried outside and set upon the beasts.

But by the will of Allah Almighty he had clean forgotten the cabalistic words and cried out, "Open, O Barley!" whereat the door refused to move. Astonished and confused beyond measure he named the names of all manners of grains save sesame, which had slipped from his memory as though he had never heard the word; whereat in his dire distress he heeded not the ashrafis that lay heaped at the entrance and paced to and fro, backward and forward, within the cave, sorely puzzled and perplexed. The wealth whose sight had before filled his heart with joy and gladness was now the cause of bitter grief and sadness.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and twenty-eighth night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that Kasim gave up all hope of life which he by his greed and envy had so sorely imperiled. It came to pass that at noontide the robbers, returning by that way, saw from afar some mules standing beside the entrance and much they marveled at what had brought the beasts to that place; for, inasmuch as Kasim by mischance had failed to tether or hobble them, they had strayed about the jungle and were browsing hither and thither. However, the thieves paid scant regard to the strays nor cared they to secure them, but only wondered by what means they had wandered so far from the town. Then, reaching the cave, the captain and his troop dismounted and going up to the door repeated the formula. At once it flew open.

Now Kasim had heard from within the cave the horse-hooves drawing nigh and yet nigher; and he fell down to the ground in a fit of fear never doubting that it was the clatter of the banditti who would slaughter him without fail. Howbeit he presently took heart and at the moment when the door flew open he rushed out hoping to make good his escape. But the unhappy man ran full tilt against the captain who stood in front of the band, and felled him to the





ground; whereupon a robber standing near his chief at once bared his brand and with one cut clave Kasim clean in twain. Thereupon the robbers rushed into the cavern, and put back as they were before the bags of ashrafis which Kasim had heaped up at the doorway ready for taking away; nor recked they aught of those which Ali Baba had removed, so dazed and amazed were they to discover by what means the strange man had effected an entrance. They all knew that it was not possible for anyone to drop through the skylights, so tall and steep was the rock's face, and so slippery of ascent; and also that none could enter by the portal unless he knew the magical words whereby to open it. Even so, they presently quartered the dead body of Kasim and hung it to the door within the cavern, two parts to the right jamb and as many to left that the sight might be a warning of approaching doom for all who dared enter the cave. Then coming out they closed the hoard door and rode away upon their wonted work.

Now when night fell and Kasim came not home, his wife waxed uneasy in mind and running round to Ali Baba said, "O my brother, Kasim hath not returned. Thou knowest whither he went, and sore I fear me some misfortune hath betided him."

Ali Baba also divined that a mishap had happened to prevent his return; not the less, however, he strove to comfort his sister-in-law with words of cheer and said, "O wife of my brother, Kasim exerciseth discretion and, avoiding the city, cometh by a roundabout road and will be here anon. This, I do believe, is the reason why he tarrieth."

Thereupon comforted in spirit Kasim's wife fared homeward and sat awaiting her husband's return. But when half the night was spent and still he came not, she was as one distraught. She feared to cry aloud for her grief, lest haply the neighbors hearing her should come and learn the secret; so she wept in silence and upbraiding herself fell to thinking, wherefore did I disclose this secret to him and beget envy and jealousy of Ali Baba? This is the fruit thereof and hence



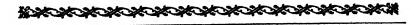


the disaster that hath come down upon me. She spent the rest of the night in bitter tears and early on the morrow hied in hottest hurry to Ali Baba and prayed that he would go forth in quest of his brother.

So he strove to console her and straightway set out with his asses for the forest. Presently, reaching the rock he wondered to see stains of blood freshly shed and not finding his brother or the ten mules he sensed a calamity from so evil a sign. He then went to the door and saying, "Open, O Sesame!" he pushed in and saw the dead body of Kasim, two parts hanging to the right, and the rest to the left of the entrance. Although he was frightened beyond measure, he wrapped the quarters in two cloths and laid them-upon one of his asses, hiding them carefully with sticks and fuel that none might see them. Then he placed the bags of gold upon the two other animals and likewise covered them most carefully; and, when all was made ready he closed the cave door with the magical words, and set forth wending homeward with all ward and watchfulness. The asses with the load of ashrafis he made over to his wife and bade her bury the bags with diligence; but he did not tell her the condition in which he had come upon his brother Kasim. Then he went with the other ass, the beast whereon was laid the corpse, to the widow's house and knocked gently at the door.

Now Kasim had a slave girl shrewd and sharp-witted, called Morgiana. She as softly undid the bolt and admitted Ali Baba and the ass into the courtyard of the house. There he let down the body from the beast's back and said, "O Morgiana, haste thee and make thee ready to perform the rites for the burial of thy lord. I now go to tell the tidings to thy mistress and I will quickly return to help thee in this matter."

At that instant Kasim's widow seeing her brother-in-law, exclaimed, "O Ali Baba, what news bringest thou of my spouse? Alas, I see grief tokens written upon thy countenance. Say quickly what hath happened." Then he recounted to her how it had fared with





her husband and how he had been slain by the robbers and how he had brought home the dead body.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and twenty-ninth night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that Ali Baba pursued, "O my lady, what was to happen hath happened, but it behoveth us to keep this matter secret, because our lives depend upon privacy."

She wept with sore weeping and made answer, "It hath fared with my husband according to the fiat of Fate; and now for thy safety's sake I give thee my word to keep the affair concealed."

He replied, "Naught can avail when Allah hath decreed. Rest thee in patience, until the days of thy widowhood be accomplished; after which time I will take thee to wife, and thou shalt live in comfort and happiness. And fear not lest my first spouse vex thee or show aught of jealousy, for she is kindly and tender of heart."

The widow lamenting her loss noisily, cried, "Be it as e'en thou please."

Then Ali Baba bade her farewell, she weeping and wailing for her husband, and joining Morgiana, took counsel with her how to manage the burial of his brother. So, after much consultation and many warnings, he left the slave girl and departed home, driving his ass before him.

As soon as Ali Baba had fared forth Morgiana went quickly to a druggist's shop; and, that she might the better dissemble with him and not make known the matter, she asked of him a drug often administered to men when diseased with dangerous distemper.

He gave it saying, "Who is there in thy house that lieth so ill as to require this medicine?"

Said she, "My Master Kasim is sick well nigh unto death: for many days he hath neither spoken nor tasted food, so that almost we despair of his life."

Next day Morgiana went again and asked the druggist for more





medicine and such essences as are administered to the sick when at door of death, in the hope that the moribund may rally before the last breath. The man gave the potion and she taking it sighed aloud and wept, saying,

"I fear me he may not have strength to drink this draught: methinks all will be over with him ere I return to the house."

Meanwhile Ali Baba was anxiously waiting to hear sounds of wailing and lamentation in Kasim's home that he might at such signal hasten thither and take part in the ceremonies of the funeral.

Early on the second day Morgiana went with veiled face to one Baba Mustafa, a tailor well along in years whose craft was to make shrouds and cerecloths; and as soon as she saw him open his shop she gave him a gold piece and said, "Do thou bind a bandage over thine eyes and come along with me." Mustafa made as though he would not go, whereat Morgiana placed a second gold coin in his palm and entreated him to accompany her. The tailor presently consented for greed of gain, so tying a kerchief tightly over his eyes she led him by the hand to the house wherein lay the dead body of her master. Then, taking off the bandage in the darkened room she bade him sew together the quarters of the corpse, and, casting a cloth upon the body, said to the tailor, "Make haste and sew a shroud according to the size of this dead man and I will give thee therefor yet another ducat."

Baba Mustafa quickly made the cerecloth of fitting length and breadth, and Morgiana paid him the promised ashrafi. Then, once more bandaging his eyes, she led him back to the place whence she had brought him. After this she returned hurriedly home and with the help of Ali Baba washed the body in warm water and donning the shroud lay the corpse upon a clean place ready for burial. This done Morgiana went to the mosque and gave notice to an Imam that a funeral was awaiting the mourners in a certain household, and prayed that he would come to read the prayers for the dead; and the Imam went back with her. Then four neighbors took up the bier





and bore it on their shoulders and fared forth with the Imam and others who were wont to give assistance at such obsequies.

After the funeral prayers were ended four other men carried off the coffin; and Morgiana walked before it bare of head, striking her breast and weeping and wailing with exceeding loud lament, while Ali Baba and the neighbors came behind. In such order they entered the cemetery and buried him; then, leaving him to Munkar and Nakir—the Questioners of the Dead—all wended their ways.

Presently the women of the quarter, according to the custom of the city, gathered together in the house of mourning and sat an hour with Kasim's widow comforting and condoling, presently leaving her somewhat resigned and cheered. Ali Baba stayed forty days at home in ceremonial lamentation for the loss of his brother. None within the town save himself and Kasim's widow and Morgiana knew about the secret. And when the forty days of mourning were ended Ali Baba removed to his own quarters all the property belonging to the deceased and openly married the widow. He appointed his nephew, his brother's eldest son, who had lived a long time with a wealthy merchant and was perfect of knowledge in all matters of trade, such as selling and buying, to take charge of the defunct's shop and to carry on the business.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirtieth night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, it so chanced one day when the robbers, as was their wont, came to the treasure cave that they marveled exceedingly to find nor sign nor trace of Kasim's body, at the same time that they observed that much of gold had been carried off.

Quoth the Captain, "Now it behoveth us to make inquiry in this matter; else shall we suffer much loss and our treasure, which we and our forefathers have amassed during the course of many years, will little by little be wasted and spoiled." Hereto all assented and with single mind agreed that he whom they had slain had knowl-



edge of the magical words whereby the door was made to open; moreover that someone beside him had cognizance of the spell and had carried off the body, and also much gold; wherefore they needs must make diligent research and find out who the man might be.

They then took counsel and determined that one among them, who should be sagacious and deft of wit, must don the dress of some merchant from foreign parts. Then, repairing to the city, he must go about from quarter to quarter and from street to street, and learn if any townsman had lately died and if so where he had dwelt, that with this clue they might be enabled to find the man they sought.

Hereat said one of the robbers, "Grant me leave that I fare and find out such tidings in the town and bring thee word anon; and if I fail of my purpose I hold my life in forfeit." Accordingly that bandit, after disguising himself by dress, pushed at night into the town and next morning early he repaired to the market square and saw that none of the shops had yet been opened, save only that of Baba Mustafa the tailor who, thread and needle in hand, sat upon his working stool. The thief bade him good day and said,

"'Tis yet dark: how canst thou see to sew?"

Said the tailor, "I perceive thou art a stranger. Despite my years my eyesight is so keen that only yesterday I sewed together a dead body while sitting in a room quite darkened." Quoth the bandit thereupon to himself, I shall get somewhat of my want from this snip; and to secure a further clue he asked,

"Meseemeth thou wouldst jest with me and thou meanest that a cerecloth for a corpse was stitched by thee and that thy business is to sew shrouds."

Answered the tailor, "It mattereth not to thee: question me no more questions."

Thereupon the robber placed an ashrafi in his hand and continued, "I desire not to discover anything thou hidest, albeit my breast, like every honest man's, is the grave of secrets; and this only would I learn of thee: in what house didst thou do that job? Canst





thou direct me thither, or thyself conduct me thereto?"

The tailor took the gold with greed and cried, "I have not seen with my own eyes the way to that house. A certain bondswoman led me to a place which I know right well and there she bandaged my eyes and guided me to some tenement and lastly carried me into a darkened room where lay the dead body dismembered. Then she unbound the kerchief and bade me sew together first the corpse and then the shroud, which done she again blindfolded me and led me back to the place whence she had brought me and left me there. Thou seest then I am not able to tell thee where thou shalt find the house."

Quoth the robber, "Albeit thou knowest not the dwelling where of thou speakest, still canst thou take me to the place where thou wast blindfolded. Then I will bind a kerchief over thine eyes and lead thee as thou wast led; on this wise perchance thou mayest hit upon the site. If thou wilt do this favor for me, see here: another golden ducat is thine."

Thereupon the bandit slipped a second ashrafi into the tailor's palm, and Baba Mustafa thrust it with the first into his pocket; then, leaving his shop as it was, he walked to the place where Morgiana had tied the kerchief around his eyes, and with him went the robber who, after binding on the bandage, led him by the hand. Baba Mustafa, who was clever and keen-witted, presently striking the street whereby he had fared with the handmaid, walked on counting step by step; then, halting suddenly, he said,

"Thus far I came with her"; and the twain stopped in front of Kasim's house wherein now dwelt his brother, Ali Baba.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirty-first night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that the robber then made marks with white chalk upon the door to the end that he might readily find it at some future time, and removing the bandage from the tailor's eyes said,





"O Baba Mustafa, I thank thee for this favor: and Almighty Allah guerdon thee for thy goodness. Tell me now, I pray thee, who dwelleth in yonder house?"

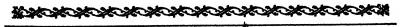
Quoth he, "In very sooth I know not, for I have little knowledge concerning this quarter of the city"; and the bandit, understanding that he could find no further clue from the tailor, dismissed him to his shop with abundant thanks, and hastened back to the tryst place in the jungle where the band awaited his coming.

Not long after, it so happened that Morgiana, going out upon some errand, marveled exceedingly at seeing the chalk marks showing white on the door; she stood awhile deep in thought and presently divined that some enemy had made the signs so that he might recognize the house and play some sleight upon her lord. She therefore chalked the doors of all her neighbors in like manner and kept the matter secret, never entrusting it to master or to mistress. Meanwhile the robber told his comrades his tale of adventure and how he had found the clue. So the captain, and with him all the band, went one after other by different ways till they entered the city; and he who had placed the mark on Ali Baba's door accompanied the chief to point out the place. He conducted him straightway to the house and showing the sign exclaimed, "Here dwelleth he of whom we are in search!"

But when the captain looked around him he saw that all the dwellings bore chalk marks after like fashion and he wondered saying, "By what manner of means knowest thou which house of all these houses that bear similar signs is that whereof thou spakest?"

Hereat the robber guide was confounded beyond measure of confusion, and could make no answer; with an oath he cried, "I did assuredly set a sign upon a door, but I know not whence came all the marks upon the other entrances; nor can I say for sure which it was I chalked."

Thereupon the captain returned to the market place and said to his men, "We have toiled and labored in vain, nor have we found



the house we went forth to seek. Return now to our rendezvous in the forest: I also will fare thither." Then all trooped off and assembled together within the treasure cave; and, when the robbers had all met, the captain judged him worthy of punishment who had spoken falsely and had led them through the city to no purpose. So he imprisoned him in presence of them all.

Then said he, "To him amongst you will I show special favor who shall go to town and bring me intelligence whereby he may lay

hands upon the plunderer of our property."

Hereat another of the company came forward and said, I am ready to go and inquire into the case, and its I who will bring thee to thy wish."

The captain after giving him presents and promises dispatched him upon his errand; and by the decree of Destiny which none may gainsay, this second robber went first to the house of Baba Mustafa the tailor, as had done the thief who had preceded him. In like manner he also persuaded the snip with gifts of golden coin that he be led hoodwinked and thus too he was guided to Ali Baba's door. Here noting the work of his predecessor, he affixed to the jamb a mark with red chalk, the better to distinguish it from the others whereon still showed the white. Then hied he back in stealth to his company.

But Morgiana on her part also descried the red sign on the entrance and with subtle forethought marked all the others after the same fashion; nor told she any what she had done. Meanwhile the bandit rejoined his band and vauntingly said, "O our Captain, I have found the house and thereon put a mark whereby I shall distinguish it clearly from all its neighbors."

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirty-second night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that the captain dispatched another of his men to the city and he found the place but, as aforetime, when the troop repaired thither they saw each and every house marked with signs of red chalk. So they returned dis-





appointed and the captain, becoming exceedingly displeased and distraught, clapped this spy also into jail.

Then said the chief to himself, Two men have failed in their endeavor and have met their rightful punishment; and I feel certain that none other of my band will essay to follow up their research; so I myself will go and find the house of this man.

Accordingly he fared along and, aided by the tailor Baba Mustafa, who had gained many golden pieces in this matter, he hit upon the house of Ali Baba; and here he made no outward show or sign, but marked it on the tablet of his heart and impressed the picture upon the page of his memory. Then returning to the jungle he said to his men,

"I have full cognizance of the place and have limned it clearly in my mind; so now there will be no difficulty in finding it. Go forth straightway and buy me and bring hither nineteen mules together with one large leathern jar of mustard oil and seven and thirty vessels of the same kind clean empty. Without me and the two locked up in jail ye number thirty-seven souls; so I will stow you away armed and accoutered each within his jar and will load two upon each mule, and upon the nineteenth mule there shall be a man in a jar on one side, and on the other the jar full of oil. I for my part, in guise of an oil merchant, will drive the mules into the town, arriving at the house by night, and will ask permission of its master to tarry there until morning. After this we shall seek occasion during the dark hours to rise up and fall upon him and slay him." Furthermore the captain spoke saying, "When we have made an end of him we shall recover the gold and treasure whereof he robbed us and bring it back upon the mules."

This counsel pleased the robbers who went forthwith and purchased mules and huge leathern jars, and did as the captain had bidden them. And, after a delay of three days, shortly before nightfall they arose; and over-smearing all the jars with oil of mustard, each hid him inside an empty vessel. The chief then disguised him-





self in trader's gear and placed the jars upon the nineteen mules; to wit, the thirty-seven vessels in each of which lay a robber armed and accoutered, and the one that was full of oil. This done, he drove the beasts before him and presently he reached Ali Baba's place at nightfall.

It chanced that the housemaster was strolling after supper to and fro in front of his home. The captain saluted him with the salam and said,

"I come from such and such a village with oil; and ofttimes have I been here a-selling oil, but now to my grief I have arrived too late and I am sore troubled and perplexed as to where I shall spend the night. Have pity on me, I pray thee, and grant that I tarry here in thy courtyard and ease the mules by taking down the jars and giving the beasts some fodder."

Ali Baba had heard the captain's voice when perched upon the tree and had seen him enter the cave, yet by reason of the disguise he knew him not for the leader of the thieves, and granted his request with hearty welcome and gave him full license to halt there for the night. He then pointed out an empty shed wherein to tether the mules, and bade one of the slave boys go fetch grain and water. He also gave orders to the slave girl Morgiana saying,

"A guest hath come hither and tarrieth here tonight. Do thou busy thyself with all speed about his supper and make ready the guestbed for him."

Presently, when the captain had let down all the jars and had fed and watered his mules, Ali Baba received him with all courtesy and kindness, and summoning Morgiana said in his presence,

"See thou fail not in service of this our stranger nor suffer him to lack for aught. Tomorrow early I would fare to the Hammam and bathe; so do thou give my slave boy Abdullah a suit of clean white clothes which I may put on after washing.—Moreover make ready a broth overnight, that I may drink it after my return home."

Replied she, "I will have all in readiness as thou hast bidden."



So Ali Baba retired to his rest, and the captain, having supped, repaired to the shed and saw that all the mules had their food and drink for the night.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirty-third night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that the captain, after seeing to the mules and the jars which Ali Baba and his household held to be full of oil, finding utter privacy, whispered to his men who were in ambush,

"This night at midnight when ye hear my voice, do you quickly open with your sharp knives the leathern jars from top to bottom and issue forth without delay." Then passing through the kitchen he reached the chamber wherein a bed had been spread for him, Morgiana showing the way with a lamp.

Quoth she, "If thou need aught beside, I pray thee command this thy slave who is ever ready to obey thy say!"

He made answer, "Naught else need I." Then, putting out the light, he lay down on the bed to sleep awhile ere the time came to rouse his men and finish off the work.

Meanwhile Morgiana did as her master had bidden her. She first took out a suit of clean white clothes and made it over to Abdullah who had not yet gone to rest. Then she placed the pipkin upon the hearth to boil the broth and blew the fire till it burned briskly. After a short delay she needs must see if the broth were boiling, but by that time all the lamps had gone out and she found that the oil was spent and that nowhere could she get a light. The slave boy Abdullah observed that she was troubled and perplexed hereat, and quoth he to her,

"Why make so much ado? In yonder shed are many jars of oil: go now and take as much soever as thou listest."

Morgiana gave thanks to him for his suggestion; and Abdullah, who was lying at his ease in the hall, went off to sleep so that he might wake betimes and serve Ali Baba in the bath. So the hand-





maiden rose and with oil can in hand walked to the shed where stood the leathern jars all ranged in rows. Now, as she drew nigh unto one of the vessels, the thief who was hidden therein hearing the tread of footsteps bethought him that it was of his captain whose summons he awaited; so he whispered, "Is it now time for us to sally forth?"

Morgiana started back affrighted at the sound of human accents. But, inasmuch as she was bold and ready of wit, she replied "The time is not yet come," and said to herself, These jars are not full of oil and herein I perceive a manner of mystery. Haply the oil merchant hatcheth some treacherous plot against my lord; so Allah, the Compassionating, the Compassionate, protect us from his snares!

Wherefore she answered in a voice made like to the captain's, "Not yet, the time is not come." Then she went to the next jar and returned the same reply to him who was within, and so on to all the vessels one by one.

Then said she in herself, Laud to the Lord! my master took this fellow in believing him to be an oil merchant, but lo, he hath admitted a band of robbers, who only await the signal to fall upon him and plunder the place and kill him. Then passed she on to the furthest jar and finding it brimming with oil, filled her can, and returning to the kitchen, trimmed the lamp and lit the wicks. Then, bringing forth a large cauldron, she set it upon the fire, and filling it with oil from out the jar heaped wood upon the hearth and fanned it to a fierce flame, the readier to boil its contents. When this was done she baled it out in potfuls and poured it seething hot into the leathern vessels one by one. The thieves, unable to escape, were scalded to death and every jar contained a corpse. Thus did this slave girl by her subtle wit make a clean end of all noiselessly and unknown even to the dwellers in the house.

Now when she had satisfied herself that each of the men had been slain, she went back to the kitchen and shutting to the door sat brewing Ali Baba's broth.



Scarce had an hour passed before the captain woke from sleep, and, opening wide his window, saw that all was dark and silent. So he clapped his hands as a signal for his men to come forth but not a sound was heard in return. After a while he clapped again and called aloud but got no answer; when he cried out a third time without reply he was perplexed and went out to the shed wherein stood the jars. He thought to himself, Perchance all are fallen asleep when the time for action is now at hand, so I must e'en awaken them without stay or delay. Then approaching the nearest jar he was startled by a smell of oil and seething flesh; and touching it outside he felt it reeking hot; then going to the others one by one, he found all in like condition. Hereat he knew for a surety the fate which had betided his band and, fearing for his own safety, he climbed on to the wall, and thence dropping into a garden made his escape in high dudgeon and sore disappointment.

Morgiana waited a while to see the captain return from the shed but he came not; whereat she knew that he had scaled the wall and had taken flight, for that the street door was double-locked. The thieves being all disposed of in this manner Morgiana laid her down to sleep in perfect solace and ease of mind.

When two hours of darkness yet remained, Ali Baba awoke and went to the Hammam knowing naught of the night-adventure, for the gallant slave girl had not aroused him, nor indeed had she deemed such action expedient, because had she sought an opportunity of reporting to him her plan, she might have lost her chance and spoiled the project. The sun was high over the horizon when Ali Baba walked back from the Baths; and he marveled exceedingly to see the jars still standing under the shed and said,

"How cometh it that he, the oil merchant my guest, hath not carried to the market his mules and jars of oil?"

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirty-fourth night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that Ali Baba



presently asked Morgiana what had befallen the oil-merchant his guest whom he had placed under her charge. And she answered,

"Allah Almighty vouchsafe to thee six score years and ten of safety! I will tell thee in privacy of this merchant."

So Ali Baba went apart with his slave girl, who taking him without the house first locked the court door; then showing him a jar she said,

"Prithee look into this and see if within there be oil or aught else." Thereupon peering inside it he perceived a man, at which sight he cried aloud and fain would have fled in his fright.

Quoth Morgiana, "Fear him not, this man hath no longer the force to work thee harm, he lieth stone-dead."

Hearing such words of comfort and reassurance Ali Baba asked, "O Morgiana, what evils have we escaped and by what means hath this wretch become the quarry of Fate?"

She answered "Alhamdolillah—Praise be to Almighty Allah!—I will inform thee fully of the case; but hush thee, speak not aloud, lest haply the neighbors learn the secret and it end in our confusion. Look now into all the jars, one by one from first to last." So Ali Baba examined them severally and found in each a man fully armed and accoutered, and all lay scalded to death.

Hereat speechless for sheer amazement he stared at the jars, but presently recovering himself he asked, "And where is he, the oil merchant?"

Answered she, "Of him also I will inform thee. The villain was no trader but a traitorous assassin whose honeyed words would have ensnared thee to thy doom; and now I will tell thee what he was and what hath happened; but, meanwhile thou art fresh from the Hammam and thou shouldst first drink somewhat of this broth for thy stomach's and thy health's sake." So Ali Baba went within and Morgiana served up the dish she had prepared.

After which quoth her master, "I fain would hear this wondrous story: prithee tell it to me and set my heart at ease." Hereat the





handmaid fell to relating whatso had betided in these words,

"O my master, when thou badest me boil the broth and retiredst to rest, thy slave in obedience to thy command took out a suit of clean white clothes and gave it to the boy Abdullah; then kindled the fire and set on the broth. As soon as it was ready I had need to light a lamp so that I might see to skim it, but all the oil was spent, and learning this, I told my want to the slave boy Abdullah, who advised me to draw somewhat from the jars which stood under the shed. Accordingly, I took a can and went to the first vessel when suddenly I heard a voice within whisper with all caution, 'Is it now time for us to sally forth?' I was amazed thereat and judged that the pretended merchant had laid some plot to slay thee; so I replied, 'The time is not yet come.' Then I went to the second jar and heard another voice to which I made the like answer, and so on with all of them.

"I now was positive that these men awaited only some signal from their chief whom thou didst take to guest within thy walls, supposing him to be a merchant in oil; and that after thou receivedst him hospitably the miscreant had brought these men to murder thee and to plunder thy good and spoil thy house.

"But I gave him no opportunity to accomplish his wish. The last jar I found full of oil and taking somewhat therefrom I lit the lamp; then, putting a large cauldron upon the fire, I filled it up with oil which I brought from the jar and made a fierce blaze under it. And when the contents were seething hot, I took out sundry canfuls with intent to scald them all to death, and going to each jar in due order, I poured within them one by one boiling oil.

"In this way having destroyed them utterly, I returned to the kitchen, and having extinguished the lamps stood by the window watching what might happen, and how that false merchant would act next. Not long after I had taken my station, the robber-captain awoke and ofttimes signaled to his thieves. Then getting no reply he came downstairs and went out to the jars, and finding that all his





men were slain he fled through the darkness I know not whither. So when he had quite disappeared I was assured that, the door being double-locked, he had scaled the wall and dropped into the garden and made his escape. Then with my heart at rest I slept."

And Morgiana, after telling her story to her master, presently added, "This is the whole truth I have related to thee. For some days indeed have I had inkling of such matters, but withheld it from thee, deeming it inexpedient to risk the chance of its meeting the neighbors' ears. Now, however, there is no help but to tell thee thereof. One day as I came to the house door I espied thereon a white chalk mark, and on the next day a red sign beside the white. I knew not the intent wherewith the marks were made, nevertheless I set others upon the entrances of sundry neighbors, judging that some enemy had done this deed whereby to encompass my master's destruction. Therefore I made the marks on all the other doors in such perfect conformity with those I found, that it would be hard to distinguish among them."

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirty-fifth night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that Morgiana continued to Ali Baba,

"Judge now and see if these signs and all this villainy be not the work of the bandits of the forest, who marked our house that on such wise they might know it again. Of these forty thieves there yet remain two others concerning whose case I know naught; so beware of them, but chiefly of the third remaining robber, their captain, who fled hence alive. Take good heed and be thou cautious of him, for, shouldst thou fall into his hands, he will in no wise spare thee but will surely murder thee. I will do all that lieth in me to save from hurt and harm thy life and property, nor shall thy slave be found wanting in any service to my lord."

Hearing these words Ali Baba rejoiced with exceeding joy and said to her, "I am well pleased with thee for this thy conduct. Now tell

me what wouldst thou have me do in thy behalf; I shall not fail to remember thy brave deed so long as breath in me remaineth."

Quoth she, "It behoveth us before all things forthright to bury these bodies in the ground, so that the secret will not be known to anyone."

Hereupon Ali Baba took with him his slave boy Abdullah into the garden and there under a tree they dug for the corpses of the thieves a deep pit in size proportionate to its contents, and they dragged the bodies (having carried off their weapons) to the fosse and threw them in; then, covering up the remains of the seven and thirty robbers they made the ground appear level and clean as it used to be. They also hid the leathern jars and the gear and arms and presently Ali Baba sent the mules by ones and twos to the bazaar and sold them all with the able aid of his slave boy Abdullah.

Thus the matter was hushed up, nor did it reach the ears of any; however, Ali Baba ceased not to be ill at ease lest haply the captain or the surviving two robbers should wreak their vengeance on his head. He kept himself private with all caution and took heed that none learn a word of what had happened and of the wealth which he had carried off from the bandits' cave.

Meanwhile the captain of the thieves having escaped with his life, fled to the forest in hot wrath and sore irk of mind; and his senses were scattered and the color of his visage vanished like ascending smoke. Then he thought the matter over again and again, and at last he firmly resolved that he needs must take the life of Ali Baba, else he would lose all the treasure which his enemy, by knowledge of the magical words, would take away and turn to his own use. Furthermore, he determined that he would undertake the business singlehanded; and, that after getting rid of Ali Baba, he would gather together another band of banditti and would pursue his career of brigandage, as indeed his forbears had done for many generations. So he lay down to rest that night, and rising early in the morning donned a dress of suitable appearance; then going to





the city alighted at a caravanserai, thinking to himself, Doubtless the murder of so many men hath reached the Wali's ears, and Ali Baba hath been seized and brought to justice, and his house is leveled and his goods are confiscated. The townfolk must surely have heard tidings of these matters.

So he straightway asked of the keeper of the khan, "What strange things have happened in the city during the last few days?" and the other told him all that he had seen and heard, but the captain could not learn a whit of that which most concerned him. Hereby he understood that Ali Baba was ware and wise, and that he had not only carried away such store of treasure but he had also destroyed so many lives and withal had come off unharmed; furthermore, that he himself must needs have all his wits alert not to fall into the hands of his foe and perish.

With this resolve the captain hired a shop in the bazaar, whither he bore whole bales of the finest stuffs and goodly merchandise from his forest treasure house; and presently he took his seat within the store and fell to doing merchant's business. By chance his place fronted the booth of the defunct Kasim where his son, Ali Baba's nephew, now traded. The captain, who called himself Khwajah Hasan, soon formed acquaintance and friendship with the shop-keepers around about him and treated all with profuse civilities, but he was especially gracious and cordial to the son of Kasim, a handsome youth and a well-dressed, and ofttimes he would sit and chat with him for a long while.

A few days after, it chanced that Ali Baba, as he was sometimes wont to do, came to see his nephew, whom he found sitting in his shop. The captain saw and recognized him at sight and one morning he asked the young man, saying,

"Prithee tell me, who is he that ever and anon cometh to thee at thy place of sale?"

The youth made answer, "He is my uncle, the brother of my father." Whereupon the captain showed him yet greater favor and



affection the better to deceive him for his own devices, and gave him presents and made him sit at meat with him and fed him with the daintiest of dishes. Presently Ali Baba's nephew bethought him it was only right and proper that he also should invite the merchant to supper, but whereas his own house was small, and he was straitened for room and could not make a show of splendor, as did Khwajah Hasan, he took counsel with his uncle on the matter.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirty-sixth night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that Ali Baba replied to his nephew,

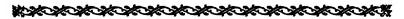
"Thou sayest well: it behoveth thee to treat thy friend in fairest fashion even as he hath treated thee. On the morrow, which is Friday, shut thy shop as do all merchants of repute. Then, after the early meal, take Khwajah Hasan to smell the air, and as thou walkest lead him hither unawares; meanwhile I will give orders that Morgiana shall make ready for his coming the best of viands and all necessaries for a feast. Trouble not thyself in any way, but leave the matter in my hands."

Accordingly on the next day, to wit, Friday, the nephew of Ali Baba took Khwajah Hasan to walk about the garden; and, as they were returning he led him by the street wherein his uncle dwelt. When they came to the house, the youth stopped at the door and knocking said,

"O my lord, this is my second home: my uncle hath heard much of thee and of thy goodness toward me and desireth with exceeding desire to see thee. So, shouldst thou consent to enter and visit him, I shall be truly glad and thankful to thee."

Albeit Khwajah Hasan rejoiced in heart that he had thus found means whereby he might have access to his enemy's house and household, and although he hoped soon to attain his end by treachery, yet he hesitated to enter in and stood to make his excuses and walk away. But when the door was opened by the slave porter, Ali





Baba's nephew seized his companion's hand and after abundant persuasion led him in, whereat he entered with great show of cheerfulness as though much pleased and honored. The housemaster received him with all favor and worship and asked him of his welfare, and said to him,

"O my lord, I am obliged and thankful to thee for that thou hast shown favor to the son of my brother and I perceive that thou regardest him with an affection even fonder than my own."

Khwajah Hasan replied with pleasant words and said, "Thy nephew vastly taketh my fancy and in him I am well pleased, for that although young in years, yet he hath been endued by Allah with much of wisdom." Thus they twain conversed with friendly conversation.

Presently the guest rose to depart and said, "O my lord, thy slave must now bid thee farewell; but on some future day—Inshallah—he will again wait upon thee."

Ali Baba, however, would not let him leave and asked, "Whither wendest thou, O my friend? I would invite thee to my table and I pray thee sit at meat with us and after hie thee home in peace. Perchance the dishes are not as delicate as those whereof thou art wont to eat, still deign grant me this request, I pray thee, and refresh thyself with my victual."

Quoth Khwajah Hasan, "O my lord I am beholden to thee for thy gracious invitation, and with pleasure would I sit at meat with thee, but for a special reason must I needs excuse myself. Suffer me, therefore, to depart, for I may not tarry longer nor accept thy gracious offer."

Hereto the host made reply, "I pray thee, O my lord, tell me what may be the reason so urgent and weighty?"

And Khwajah Hasan answered, "The cause is this: I must not, by order of the physician, who cured me lately of my complaint, eat aught of food prepared with salt."

Quoth Ali Baba, "If this be all, deprive me not, I pray thee, of the





honor thy company will confer upon me. As the meats are not yet cooked, I will forbid the kitchener to make use of any salt. Tarry here awhile and I will return anon to thee." So saying Ali Baba went in to Morgiana and bade her not put salt into any one of the dishes; and she, while busied with her cooking, fell to marveling greatly at such order and asked her master,

"Who is he that eateth meat wherein is no salt?"

He answered, "What to thee mattereth it who he may be? Only do thou my bidding."

She rejoined, "'Tis well: all shall be as thou wishest"; but in mind she wondered at the man who made such strange request and desired much to look upon him.

Wherefore, when all the meats were ready for serving up, she helped the slave boy Abdullah to spread the table and set on the meal; and no sooner did she see Khwajah Hasan than she knew who he was, albeit he had disguised himself in the dress of a stranger merchant; furthermore, when she eyed him attentively she espied a dagger hidden under his robe. So ho! quoth she to herself, this is the cause why the villain eateth not of salt, for that he seeketh an opportunity to slay my master whose mortal enemy he is. However, I will be beforehand with him and dispatch him ere he find a chance to harm my lord.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirty-seventh night.

Then said she: I have heard, O auspicious king, that Morgiana, having spread a white cloth upon the table and served up the meal, went back to the kitchen and thought out her plot against the robbercaptain. Now when Ali Baba and Khwajah Hasan had eaten their sufficiency, the slave boy Abdullah brought Morgiana word to serve the dessert, and she cleared the table and set on fruit fresh and dried in salvers. Then she placed by the side of Ali Baba a small tripod for three cups with a flagon of wine, and lastly she went off with the slave boy Abdullah into another room, as though she would





herself eat supper. Then Khwajah Hasan, that is, the captain of the robbers, perceiving that the coast was clear, exulted mightily saying to himself, the time hath come for me to take full vengeance; with one thrust of my dagger I will dispatch this fellow, then escape across the garden and wend my ways. His nephew will not adventure to stay my hand, for if he do but move a finger or toe with that intent another stab will settle his earthly account. Still must I wait awhile until the slave boy and the cook-maid shall have eaten and lain down to rest them in the kitchen.

Morgiana, however, watched him wistfully and divining his purpose thought to herself, I must not allow this villain advantage over my lord, but by some means I must make void his project and at once put an end to the life of him. Accordingly, the trusty slave girl changed her dress with all haste and donned such clothes as dancers wear. She veiled her face with a costly kerchief, around her head she bound a fine turban, and about her middle she tied a waistcloth worked with gold and silver wherein she stuck a dagger, whose hilt was rich in filigree and jewelry.

Thus disguised she said to the slave boy Abdullah, "Take now thy tambourine that we may play and sing and dance in honor of our master's guest."

So he did her bidding and the twain went into the room, the lad playing and the lass following. Then, making a low congé, they asked leave to perform and disport and play; and Ali Baba gave permission, saying,

"Dance now and do your best that this our guest may be mirthful and merry."

Quoth Khwajah Hasan, "O my lord, thou dost indeed provide much pleasant entertainment."

Then the slave boy Abdullah standing by began to strike the tambourine while Morgiana rose up and showed her perfect art and pleased them vastly with graceful steps and sportive motion; and suddenly drawing the poniard from her belt she brandished it and





paced from side to side, a spectacle which pleased them most of all. At times also she stood before them, now clapping the sharp-edged dagger under her armpit and then setting it against her breast. Lastly she took the tambourine from the slave boy Abdullah, and still holding the poniard in her right she went round for largess as is the custom among merrymakers. First she stood before Ali Baba, who threw a gold coin into the tambourine, and his nephew likewise put in an ashrafi; then Khwajah Hasan, seeing her about to approach him, fell to pulling out his purse. At that she hardened her heart and, quick as the blinding lightning she plunged the dagger into his vitals, and forthwith the miscreant fell back stone-dead.

Ali Baba was dismayed and cried in his wrath, "O unhappy, what is this deed thou hast done to bring about my ruin!"

But she replied, "Nay, O my lord, rather to save thee and not to cause thee harm have I slain this man. Loosen his garments and see what thou wilt discover thereunder." So Ali Baba searched the dead man's dress and found concealed therein a dagger. Then said Morgiana,

"This wretch was thy deadly enemy. Consider him well: he is none other than the oil merchant, the captain of the band of robbers. When he came hither with intent to take thy life, he would not eat thy salt; and when thou toldest me that he wished not any in the meat I suspected him and at first sight I was assured that he would surely kill thee; Almighty Allah be praised 'tis even as I thought."

Then Ali Baba lavished upon her thanks and expressions of gratitude, saying, "Lo, these two times hast thou saved me from his hand," and falling upon her neck he cried, "See, thou art free, and as reward for this thy fealty I will wed thee to my nephew." Then turning to the youth he said, "Do as I bid thee and thou shalt prosper. I would that thou marry Morgiana, who is a model of duty and loyalty. Thou seest now yon Khwajah Hasan sought thy friendship only that he might find opportunity to take my life, but this maiden with her good sense and her wisdom hath slain him and saved us."





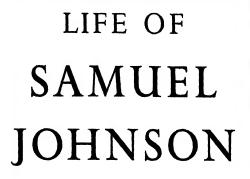
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Then she said: I have heard, O auspicious king, that Ali Baba's nephew straightway consented to marry Morgiana. After which the three, raising the dead body bore it forth with all heed and vigilance and privily buried it in the garden, and for many years no one knew aught thereof. In due time Ali Baba married his brother's son to Morgiana with great pomp, and spread a bride-feast in most sumptuous fashion for his friends and neighbors, and made merry with them and enjoyed singing and all manner of dancing and amusements. He prospered in every undertaking and Time smiled upon him and a new source of wealth was opened to him.

For fear of the thieves he had not once visited the jungle cave wherein lay the treasure, since the day he had carried forth the corpse of his brother Kasim. But some time after, he mounted his hackney one morning and journeyed thither, with all care and caution, till, finding no signs of man or horse, and reassured in his mind, he ventured to draw near the door. Then alighting from his beast he tied it up to a tree, and going to the entrance pronounced the words which he had not forgotten, "Open, O Sesame!" Hereat, as was its wont, the door flew open, and entering thereby he saw the goods and hoard of gold and silver untouched and lying as he had left them. So he felt assured that not one of all the thieves remained alive, and, that save himself there was not a soul who knew the secret of the place. At once he bound in his saddlecloth a load of ashrafis such as his horse could bear and brought it home; and in after days he showed the hoard to his sons and sons' sons and taught them how the door could be caused to open and shut. Thus Ali Baba and his household lived all their lives in wealth and joyance in that city where once he had been a pauper, and by the blessing of that secret treasure he rose to high degree and dignities.

And as the morn began to dawn Scheherazade held her peace till the end of the six hundred and thirty-ninth night.





by James Boswell

A CONDENSATION



Note: The editor's summaries of various omitted passages and explanatory notes appear in brackets throughout the text.

HOME COURSE APPRECIATION



N MAY 16, 1763, YOUNG JAMES BOSWELL sat nervously on the edge of a chair in the back parlor of a London bookshop. Dr. Samuel Johnson, celebrated author of the Dictionary of the English Language, was expected to visit the shop that afternoon and young Boswell lay in wait for the great man, London's literary dictator. At twenty-three, celebrity-worship was already a habit with this inquisitive son of a landed Scottish lord, and Dr. Johnson was the highest prize his heart could imagine.

But his desire to bask in Johnson's reflected glory was not Boswell's strongest motive for seeking the famous man's friendship. He wanted to know the Doctor well enough to write about him. With such an ambition, he was thrilled as he saw the majestic, ungainly figure advance, a huge elderly man in ill-fitting clothes, wrinkled black stockings, and a scrubby, unpowdered wig.

It was indeed a dramatic moment; not only for young Boswell, but for Johnson, and for all people who love literature. For the lifelong companionship that followed the meeting resulted in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which was at once recognized as a great and delightful work. Now, after one hundred and sixty-four years of continuous popularity, it is solidly established as the most entertaining *Life* ever written, and the *Life* that became the model for innumerable other biographies.

Let Boswell himself describe what happened, in the shop of Thomas Davies, on the day the most famous of all literary friendships began. In his *Life of Samuel Johnson*, published on May 16, 1791—twenty-eight years later to the day—Boswell described their first meeting in these words:

"Mr. Davies having perceived Dr. Johnson through the glass door, advancing toward us—he announced his aweful approach to me,





"Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.'"

somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my Lord, it comes.'

"Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies:

- "'Don't tell where I come from.'
- "'From Scotland,' cried Davies roguishly.
- "'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.'

"I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, but this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' which I had used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said I had come away from it, or left it, retorted:

"'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help doing!'

"This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next."

Next came a veritable swat from the lion's paw. Johnson had turned to Davies and was complaining of the stinginess of David Garrick, the famous actor. Garrick had come to London with Johnson over twenty years before, in fact he had been one of the few pupils ever to attend Johnson's school in Lichfield. Yet now, at the height of his fame, he had refused to give Johnson a pass to his theater for Mrs. Williams, a blind pensioner, because the play was a hit and a ticket was worth three shillings. Eager to get into the conversation again, Boswell saw this as his opportunity and said:

"'O Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.'

"'Sir,' said the great man, with a stern look, 'I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know of no right you have to talk to me on the subject.'"

To poor Boswell all now looked black. All hope of friendship with Johnson seemed blasted forever.

"Had not my ardor been uncommonly strong," he wrote, "and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from making any further attempts. Fortunately I remained upon the field, not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation."

The truth was that the lonely, loquacious Doctor could never resist an intelligent and attentive audience, and had taken a fancy to Boswell. Ten days later, when the intrepid young man turned up at Johnson's rooms, he was cordially welcomed. At home that night Boswell wrote down all he could remember of Dr. Johnson's conversation. As Johnson's shadow and the faithful chronicler of the notable things he said and did in his literary and artistic circle—which included Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, and the famous actor David Garrick—Boswell was indefatigable. He continued to "Boswellize" for twenty-one years until Johnson's death.

THE ROMANTIC SON OF A STERN FATHER

FROM HIS LATE TEENS Boswell had been a problem. He was too much given to drinking, courting, and trailing around with actors. He wanted to marry an actress and had even produced a play himself. His father, Lord Auchinleck, tried to save him from his frivolities and dangerous entanglements. In 1760 Boswell was persuaded to continue his study of law at the University of Glasgow, though he seems to have been more interested in the lectures of Adam Smith on moral philosophy. A year later, however, he went to London where he was introduced "into the circles of the great, the gay and the ingenious," but also into the seamy, rakish side of London life.

After a few months his father persuaded him to return to Scotland. Lord Auchinleck, a scholarly, arrogant man, disapproved of the company his son kept, and of his desire to join the Guards and live in literary circles in London.

Yet in spite of his literary passion and rakish propensities, Boswell did study law, as his father wished, and passed the required examination in 1762. His heart, however, was set on London and its gay and brilliant company, and his one desire was to get away from the dreary Scottish town of Auchinleck. Fortunately, his father came up with a proposal that he continue his study of law in Utrecht and Boswell, foreseeing a grand tour of Europe, readily consented. Of this cherished plan, of course, he said nothing, and as he left for London on horseback the romantic son and the stern father seemed for the moment to be reconciled.

BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR

Boswell's great success in winning the friendship of Dr. Johnson has already been related. He also enjoyed London society and conquered several amiable ladies—gallantry and literature, as always with

him, going hand in hand. But parental prompting and his own conscience broke the spell, and he sailed for Utrecht and his law studies.

As proof of his affection, Dr. Johnson accompanied Boswell on the long, arduous trip to Harwich, and embraced him in farewell. Once on board ship, Boswell wrote out their last conversations, and described how Johnson, "rolling his majestic figure in his usual manner," had disappeared from sight into the town.

But Boswell could never be long forlorn where there were literary lions to flatter and fashionable ladies to impress. In Utrecht his study of the law left him time for an energetic courtship of a remarkable Dutch lady, Isabella de Zuylen (who was called Zélide), and for plans to visit, interview, and write about France's two most famous literary personages, Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

In the case of each of these men Boswell demonstrated his ingenuity and his perseverance. To Rousseau he wrote a letter which must go down in history as a masterpiece of shrewdness. It is as if he had analyzed his every weakness, and noted every foible. He wrote a letter that only a man of steel—which Rousseau was definitely not—could resist. In 1764 Boswell saw Rousseau five times in two weeks, and received from him a letter of introduction to General Pasquale di Paoli, leader of the insurgent Corsicans against the Genoese.

Boswell's sheer doggedness conquered Voltaire. He seems to be one of the few people in history who managed to overwhelm this prince of sceptics. Under Boswell's persistence, Voltaire finally admitted the existence of a Supreme Being, and as regards the immortality of the soul, he muttered a weak: "Perhaps, perhaps."

In 1765 Boswell went on to Italy, and from there to Corsica. It is quite likely that he visited Corsica because it was little known. Certainly it appealed to his romantic inclinations. Its people, under the heroic leadership of General Paoli, were "actually fighting for liberty" against the Genoese. Boswell became a fervid champion of the Corsican cause. From Paoli, who first believed he was a spy but soon accepted him as a friend, he obtained the costume of a Corsican chief, on the cap of which were displayed in silver letters the words "Viva la Libertà." On his return to London Boswell wore the costume to an interview he obtained with the Prime Minister to plead the cause of Corsica and Paoli. But his advocacy came to nothing.

BOSWELL RETURNS TO ENGLAND

THAT SUCH A GADABOUT ever completed his legal education at Utrecht is indeed amazing. But he did and in 1766 was admitted

to the bar in Edinburgh, where he practiced with success for many years. By this time the old laird of Auchinleck had become somewhat more tolerant of his son—especially since Boswell had calmed down enough to marry his staid cousin, Margaret Montgomerie. After his marriage, Boswell settled down to practice law seriously, but the twin attractions of London's society and Johnson's conversation claimed him again and again.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL TOUR SCOTLAND

On a visit to London in 1773, Boswell finally got Johnson to consent to a plan they had discussed ten years before of making a tour through Scotland and the Hebrides Islands. And on Wednesday, August 18, of that year the two travelers set out toward St. Andrews. It was a daring project, for Johnson was well over sixty; they must traverse the rough roads of the islands by horseback; the accommodations were primitive and the food coarse. In addition, Johnson generally spoke out too frankly when annoyed, and the islanders were touchy. Thus there were tense and explosive moments, but Boswell had planned the trip carefully, and his never-failing good humor smoothed many obstacles. Dr. Johnson wrote a London friend: "It is very convenient to travel with Mr. Boswell, for there is no house where he is not received with kindness and respect. He has gaiety of conversation and civility of manners; he has better faculties than I had imagined." On the whole, the tour was a pleasant experience for both of them to look back upon, and write about.

Johnson published a small book on the Hebrides trip soon after his return to London. Boswell constantly made notes of Johnson's sayings during the trip, but his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* was not published until after Johnson's death. It was, in a way, Boswell's "trial balloon" for his major undertaking, and the rapid sale of the *Journal* encouraged him to complete the larger work.

Boswell was not only a master at reporting conversations, but he often steered Johnson and other people into social situations that would produce interesting conversation to report. This was of course the real purpose of their trip to the Hebrides, and of Johnson's visit to Boswell's family. Boswell may be the first biographer to practice the technique of the modern public relations expert, or press agent, who places his client in situations that result in newspaper items.

The most amusing instance of Boswell's stage management of Johnson was his plot to make the Doctor take dinner with John Wilkes, whom the good doctor considered a depraved scoundrel. No one could

tell the hilarious story of the meeting better than Boswell did in his Life of Samuel Johnson. By this priceless stratagem he brought together two men who, in spite of disparities, had much in common—"classical learning, modern literature, wit and humor, and ready repartee."

SAMUEL JOHNSON, BOSWELL'S SUBJECT

When, in 1763, Boswell Met Johnson, Johnson was fifty-three years old, his Dictionary was published and his literary dictatorship established. Boswell was twenty-three and yearning for experience. The older man was moral, religious, pedantic, witty, proud, fun-loving, learned, generous, kindly, grumpy, and an unconquerable man of reason. His young disciple was volatile, graceful, impulsive, and an erratic man of feeling. The two men complemented each other: to Boswell, Johnson came as the understanding and sympathetic father he had never had; to Johnson, Boswell was the respectful and considerate son fate had denied him.

Johnson was a man who suffered grievously in life. With his poverty, ill health, and the necessity to toil to the very end to maintain the many indigents he supported, it is no wonder that he came to believe that the world had no joy. He was a stricken, hopeless, much-enduring soul filled with contradictions. Bigoted, dogmatic, ponderous, superstitious, he was also perceptive, humorous, pious, and a man of remarkable common sense.

Johnson clung to old doctrines and established institutions. He abhorred war, hated rebellion and insubordination, and detested America because he declared she was guilty on all these counts. He believed that free discussion tended to disrupt the peace, but that physical force was the measure of liberty. In his opinion: "Every man has a right to utter what he thinks is truth, and every other man has the right to knock him down for it." He maintained that war is used to befog and divert the minds of the common people; war, he said, "withdraws the attention of the public from domestic grievances, and affords opportunities of dismissing the turbulent and restless to distant employments."

Political liberty meant little to him, but personal freedom meant much. He seemed not to see that the one might be impossible without the other. Johnson disapproved thoroughly of the American Revolution, in opposition to the romantic Boswell. But Johnson was violently against slavery at a time when many, including Boswell, favored it.

The defects of Johnson's writing style—which makes it difficult for us to enjoy him today—have given the name "Johnsonese" to the

language. It is a style characterized by a heaviness due to his love of words derived from Latin. He himself once remarked that in a certain work he had used "too big words and too many of them." This elaborate manner is not always out of place. It occasionally gives his writings a somber eloquence. In his later works he succeeds in achieving a greater simplicity, but on the whole the remark made by the writer Oliver Goldsmith holds true: "Doctor, if you were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make them talk like whales."

But Johnson had a force of character far greater than he ever brought to bear in any of his literary undertakings. This force, which so impressed his contemporaries, was expressed through his powers of conversation. Johnson wrote much, but nearly always under the pressure of necessity; he talked spontaneously. In contrast to his ponderous writing style, in speech he expressed himself vividly. Thanks to Boswell we have such memorable observations as: "A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well but you are surprised to find it done at all." It is to Boswell's *Life*, then, that Johnson owes his reputation as an original character, and a wise man.

THE GREATNESS OF BOSWELL'S LIFE

B oswell's life of samuel Johnson remains the most famous biography in the English language because it doubles the reader's reward: it reveals not just one fine character, but two. We get not only Johnson, but Boswell as well—delightful, for all his faults. Together they provide a dramatic contrast.

Boswell's boundless curiosity about great men led him to investigate his subject more thoroughly and more intimately than any biographic subject before, and perhaps since. From that first meeting with Johnson in 1763, Boswell followed the great man's doings and sayings with unwearied attention. For twenty years he worked with his eye constantly upon his subject. Of no man in the past is our perception so intimate and firsthand. Johnson's habits of "chuckling like a hen" in the intervals of speaking, of "blowing out his breath like a whale" when he was "exhausted by violence and vociferation"—all this has come down to us together with the great mass of his conversation. Another aspect that has given the book its lacting value is its informal but detailed account of an important period in history.

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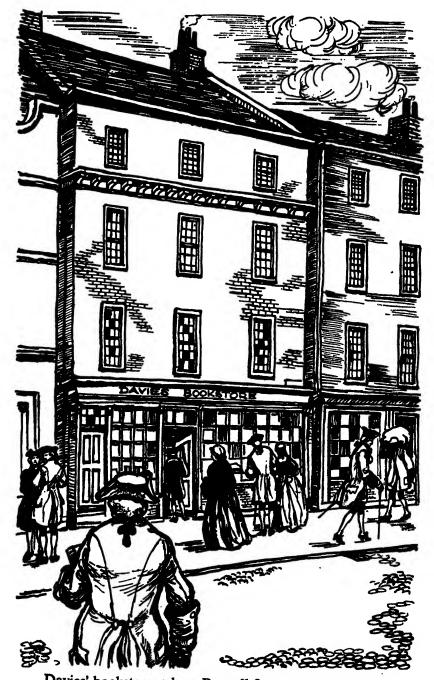
litical weapon, and Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield dealt the death blow to literary patronage in England. Thereafter authors were obliged to rely entirely on the public, and the reading public was to grow slowly. The writers who depended upon it were compelled to live in squalor and to put forth a mass of bad poetry, criticism, and journalism merely for bread. The name of the street where many of them lived, Grub Street, became a synonym for hack writing and poverty. Under these conditions Samuel Johnson slowly made his way to distinction.

Because Johnson was the most famous literary man of mid-eight-eenth-century England, his many friends tended, naturally, to be among the important men of the time. Boswell gives us authentic glimpses, and sometimes long stares, at such men as Oliver Goldsmith, the author of The Vicar of Wakefield, The Deserted Village, and She Stoops to Conquer; David Garrick, the greatest English actor of his time; Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of England's most gifted painters; Edmund Burke, the great conservative statesman and political theorist; John Wilkes, the most controversial politician of the age; and a choice assortment of authors, bishops, actors, lawyers, country squires, and just plain people. We see them behave and hear them speak; we live for a time in eighteenth-century England.

But the book is more than just an historical document. Perhaps the most conspicuous personal element is conveyed in the account of indomitable natures triumphing over great difficulties. In Johnson, we see a man who had to overcome ugliness, ungainliness, constitutional indolence, chronic physical ailments, acute poverty, and a neurotic melancholy; in Boswell, a man who covered neurotic self-distrust with an astounding show of brashness. The specific struggles of these two amazing human beings to find their way among the conflicting emotions of love, hate, friendship, joy, sorrow, contempt, and admiration may not be ours. But the essential problems remain the same: how to make a living, how to behave to others, how to get along with ourselves—in short, how to live and how to die.

BOSWELL'S CRAFTSMANSHIP

BOSWELL BEGAN TO WRITE his own personal diary when he was only eighteen and continued it throughout his life. Recording notable experiences and observations was not for him an avocation, a pastime, or a way of making money, but a vocation, a need, life itself. It preserved what was precious and perishable, and enhanced the value of daily living. This habit of recording everything in his journals



Davies' bookstore, where Boswell first met Dr. Johnson

gave Boswell an extraordinary power of recall, for a long space of time frequently separated the event and its recording, and revisions were made years later.

Behind Boswell's rapt listening to the slightest word of Johnson, his note-taking, writing, and revisions was a single purpose—to achieve the greatest degree of accuracy. Yet it would be absurd to think of Boswell as a mere secretary with a flypaper memory. His art is highly selective, and thousands of choice bits which threw no light on Johnson were excluded from the Life. Like a superb impresario, Boswell had a genius for the dramatic, for grasping the essential details. This genius manifests itself especially in his amazing gift for reproducing long conversations. He did not record any large amount of conversation "on the spot." It was his habit to reconstruct it in private. There is in the Life the famous anecdote in which, during a particularly brilliant conversation of Johnson's, Boswell turned to Johnson's good friend, Mrs. Thrale, and remarked: "O for shorthand to take this down"—to which she replied: "You'll carry it in your head. A long head is as good as short hand."

Boswell's technique of raising questions on the most vital issues of the day, on debatable points of literature, and on the great controversial figures of history, brought out the best in Johnson. Boswell's manipulation of scenes and persons in order to confront Johnson with provocative opinions and personalities also produced fascinating dialogue, which otherwise might never have taken place. As a result Johnson stands forth from the pages of the *Life*, a colossus and alive.



To write the LIFE OF HIM who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others, and who, whether we consider his extraordinary endowments, or his various works, has been equaled by few in any age, is an arduous, and may be reckoned in me a presumptuous task.

As I had the honor and happiness of enjoying his friendship for upwards of twenty years; as I had the scheme of writing his life constantly in view; as he was well apprised of this circumstance, and from time to time obligingly satisfied my inquiries, by communicating to me the incidents of his early years; as I acquired a facility in recollecting, and was very assiduous in recording, his conversation, of which the extraordinary vigor and vivacity constituted one of the first features of his character; and as I have spared no pains in obtaining materials concerning him, from every quarter where I could discover that they were to be found, and have been favored with the most liberal communications by his friends; I flatter myself that few biographers have entered upon such a work as this with more advantages; independent of literary abilities, in which I am not vain enough to compare myself with some great names who have gone before me in this kind of writing.

And he will be seen as he really was; for I profess to write, not his panegyric, which must be all praise, but his Life; which, great and good as he was, must not be supposed to be entirely perfect. To be as he was, is indeed subject of panegyric enough to any man in this state of being; but in every picture there should be shade as well as light,

and when I delineate him without reserve, I do what he himself recommended, both by his precept and his example.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, 1709. His father was Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. They were well advanced in years when they married, and never had more than two children, both sons, Samuel, their first-born, who lived to be the illustrious character whose various excellence I am to endeavor to record, and Nathanael, who died in his twenty-fifth year.

Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrofula, or king's-evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other. There is amongst his prayers, one inscribed "When my EYE was restored to its use," which ascertains a defect that many of his friends knew he had, though I never perceived it.

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or undermaster, of Lichfield school, "a man (said he) very skilful in his little way." With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the headmaster, who, according to his account, "was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used (said he) to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which, I believe, he was exceeded by no man of his time; he said, "My master whipt me very well. Without that, Sir, I should have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton, that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. "I would

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

rather (said he) have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

[In 1728, Johnson entered Oxford, but he had to leave without a degree in 1731, because of poverty. His father died in December, 1731. Johnson was a school-teacher for a while in 1732. In 1733 and 1734 he earned a very little money through translations and scattered writings for magazines. In 1736, Johnson, now 27, married Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow of 47.]

I know not for what reason the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham; but a resolution was taken that it should be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback, I suppose in very good humor. But though Mr. Topham Beauclerk used archly to mention Johnson's having told him with much gravity, "Sir, it was a love marriage on both sides," I have had from my illustrious friend the following curious account of their journey to church upon the nuptial morn:-"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me: and, when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

This, it must be allowed, was a singular beginning of connubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson, though he thus showed a manly firmness, proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moment of Mrs. Johnson's life: and in his Prayers and Meditations, we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after her death.

He now set up a private academy, for which purpose he hired a large house, well situated near his native city. But the only pupils that

were put under his care were the celebrated David Garrick and his brother George, and a Mr. Offely, a young gentleman of good fortune who died early.

Johnson was not more satisfied with his situation as the master of an academy, than with that of the usher of a school; we need not wonder, therefore, that he did not keep his academy above a year and a half. From Mr. Garrick's account he did not appear to have been profoundly reverenced by his pupils. His oddities of manner and uncouth gesticulations could not but be the subject of merriment to them; and in particular, the young rogues used to listen at the door of his bed-chamber, and peep through the key-hole, that they might turn into ridicule his tumultuous and awkward fondness for Mrs. Johnson, whom he used to name by the familiar appellation of Tetty or Tetsey, which, like Betty or Betsey, is provincially used as a contraction for Elizabeth, her christian name, but which to us seems ludicrous, when applied to a woman of her age and appearance. Mr. Garrick described her to me as very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks, of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials; flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and her general behavior. I have seen Garrick exhibit her, by his exquisite talent of mimicry, so as to excite the heartiest burst of laughter; but he, probably, as is the case in all such representations, considerably aggravated the picture.

[1737] Johnson now thought of trying his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion, where talents of every kind have the fullest scope, and the highest encouragement. It is a memorable circumstance that his pupil David Garrick went thither at the same time, with intent to complete his education, and follow the profession of the law, from which he was soon diverted by his decided preference for the stage.

[In London Johnson barely kept himself alive by writing for various magazines.]

[1738] But what first displayed his transcendent powers, and "gave the world assurance of the Man," was his London, a Poem, in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal; which came out in May this year, and burst forth with a splendor, the rays of which will for ever encircle his name. Everybody was delighted with it; and there being no name to it, the first buzz of the literary circle was, "here is an unknown poet

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

greater even than Pope." And it is recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine of that year, that it "got to the second edition in the course of a week."

[Throughout his life, Johnson suffered from an infirmity which] appeared to me to be of the convulsive kind, and of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's dance; and in this opinion I am confirmed by the description which Sydenham gives of that disease. "This disorder is a kind of convulsion. It manifests itself by halting or unsteadiness of one of the legs, which the patient draws after him like an idiot. If the hand of the same side be applied to the breast, or any other part of the body, he cannot keep it a moment in the same posture, but it will be drawn into a different one by a convulsion, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary." Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, was of a different opinion, and favored me with the following paper.

"Those motions or tricks of Dr. Johnson are improperly called convulsions. He could sit motionless, when he was told so to do, as well as any other man. My opinion is, that it proceeded from a habit which he had indulged himself in, of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, and those actions always appeared to me as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct. Whenever he was not engaged in conversation, such thoughts were sure to rush into his mind; and, for this reason, any company, any employment whatever, he preferred to being alone. The great business of his life (he said) was to escape from himself; this disposition he considered as the disease of his mind, which nothing cured but company.

"One instance of his absence of mind and particularity, as it is characteristic of the man, may be worth relating. When he and I took a journey together into the West, we visited the late Mr. Banks, of Dorsetshire; the conversation turning upon pictures, which Johnson could not well see, he retired to a corner of the room, stretching out his right leg as far as he could reach before him, then bringing up his left leg, and stretching his right still further on. The old gentleman observing him, went up to him, and in a very courteous manner assured him, though it was not a new house, the flooring was perfectly safe. The Doctor started from his reverie like a person waked out of his sleep, but spoke not a word."

[Among Johnson's noteworthy early writings was, in 1744, his Life of Richard Savage. Savage, a poet, had been his friend when he first came to London.] It does not appear that he wrote anything in 1744 for the Gentle-man's Magazine, but the Preface. His life of Barretier was now re-published in a pamphlet by itself. But he produced one work this year, fully sufficient to maintain the high reputation which he had acquired. This was THE LIFE OF RICHARD SAVAGE, a man, of whom it is difficult to speak impartially, without wondering that he was for some time the intimate companion of Johnson; for his character was marked by profligacy, insolence, and ingratitude: yet, as he undoubtedly had a warm and vigorous, though unregulated mind, had seen life in all its varieties, and been much in the company of the statesman and wits of his time, he could communicate to Johnson an abundant supply of such materials as his philosophical curiosity most eagerly desired; and as Savage's misfortunes and misconduct had reduced him to the lowest state of wretchedness as a writer for bread, his visits to St. John's Gate naturally brought Johnson and him together. It is melancially to reflect, that Johnson and Savage were sometimes in such extreme indigence, that they could not pay for a lodging; so that they have wandered together whole nights in the streets. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds, that one night in particular, when Savage and he walked round St. James's Square for want of a lodging, they were not at all depressed by their situation; but in high spirits and brimful of patriotism, traversed the square for several hours, inveighed against the minister, and "resolved they would stand by their country."

I am afraid, however, that by associating with Savage, who was habituated to the dissipation and licentiousness of the town, Johnson, though his good principles remained steady, was imperceptibly led into some indulgences which occasioned much distress to his virtuous mind.

The rapidity with which this work was composed, is a wonderful circumstance. Johnson has been heard to say, "I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the Life of Savage at a sitting; but then I sat up all night."

The year 1747 is distinguished as the epoch when Johnson's arduous and important work, his DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, was announced to the world, by the publication of its Plan or Prospectus. How long this immense undertaking had been the object of his contemplation I do not know. I once asked him by what means he had attained to that astonishing knowledge of our language, by which he was enabled to realize a design of such extent and ac-

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

cumulated difficulty. He told me that "it was not the effect of particular study; but that it had grown up in his mind insensibly."

The Plan was addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, then one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State; a nobleman who was very ambitious of literary distinction, and who, upon being informed of the design, had expressed himself in terms very favorable to its success. There is, perhaps, in every thing of any consequence, a secret history which it would be amusing to know, could we have it authentically communicated. Johnson told me, "Sir, the way in which the plan of my Dictionary came to be inscribed to Lord Chesterfield, was this: I had neglected to write it by the time appointed. Dodsley suggested a desire to have it addressed to Lord Chesterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done, and let Dodsley have his desire. I said to my friend, Dr. Bathurst, 'Now if any good comes of my addressing to Lord Chesterfield, it will be ascribed to deep policy,' when, in fact, it was only a casual excuse for laziness."

That he was fully aware of the arduous nature of the undertaking, he acknowledges; and shows himself perfectly sensible of it in the conclusion of his Plan; but he had a noble consciousness of his own abilities, which enabled him to go on with undaunted spirit.

Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his Dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued: ADAMS. "This is a great work, Sir. But, Sir, how can you do this in three years?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years." ADAMS. "But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary." JOHNSON. "Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

In January, 1749, he published The Vanity of Human Wishes, being the Tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated. He, I believe, composed it the preceding year. Mrs. Johnson, for the sake of country air, had lodgings at Hampstead, to which he resorted occasionally, and there the greatest part, if not the whole, of this Imitation was written. The fervid rapidity with which it was produced is scarcely credible. I have heard him say that he composed seventy lines of it in one day, without putting one of them upon paper till they were finished. I remember when I once regretted to him that he had not given us more of Juvenal's Satires, he said, he probably should give more, for he had them all in his head; by which I understood, that he had the originals and correspondent allusions floating in his mind, which he could,

when he pleased, embody and render permanent without much labor. Some of them, however, he observed were too gross for imitation.

[In 1749, Johnson's play Irene was produced, unsuccessfully, by his old pupil David Garrick, who was now London's most popular actor.]

On occasion of this play being brought upon the stage, Johnson had a fancy that as a dramatic author his dress should be more gay than what he ordinarily wore; he therefore appeared behind the scenes, and even in one of the side boxes, in a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat. He for a considerable time used to frequent the *Green-Room*, and seemed to take delight in dissipating his gloom by mixing in the sprightly chit-chat of the motley circle then to be found there. Mr. David Hume related to me from Mr. Garrick that Johnson at last denied himself this amusement, from considerations of rigid virtue; saying, "I'll come no more behind your scenes, David; for the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities."

In 1750 he came forth in the character for which he was eminently qualified, a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom. The vehicle which he chose was that of a periodical paper which he knew had been, upon former occasions, employed with great success. The first paper of the Rambler was published on Tuesday the 20th of March, 1750; and its author was enabled to continue it, without interruption, every Tuesday and Saturday, till Saturday the 17th day of March, 1752, on which day it closed. This is a strong confirmation of the truth of a remark of his, that "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it;" for, notwithstanding his constitutional indolence, his depression of spirits, and his labor in carrying on his Dictionary, he answered the stated calls of the press twice a week from the stores of his mind, during all that time.

The style of this work has been censured by some shallow critics as involved and turgid, and abounding with antiquated and hard words. So ill-founded is the first part of this objection, that I will challenge all who may honor this book with a perusal, to point out any English writer whose language conveys his meaning with equal force and perspicuity. It must, indeed, be allowed that the structure of his sentences is expanded, and often has somewhat of the inversion of Latin; and that he delighted to express familiar thoughts in philosophical language; being in this the reverse of Socrates, who, it is said, re-

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

duced philosophy to the simplicity of common life. And, as to the second part of this objection, upon a late careful revision of the work I can with confidence say that it is amazing how few of those words, for which it has been unjustly characterized, are actually to be found in it; I am sure, not the proportion of one to each paper.

[1751] Though Johnson's circumstances were at this time far from being easy, his humane and charitable disposition was constantly exerting itself. Mrs. Anna Williams, daughter of a very ingenious Welsh physician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents and literature, having come to London in hopes of being cured of a cataract in both her eyes, which afterwards ended in total blindness, was kindly received as a constant visitor at his house while Mrs. Johnson lived; and, after her death, having come under his roof in order to have an operation upon her eyes performed with more comfort to her than in lodgings, she had an apartment from him during the rest of her life, at all times when he had a house.

That there should be a suspension of his literary labors during a part of the year 1752, will not seem strange, when it is considered that soon after closing his Rambler, he suffered the loss which, there can be no doubt, affected him with the deepest distress. For on the 17th of March his wife died. That his love for his wife was of the most ardent kind, and, during the long period of fifty years, was unimpaired by the lapse of time, is evident from various passages in the series of his Prayers and Meditations, published by the Reverend Mr. Strahan, as well as from other memorials.

[Early in 1752, Johnson became friendly with a decorous young man, Bennet Langton. At Oxford, Langton made another friend, Topham Beauclerk.]

Johnson, soon after this acquaintance began, passed a considerable time at Oxford. He at first thought it strange that Langton should associate so much with one who had the character of being loose, both in his principles and practice: but, by degrees, he himself was fascinated. Mr. Beauclerk's being of the St. Alban's family, and, having, in some particulars, a resemblance to Charles the Second, contributed, in Johnson's imagination, to throw a luster upon his other qualities; and in a short time, the moral, pious Johnson, and the gay dissipated Beauclerk, were companions. "What a coalition! (said Garrick, when he heard of this:) I shall have my old friend to bail out of the Roundhouse."

One night, when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humor agreed to their proposal: "What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you." He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighboring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called Bishop, which Johnson had always liked; while in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

Short, O short then be thy reign, And give us to the world again!

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day: but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young Ladies. Johnson scolded him for "leaving his social friends to go and sit with a set of wretched un-idea'd girls." Garrick being told of this ramble said to him smartly, "I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the Chronicle." Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, "He durst not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!"

[1754] Lord Chesterfield, to whom Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing to his Lordship the Plan of his Dictionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation. He told me that there never was any particular incident which produced a quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and him; but that his Lordship's continued neglect was the reason why he resolved to have no connection with him. When the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the Sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author; and further attempted to conciliate him by writing two papers in The World, in recommendation of the work; and it must be confessed, that they contain some studied compliments, so finely turned that if there had been no previous offense, it is probable that Johnson would have been highly delighted. Praise, in general, was pleasing to him; but by praise from a man of rank and elegant accomplishments, he was peculiarly gratified.

This courtly device failed of its effect. Johnson, who thought that "all was false and hollow," despised the honeyed words, and was even indignant that Lord Chesterfield should, for a moment, imagine that he could be the dupe of such an artifice. His expression to me concerning Lord Chesterfield upon this occasion, was: "Sir, after making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my Dictionary was coming out, he fell a scribbling in The World about it. Upon which, I wrote him a letter expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

This is that celebrated letter of which so much has been said, and about which curiosity has been so long excited, without being gratified. I for many years solicited Johnson to favor me with a copy of it, that so excellent a composition might not be lost to posterity. He delayed from time to time to give it me; till at last in 1781, when we were on a visit at Mr. Dilly's, at Southill in Bedfordshire, he was pleased to dictate it to me from memory:

"TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD
"MY LORD, February 7, 1755

"I HAVE been lately informed, by the proprietor of The World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre—that I might obtain

that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

"Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My Lord,
"Your Lordship's most humble
"Most obedient servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

Johnson, having now explicitly avowed his opinion of Lord Chesterfield, did not refrain from expressing himself concerning that nobleman with pointed freedom: "This man (said he) I thought had been a Lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among Lords!" And when his Letters to his natural son were published, he observed that "they teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master."

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

[1755] The Dictionary, with a Grammar and History of the English Language, being now at length published, in two volumes folio, the world contemplated with wonder so stupendous a work achieved by one man, while other countries had thought such undertakings fit only for whole academies. Vast as his powers were, I cannot but think that his imagination deceived him, when he supposed that by constant application he might have performed the task in three years. Let the Preface be attentively perused, in which is given, in a clear, strong, and glowing style, a comprehensive, yet particular view of what he had done; and it will be evident, that the time he employed upon it was comparatively short. I am unwilling to swell my book with long quotations from what is in everybody's hands, and I believe there are few prose compositions in the English language that are read with more delight, or are more impressed upon the memory, than that preliminary discourse.

A few of his definitions must be admitted to be erroneous. Thus, Windward and Leeward, though directly of opposite meaning, are defined identically the same way; as to which inconsiderable specks it is enough to observe, that his Preface announces that he was aware there might be many such in so immense a work; nor was he at all disconcerted when an instance was pointed out to him. A lady once asked him how he came to define Pastern the knee of a horse: instead of making an elaborate defense, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." His definition of Network has been often quoted with sportive malignity, as obscuring a thing in itself very plain. His introducing his own opinions, and even prejudices, under general definitions of words, while at the same time the original meaning of the words is not explained, as his Tory, Whig, Pension, Oats, Excise, and a few more, cannot be fully defended, and must be placed to the account of capricious and humorous indulgence.

Let it, however, be remembered, that this indulgence does not display itself only in sarcasm towards others, but sometimes in playful allusion to the notions commonly entertained of his own laborious task. Thus: "Grub-street, the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence, any mean production is called Grub-street"; "Lexicographer, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

[1757] He this year resumed his scheme of giving an edition of Shakespeare with notes. He issued proposals of considerable length in

which he showed that he perfectly well knew what variety of research such an undertaking required; but his indolence prevented him from pursuing it with that diligence which alone can collect those scattered facts, that genius, however acute, penetrating, and luminous, cannot discover by its own force. It is remarkable that at this time his fancied activity was for the moment so vigorous, that he promised his work should be published before Christmas, 1757. Yet nine years elapsed before it saw the light.

[1758] On the fifteenth of April he began a new periodical paper, entitled THE IDLER, which came out every Saturday in a weekly newspaper, called The Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette, published by Newberry. THE IDLER is evidently the work of the same mind which produced the RAMBLER, but has less body and more spirit. It has more variety of real life, and greater facility of language. He describes the miseries of idleness, with the lively sensations of one who has felt them; and in his private memorandums while engaged in it, we find "This year I hope to learn diligence." Many of these excellent essays were written as hastily as an ordinary letter. Mr. Langton remembers Johnson, when on a visit at Oxford, asking him one evening how long it was till the post went out; and on being told about half an hour, he exclaimed, "then we shall do very well." He upon this instantly sat down and finished an Idler, which it was necessary should be in London the next day. Mr. Langton having signified a wish to read it, "Sir (said he), you shall not do more than I have done myself." He then folded it up, and sent it off.

In 1759, in the month of January, his mother died at the great age of ninety, an event which deeply affected him; not that "his mind had acquired no firmness by the contemplation of mortality;" but that his reverential affection for her was not abated by years, as indeed he retained all his tender feelings even to the latest period of his life. I have been told, that he regretted much his not having gone to visit his mother for several years previous to her death. But he was constantly engaged in literary labors which confined him to London; and though he had not the comfort of seeing his aged parent, he contributed to her support.

Soon after this event, he wrote his RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYS-SINIA. The late Mr. Strahan the printer told me that Johnson wrote it that with the profits he might defray the expense of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week,

sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over. Mr. Strahan, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Dodsley purchased it for a hundred pounds, but afterwards paid him twenty-five pounds more, when it came to a second edition.

This Tale, with all the charms of oriental imagery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shows us that this stage of our being is full of "vanity and vexation of spirit." To those who look no further than the present life, or who maintain that human nature has not fallen from the state in which it was created, the instruction of this sublime story will be of no avail. But they who think justly, and feel with strong sensibility, will listen with eagerness and admiration to its truth and wisdom. Voltaire's CANDIDE, written to refute the system of Optimism, which it has accomplished with brilliant success, is wonderfully similar in its plan and conduct to Johnson's RASSELAS; insomuch, that I have heard Johnson say, that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other. Though the proposition illustrated by both these works was the same, namely, that in our present state there is more evil than good, the intention of the writers was very different. Voltaire, I am afraid, meant only by wanton profaneness to obtain a sportive victory over religion, and to discredit the belief of a superintending Providence: Johnson meant, by showing the unsatisfactory nature of things temporal, to direct the hopes of man to things eternal.

The fund of thinking which this work contains is such that almost every sentence of it may furnish a subject of long meditation. I am not satisfied if a year passes without my having read it through; and at every perusal my admiration of the mind which produced it is so highly raised that I can scarcely believe that I had the honor of enjoying the intimacy of such a man.

[In 1762, Johnson was awarded a pension of 300 pounds a year by George III, as a sign of the country's awareness of his merits as a writer.]

[1763] This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-

and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of Dictionary Johnson, as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honor of which I was very ambitious. But he never found an opportunity; which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, "Derrick, Sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead."

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheridan was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the English Language and Public Speaking to large and respectable audiences. I was often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate upon Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of his being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. At his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed.

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcilable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who thought slightingly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, "What! have they given him a pension? Then it it time for me to give up mine."

Johnson complained that a man who disliked him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, without telling him what followed, which was, that after a pause he added, "However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man." Sheridan could never forgive this hasty contemptuous expression. It rankled in his mind; and though I informed him of all that Johnson said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where

he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there.

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russel-street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him: but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained a uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense

of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir (said he, with a stern look), I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute.

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked public measures and the royal family, he said, "I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked."

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the tedium vitæ [boredom]. When a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition.

Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den"; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children."

He received me very courteously: but, it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty: he had on a little old shriveled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go."—"Sir (said I), I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."—I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day.

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a mad-house, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney.—Burney. "How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?" Johnson. "It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it." Burney. "Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise." Johnson. "No, Sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the alehouse; but he was carried back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did. He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit; I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings: and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

[June 25] Finding him in a placid humor, and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage, to hear whose wisdom, I conceived, in the ardor of youthful imagination, that men filled with a noble enthusiasm for intellectual improvement would gladly have resorted from distant lands—I opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention.

I acknowledged, that though educated very strictly in the principles of religion, I had for some time been misled into a certain degree of infidelity; but that I was come now to a better way of thinking, and was fully satisfied of the truth of the Christian revelation, though I was not clear as to every point considered to be orthodox. Being at all times a curious examiner of the human mind, and pleased with an undisguised display of what had passed in it, he called to me with warmth, "Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you." He then began to descant upon the force of testimony, and the little we could know of final causes; so that the objections of, why was it so? or why was it not so? ought not to disturb us; adding, that he himself had at one period been guilty of a temporary neglect of religion, but that it was not the result of argument, but mere absence of thought.

After having given credit to reports of his bigotry, I was agreeably surprised when he expressed the following very liberal sentiment, which has the additional value of obviating an objection to our holy religion, founded upon the discordant tenets of Christians themselves: "For my part, Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious."

When I talked to him of the paternal estate to which I was heir, he said, "Sir, let me tell you, that to be a Scotch landlord, where you have a number of families dependent upon you, and attached to you, is, perhaps as high a situation as humanity can arrive at. A merchant upon the 'Change of London, with a hundred thousand pounds, is nothing; an English Duke, with an immense fortune, is nothing: he has no tenants who consider themselves as under his patriarchal care, and who will follow him to the field upon an emergency."

I complained to him that I had not yet acquired much knowledge, and asked his advice as to my studies. He said, "Don't talk of study now. I will give you a plan; but it will require some time to consider of it." "It is very good in you (I replied,) to allow me to be with you thus. Had it been foretold to me some years ago that I should pass an evening with the author of the RAMBLER, how should I have exulted!" What I then expressed was sincerely from the heart. He was satisfied that it was, and cordially answered, "Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings and mornings too, together." We finished a couple of bottles of port, and sat till between one and two in the morning.

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday the 1st of July, when

he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped at the Mitre. At this time, Miss Williams, as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, had so much of his attention that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for her, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoteric over an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity, "I go to see Miss Williams." I confess I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

On Wednesday, July 6, he [Johnson] was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing Street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentleman whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence. There is nothing (continued he) in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behavior, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could show itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, Sir, (said he,) I suppose this must be the law, since you have been told so in Bow Street. But, if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, Sir, you may quarter two life-guardmen upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of assafætida in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson,

Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie. Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this. Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. Johnson. "I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of Nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia.

[July 9] Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly however respectable had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. Johnson. "Why, Sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take in some degree, the color of the world as it moves along. Your father is a Judge in a remote part of the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, Sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and son, while one aims at power and the other at independence."

"Idleness [he said] is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him: for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge."

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. "Why, Sir, (said he, with a hearty laugh,) it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the

same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

On Tuesday, July 18, I found tall Sir Thomas Robinson sitting with Johnson. Sir Thomas said, that the King of Prussia valued himself upon three things: upon being a hero, a musician, and an author. Johnson. "Pretty well, Sir, for one man. As to his being an author, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you may suppose Voltaire's foot-boy to do, who has been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about as much of the coloring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works." When I was at Ferney, I repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterized as "a superstitious dog"; but after hearing such a criticism on Frederick the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, "An honest fellow!"

Mr. Levet this day showed me Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in two garrets over his Chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves, in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they perhaps might contain portions of the RAMBLER, or of RASSELAS. I observed an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favorable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant when he wanted to study, secure from interruption; for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was.

On Wednesday, July 20, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Dempster, and my uncle Dr. Boswell, who happened to be now in London, supped with me. Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind was at this time a fashionable topic. It gave rise to an observation by Mr. Dempster, that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who ought to value only merit. Johnson. "Rousseau, and all those who deal in paradoxes, are led away by a childish desire of novelty.

When I was a boy, I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate. because most ingenious things, that is to say, most new things, could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing; why should it be thought a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, Sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, Sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time, very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people laboring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune. So you hear people talking how miserable a King must be; and yet they all wish to be in his place."

[July 21] At night, Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at the Turk's Head coffee-house, in the Strand. "I encourage this house (said he,) for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business."

"Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age, they have more wit and humor and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but, I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.'"

He mentioned to me now, for the first time, that he had been

distressed by melancholy, and for that reason had been obliged to fly from study and meditation, to the dissipating variety of life. Against melancholy he recommended constant occupation of mind, a great deal of exercise, moderation in eating and drinking, and especially to shun drinking at night. He said melancholy people were apt to fly to intemperance for relief, but that it sunk them much deeper in misery. He observed, that laboring men who work hard and live sparingly are seldom or never troubled with low spirits.

He again insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank. "Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them to do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman and he Sam. Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, Sir, showed her the absurdity of the leveling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levelers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear leveling up to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them? Sir, there would be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no fixed invariable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to be accidental."

On Tuesday, July 26, I found Mr. Johnson alone. We talked of the education of children; and I asked him what he thought was best to teach them first. Johnson. "Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both."

The conversation then took a philosophical turn. JOHNSON. "Human experience, which is constantly contradicting theory, is the great test of truth. A system built upon the discoveries of a great many minds is always of more strength than what is produced by the mere

workings of any one mind, which, of itself, can do little. There is not so poor a book in the world that would not be a prodigious effort were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators."

As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us, in the usual enticing manner. "No, no, my girl, (said Johnson) it won't do." He, however, did not treat her with harshness; and we talked of the wretched life of such women, and agreed that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. Johnson. "Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not: Nay, Sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet, (said I) people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?" "Sir, (said the boy) I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, "Sir, (said he) a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has, to get knowledge."

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with "the busy hum of men," I answered, "Yes, Sir; but not equal to Fleet Street." JOHNSON. "You are right, Sir."

After we had again talked of my setting out for Holland, he said, "I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you to Harwich." I could not find words to express what I felt upon this unexpected and very great mark of his affectionate regard.

Next day, Sunday, July 31, I told him I had been that morning at

a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. Johnson. "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage-coach. At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. "Some people (said he,) have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly, will hardly mind any thing else." He now appeared to me Jean Bull philosophe, and he was for the moment, not only serious, but vehement.

I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he dic When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite: which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by selfcommand. But it must be owned, that Johnson, though he could be rigidly abstemious, was not a temperate man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he ate upon all occasions, when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he ate, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery.

When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner—was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure: but it was not a dinner to ask a man to." On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day when he had dined with his neighbor and landlord, in Bolt Court, Mr. Allen, the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in

everything, he pronounced this eulogy: "Sir, we could not have had a better dinner, had there been a Synod of Cooks."

While we were left by ourselves, Dr. Johnson talked of that studied behavior which many have recommended and practised. He disapproved of it; and said, "I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination, for the time, have its course."

[At church in Harwich], Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying, "Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your CREATOR and REDEEMER."

After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that every thing in the universe is merely ideal. I observed that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, "I refute it thus."

My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, "I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you." As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

Early in 1764 Johnson paid a visit to the Langton family, at their seat of Langton in Lincolnshire, where he passed some time, much to his satisfaction.

Soon after his return to London, which was in February, was founded that CLUB which existed long without a name, but at Mr. Garrick's funeral became distinguished by the title of THE LITERARY CLUB. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the merit of being the first proposer of it, to which Johnson acceded; and the original members were: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, Soho, one evening in every week, at seven, and generally continued their conversation till a pretty late hour. This club has been gradually increased to its present number, thirty-five. After about ten years, instead of sup-

ping weekly, it was resolved to dine together once a fortnight during the meeting of Parliament. Their original tavern having been converted into a private house, they moved first to Prince's in Sackville Street, then to Le Telier's in Dover Street, and now meet at Parsloe's, St. James's Street.

[1764] It was his custom to observe certain days with a pious abstraction: viz., New-year's day, the day of his wife's death, Good Friday, Easter-day, and his own birthday. He this year says, "I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving: having, from the earliest time almost that I can remember, been forming schemes of a better life. I have done nothing. The need of doing, therefore, is pressing, since the time of doing is short. O God, grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

About this time he was afflicted with a very severe return of the hypochondriac disorder, which was ever lurking about him. He was so ill, as, notwithstanding his remarkable love of company, to be entirely averse to society, the most fatal symptom of that malady. Dr. Adams told me that as an old friend he was admitted to visit him, and that he found him in a deplorable state, sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. He then used this emphatical expression of the misery which he felt: "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."

Talking to himself was, indeed, one of his singularities ever since I knew him. I was certain that he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations; for fragments of the Lord's Prayer have been distinctly overheard. His friend Mr. Thomas Davies, of whom Churchill says,

That Davies hath a very pretty wife,-

when Dr. Johnson muttered—"lead us not into temptation," used with waggish and gallant humor to whisper Mrs. Davies, "You, my dear, are the cause of this."

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends even ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage, by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot (I am not certain which,) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture: for I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and

then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness; and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention that, while talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side towards his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth; sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth. as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, too, too, too: all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This I suppose was a relief to his lungs; and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.

[1765] Trinity College, Dublin, at this time surprised Johnson with a spontaneous compliment of the highest academical honors, by creating him Doctor of Laws. This unsolicited mark of distinction, conferred on so great a literary character, did much honor to the judgement and liberal spirit of that learned body.

This year was distinguished by his being introduced into the family of Mr. Thrale, one of the most eminent brewers in England, and member of Parliament for the borough of Southwark. Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts and even luxuries of life: his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family. He was treated with the utmost respect, and even affection. The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and exertion, even when they were alone. But this was not often the case; for he found here a constant succession of what gave him the highest enjoyment, the society of the

learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way; who were assembled in numerous companies; called forth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration, to which no man could be insensible.

In the October of this year he at length gave to the world his edition of Shakespeare, which, if it had no other merit but that of producing his Preface, in which the excellencies and defects of that immortal bard are displayed with a masterly hand, the nation would have had no reason to complain. A blind indiscriminate admiration of Shakespeare had exposed the British nation to the ridicule of foreigners. Johnson, by candidly admitting the faults of his poet, had the more credit in bestowing on him deserved and indisputable praise; and doubtless none of all his panegyrists have done him half so much honor. Their praise was like that of a counsel, upon his own side of the cause; Johnson's was like the grave, well-considered, and impartial opinion of the judge, which falls from his lips with weight, and is received with reverence.

[1766] I returned to London in February, and found Dr. Johnson in a good house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in which he had accommodated Miss Williams with an apartment on the ground floor, while Mr. Levet occupied his post in the garret: his faithful Francis was still attending upon him. He received me with much kindness.

Talking of education, "People have now-a-days, (said he,) got a strange opinion that everything should be taught by lectures. Now, I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chemistry by lectures. You might teach making of shoes by lectures!"

At night I supped with him at the Mitre Tavern, that we might renew our social intimacy at the original place of meeting. But there was now a considerable difference in his way of living. Having had an illness, in which he was advised to leave off wine, he had, from that period, continued to abstain from it, and drank only water, or lemonade.

I talked of the mode adopted by some to rise in the world, by courting great men, and asked him whether he had ever submitted to it. Johnson. "Why, Sir, I never was near enough to great men, to court them. You may be prudently attached to great men, and yet independent. You are not to do what you think wrong; and, Sir, you are to calculate, and not pay too dear for what you get. You must not give

a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good. But if you can get a shilling's worth of good for sixpence worth of court, you are a fool if you do not pay court."

He said, "If convents should be allowed at all, they should only be retreats for persons unable to serve the public, or who have served it. It is our first duty to serve society; and, after we have done that, we may attend wholly to the salvation of our own souls. A youthful passion for abstracted devotion should not be encouraged."

As my stay in London at this time was very short, I had not many opportunities of being with Dr. Johnson; but I felt my veneration for him in no degree lessened by my having seen multorum hominum mores et urbes [the manners and cities of many men]. On the contrary, by having it in my power to compare him with many of the most celebrated persons of other countries, my admiration of his extraordinary mind was increased and confirmed.

One evening, when a young gentleman teased him with an account of the infidelity of his servant, who, he said, would not believe the scriptures, because he could not read them in the original tongues, and be sure that they were not invented; "Why, foolish fellow, (said Johnson,) has he any better authority for almost everything that he believes?" Boswell. "Then the vulgar, Sir, never can know they are right, but must submit themselves to the learned." Johnson. "To be sure, Sir. The vulgar are the children of the State, and must be taught like children." Boswell. "Then, Sir, a poor Turk must be a Mahometan, just as a poor Englishman must be a Christian?" Johnson. "Why, yes, Sir; and what then? This now is such stuff as I used to talk to my mother, when I first began to think myself a clever fellow; and she ought to have whipped me for it."

Another evening Dr. Goldsmith and I called on him, with the hope of prevailing on him to sup with us at the Mitre. We found him indisposed and resolved not to go abroad. "Come then, (said Goldsmith,) we will not go to the Mitre to-night, since we cannot have the big man with us." Johnson then called for a bottle of port, of which Goldsmith and I partook, while our friend, now a water-drinker, sat by us. Goldsmith. "I think, Mr. Johnson, you don't go near the theaters now. You give yourself no more concern about a new play than if you had never had any thing to do with the stage." Johnson. "Why, Sir, our tastes greatly alter. The lad does not care for the child's rattle, and the old man does not care for the young man's whore." Goldsmith. "Nay, Sir; but your Muse was not a whore." Johnson. "Sir, I do not

think she was. But as we advance in the journey of life we drop some of the things which have pleased us; whether it be that we are fatigued and don't choose to carry so many things any farther, or that we find other things which we like better." Boswell. "But, Sir, why don't you give us something in some other way?" Goldsmith. "Ay, Sir, we have a claim upon you." Johnson. "No, Sir, I am not obliged to do any more. No man is obliged to do as much as he can do. A man is to have part of his life to himself. If a soldier has fought a good many campaigns, he is not to be blamed if he retires to ease and tranquillity. A physician, who has practised long in a great city, may be excused, if he retires to a small town and takes less practice. Now, Sir, the good I can do by my conversation bears the same proportion to the good I can do by my writings, that the practice of a physician, retired to a small town, does to his practice in a great city." Boswell. "But I wonder, Sir, you have not more pleasure in writing than in not writing." Johnson. "Sir, you may wonder."

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honored by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms, and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that should contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place: so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty, having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him: upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who

was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

His Majesty began by observing that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioned his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether wehave more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Ay, (said the King,) that is the public library."

His Majesty inquired if he was then writing anything. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labors, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from anybody." Johnson said he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too, (said the King,) if you had not written so well."—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, Sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign."

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton's history, which was then just published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much. "Why, (said the King), they seldom do these things by halves." "No, Sir, (answered Johnson), not to Kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself; and immediately sub-

joined, "That for those who spoke worse of Kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as Kings had much in their power to give, those who were favored by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises: and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as error could be excusable."

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his Majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing room. After the King withdrew, Johnson showed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation, and gracious behavior. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

At Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnson's friends was collected round him to hear his account of this memorable conversation, Dr. Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very active in pressing him to mention the particulars. "Come now, Sir, this is an interesting matter; do favor us with it." Johnson, with great good humor, complied.

He told them, "I found his Majesty wished I should talk and I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to by his sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion—." Here some question interrupted him.

During all the time in which Dr. Johnson was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the particulars of what passed between the King and him, Dr. Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance, affecting not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention that he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of furnishing him with a Prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honor Dr. Johnson

had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankness, and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of flutter, from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed, "Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it."

[Spring, 1768] He talked of the heinousness of the crime of adultery, by which the peace of families was destroyed. He said, "Confusion of progeny constitutes the essence of the crime; and therefore a woman who breaks her marriage vows is much more criminal than a man who does it. A man, to be sure, is criminal in the sight of God; but he does not do his wife a very material injury, if he does not insult her; if, for instance, from mere wantonness of appetite, he steals privately to her chambermaid. Sir, a wife ought not greatly to resent this. I would not receive home a daughter who had run away from her husband on that account. A wife should study to reclaim her husband by more attention to please him. Sir, a man will not, once in a hundred instances, leave his wife and go to a harlot, if his wife has not been negligent of pleasing."

I asked him if it was not hard that one deviation from chastity should so absolutely ruin a young woman. Johnson. "Why no, Sir; it is the great principle which she is taught. When she has given up that principle, she has given up every notion of female honor and virtue, which are all included in chastity."

[May, 1768] He talked in his usual style with a rough contempt of popular liberty. "They make a rout about universal liberty, without considering that all that is to be valued, or indeed can be enjoyed by individuals, is private liberty. Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty. Now, Sir, there is the liberty of the press, which you know is a constant topic. Suppose you and I and two hundred more were restrained from printing our thoughts: what then? What proportion would that restraint upon us bear to the private happiness of the nation?"

Soon afterwards he supped at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, with a company whom I collected to meet him. When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening. "Well, (said he,) we had good talk." Boswell. "Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to

Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a bear, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner: but no man alive has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin."

[1769] He honored me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond Street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about, bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. "Come, come, (said Garrick,) talk no more of that. You are, perhaps, the worst—eh, eh!"—Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always look like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or ill dressed." "Well, let me tell you, (said Goldsmith,) when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane." Johnson. "Why, Sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a color."

On Thursday, October 19, I passed the evening with him at his house. I mentioned to him that I had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. Johnson. "Most of them, Sir, have never thought at all." Boswell. "But is not the fear of death natural to man?" Johnson. "So much so, Sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." He then, in a low and earnest tone, talked of his meditating upon the awful hour of his own dissolution, and in what manner he should conduct himself upon that occasion. "I know not (said he), whether I should wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between God and myself."

Talking of our feeling for the distresses—of others;—Johnson. "Why, Sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, Sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good; more than that, Providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose." Boswell. "But suppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offense for which he might be hanged." Johnson. "I should do what I could to bail him,

and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." Boswell. "Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir?" Johnson. "Yes, Sir; and eat it as if he were eating it with me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow, friends have risen up for him on every side; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum-pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

I told him that I had dined lately at Foote's, who showed me a letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that he had not been able to sleep from the concern he felt on account of "This sad affair of Baretti," begging of him to try if he could suggest anything that might be of service; and, at the same time, recommending to him an industrious young man who kept a pickle-shop. Johnson. "Ay, Sir, here you have a specimen of human sympathy; a friend hanged, and a cucumber pickled. We know not whether Baretti or thepickle-man has kept Davies from sleep: nor does he know himself. And as to his not sleeping, Sir; Tom Davies is a very great man; Tom has been upon the stage and knows how to do those things: I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things." Boswell. "I have often blamed myself, Sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do." Johnson. "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They pay you by feeling."

Next day, October 20, he appeared, for the only time I suppose in his life, as a witness in a Court of Justice, being called to give evidence to the character of Mr. Baretti, who having stabbed a man in the street, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for murder. Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten the awful Sessions House, emphatically called Justice Hall: Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beauclerk, and Dr. Johnson; and undoubtedly their favorable testimony had due weight with the Court and Jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive. It is well known that Mr. Baretti was acquitted.

[Oct. 26, 1769] There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnson was in very good humor, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Mr. Fergusson, the self-taught philosopher, told him of a new invented machine which went without horses: a man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring that drove it forward. "Then, Sir, (said Johnson,) what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or himself and the machine too."

Dominicetti, being mentioned, he would not allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, Sir; medicated baths can be no better than warm water: their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores; and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." He turned to the gentleman, "Well, Sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy head, for that is the peccant part." This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, "If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" Johnson. "Why, Sir, I should not much like my company." Boswell. "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject: but upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." Boswell. "But, Sir, does not heat relax?" Johnson. "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not coddle the child. No, Sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from London, who shall cuff five Highland children. Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country." Boswell. "Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners strong." Johnson. "Why, Sir, I don't know that it does. Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality." Boswell. "Would you teach this child that I have furnished you with, anything?" Johnson. "No, I should not be apt to teach it."

BOSWELL. "Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I should not have a pleasure in teaching it." BOSWELL. "Have you not a pleasure in teaching men!—There I have you. You have the same pleasure in teaching men, that I should have in teaching children." JOHNSON. "Why, something about that."

Russia being mentioned as likely to become a great empire, by the rapid increase of population: Johnson. "Why, Sir, I see no prospect of their propagating more. They can have no more children than they can get. I know of no way to make them breed more than they do. It is not from reason and prudence that people marry, but from inclination. A man is poor; he thinks, 'I cannot be worse, and so I'll e'en take Peggy.' "Boswell. "But have not nations been more populous at one period than another?" Johnson. "Yes, Sir; but that has been owing to the people being less thinned at one period than another, whether by emigrations, war, or pestilence, not by their being more orless prolific. Births at all times bear the same proportion to the same number of people."

[Among a friend's reminiscences of Johnson that are inserted in the account of the year 1770 are the following:]

"Much inquiry having been made concerning a gentleman, who had quitted a company where Johnson was, and no information being obtained; at last Johnson observed, that 'he did not care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but he believed the gentleman was an attorney.'

"Speaking of the national debt, he said, it was an idle dream to suppose that the country could sink under it. Let the public creditors be ever so clamorous, the interest of millions must ever prevail over that of thousands.

"A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage, married immediately after his wife died: Johnson said, it was the triumph of hope over experience.

"He observed that a man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It was a miserable thing when the conversation could only be such as, whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that.

"He did not approve of late marriages, observing that more was lost in point of time than compensated for by any possible advantages. Even ill-assorted marriages were preferable to cheerless celibacy."

[March 31, 1772] Dr. Johnson went home with me to my lodgings in Conduit Street and drank tea, previous to our going to the Pantheon, which neither of us had seen before.

He said, "Goldsmith's Life of Parnell is poor; not that it is poorly written, but that he had poor materials; for nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him."

I said that if it was not troublesome and presuming too much, I would request him to tell me all the little circumstances of his life; what schools he attended, when he came to Oxford, when he came to London, &c. &c. He did not disapprove of my curiosity as to these particulars; but said, "They'll come out by degrees, as we talk together."

We talked of the proper use of riches. Johnson. "If I were a man of a great estate, I would drive all the rascals whom I did not like out of the county, at an election."

We then walked to the Pantheon. Happening to meet Sir Adam Ferguson, I presented him to Dr. Johnson. Sir Adam expressed some apprehension that the Pantheon would encourage luxury. "Sir, (said Johnson,) I am a great friend to public amusements; for they keep people from vice. You now (addressing himself to me,) would have been with a wench, had you not been here.—O! I forgot you were married."

[April 5] I told him that by the rules of the Church of Scotland, in their "Book of Discipline," if a scandal, as it is called, is not prosecuted for five years, it cannot afterwards be proceeded upon, "unless it be of a heinous nature, or again become flagrant"; and that hence a question arose, whether fornication was a sin of a heinous nature; and that I had maintained, that it did not deserve that epithet, in as much as it was not one of those sins which argue very great depravity of heart: in short, was not, in the general acceptation of mankind a heinous sin. Johnson. "No, Sir, it is not a heinous sin. A heinous sin is that for which a man is punished with death or banishment." Bos-WELL. "But, Sir, after I had argued that it was not a heinous sin, an old clergyman rose up, and repeating the text of scripture denouncing judgement against whoremongers, asked, whether, considering this, there could be any doubt of fornication being a heinous sin." JOHNson. "Why, Sir, observe the word whoremonger. Every sin, if persisted in, will become heinous. Whoremonger is a dealer in whores as ironmonger is a dealer in iron. But as you don't call a man an iron-

monger for buying and selling a penknife; so you don't call a man a whoremonger for getting one wench with child."

On Thursday, April 9, I called on him to beg he would go and dine with me at the Mitre Tavern. He had resolved not to dine at all this day, I know not for what reason; and I was so unwilling to be deprived of his company that I was content to submit to suffer a want, which was at first somewhat painful, but he soon made me forget it; and a man is always pleased with himself, when he finds his intellectual inclinations predominate.

[April 11] Of our friend Goldsmith he said, "Sir, he is so much afraid of being unnoticed that he often talks merely lest you should forget that he is in the company." Boswell. "Yes, he stands forward." Johnson. "True, Sir; but if a man is to stand forward, he should wish to do it not in an awkward posture, not in rags, not so as that he shall only be exposed to ridicule." Boswell. "For my part, I like very well to hear honest Goldsmith talk away carelessly." Johnson. "Why yes, Sir; but he should not like to hear himself."

[April 15] I talked of the recent expulsion of six students from the University of Oxford, who were Methodists, and would not desist from publicly praying and exhorting. Johnson. "Sir, that expulsion was extremely just and proper. What have they to do at a University, who are not willing to be taught, but will presume to teach? Where is religion to be learned, but at an University? Sir, they were examined, and found to be mighty ignorant fellows." Boswell. "But, was it not hard, Sir, to expel them, for I am told they were good beings?" Johnson. "I believe they might be good beings; but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out of a garden."

Desirous of calling Johnson forth to talk, and exercise his wit, though I should myself be the object of it, I resolutely ventured to undertake the defense of convivial indulgence in wine, though he was not tonight in the most genial humor. After urging the common plausible topics, I at last had recourse to the maxim, in vino veritas, a man who is well warmed with wine will speak truth. Johnson. "Why, Sir, that may be an argument for drinking, if you suppose men in general to be liars. But, Sir, I would not keep company with a fellow, who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him."

At this time it appears from his Prayers and Meditations, that he had been more than commonly diligent in religious duties, particu-

larly in reading the holy scriptures. It was Passion Week, that solemn season which the Christian world has appropriated to the commemoration of the mysteries of our redemption, and during which, whatever embers of religion are in our breasts will be kindled into pious warmth. I paid him short visits both on Friday and Saturday, and seeing his large folio Greek Testament before him, beheld him with a reverential awe, and would not intrude upon his time.

[1772] He said, "I am very unwilling to read the manuscripts of authors, and give them my opinion. If the authors who apply to me have money, I bid them boldly print without a name; if they have written in order to get money, I tell them to go to the booksellers and make the best bargain they can." Boswell. "But, Sir, if a bookseller should bring you a manuscript to look at?" Johnson. "Why, Sir, I would desire the bookseller to take it away."

[1773] On Saturday, April 3, the day after my arrival in London this year, I went to his house late in the evening, and sat with Mrs. Williams till he came home. I found in the London Chronicle Dr. Goldsmith's apology to the public for beating Evans, a bookseller, on account of a paragraph in a newspaper published by him, which Goldsmith thought impertinent to him and to a lady of his acquaintance. Boswell. "I fancy, Sir, this is the first time that he has been engaged in such an adventure." Johnson. "Why, Sir, I believe it is the first time he has beat; he may have been beaten before. This, Sir, is a new plume to him."

Lord Chesterfield being mentioned, Johnson remarked that almost all of that celebrated nobleman's witty sayings were puns. He, however, allowed the merit of good wit to his Lordship's saying of Lord Tyrawley and himself, when both very old and infirm: "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years; but we don't choose to have it known."

[April 8] Though he was not disposed to talk, he was unwilling that I should leave him; and when I looked at my watch, and told him it was twelve o'clock, he cried, "What's that to you and me?" and ordered Frank to tell Mrs. Williams that we were coming to drink tea with her, which we did. It was settled that we should go to church together next day.

On the 9th of April, being Good Friday, I breakfasted with him on tea and cross-buns; *Doctor* Levet, as Frank called him, making the tea. He carried me with him to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat; and his behavior was, as I had imaged to my-

self, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the aweful petition in the Litany: "In the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us."

We went to church both in the morning and evening. In the interval between the two services we did not dine; but he read in the Greek New Testament, and I turned over several of his books.

To my great surprise he asked me to dine with him on Easter-day. I never supposed that he had a dinner at his house; for I had not then heard of any one of his friends having been entertained at his table. He told me, "I have generally a meat pie on Sunday: it is baked at a public oven, which is very properly allowed, because one man can attend it; and thus the advantage is obtained of not keeping servants from church to dress dinners."

April 11, being Easter Sunday, after having attended divine Service at St. Paul's, I repaired to Dr. Johnson's. I had gratified my curiosity much in dining with Jean Jacques Rousseau, while he lived in the wilds of Neufchatel: I had as great a curiosity to dine with Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the dusky recess of a court in Fleet Street. I supposed we should scarcely have knives and forks, and only some strange, uncouth, ill-dressed fish: but I found everything in very good order. We had no other company but Mrs. Williams and a young woman whom I did not know. As a dinner here was considered as a singular phenomenon, and as I was frequently interrogated on the subject, my readers may perhaps be desirous to know our bill of fare. We had a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding.

He told me that he had twelve or fourteen times attempted to keep a journal of his life but never could persevere. He advised me to do it. "The great thing to be recorded, (said he,) is the state of your own mind; and you should write down everything that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad; and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards."

I again solicited him to communicate to me the particulars of his early life. He said, "You shall have them all for two-pence. I hope you shall know a great deal more of me before you write my Life." He mentioned to me this day many circumstances, which I wrote down when I went home, and have interwoven in the former part of this narrative.

On Tuesday, April 13, he and Dr. Goldsmith and I dined at Gen-

eral Oglethorpe's. Goldsmith expatiated on the common topic, that the race of our people was degenerated, and that this was owing to luxury. JOHNSON. "Sir, no nation was ever hurt by luxury; for it can reach but to a very few. I admit that the great increase of commerce and manufactures hurts the military spirit of a people; because it produces a competition for something else than martial honors—a competition for riches. It also hurts the bodies of the people; for you will observe, there is no man who works at any particular trade, but you may know him from his appearance to do so. One part or the other of his body being more used than the rest, he is in some degree deformed: but, Sir, that is not luxury. A tailor sits cross-legged; but that is not luxury." Goldsmith. "Come, you're just going to the same place by another road." Johnson. "Nay, Sir, I say that is not luxury. Let us take a walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through, I suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world, what is there in any of these shops, (if you except gin-shops,) that can do any human being any harm?" GOLDSMITH. "Well, Sir, I'll accept your challenge. The very next shop to Northumberland House is a pickle-shop." JOHNSON. "Well, Sir: do we not know that a maid can in one afternoon make pickles sufficient to serve a whole family for a year? nay, that five pickle-shops can serve all the kingdom? Besides, Sir, there is no harm done to anybody by the making of pickles, or the eating of pickles."

On Wednesday, April 21, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's. The modes of living in different countries and the various views with which men travel in quest of new scenes having been talked of, a learned gentleman who holds a considerable office in the law expatiated on the happiness of a savage life, and mentioned an instance of an officer who had actually lived for some time in the wilds of America, of whom, when in that state, he quoted this reflection with an air of admiration, as if it had been deeply philosophical: "Here am I, free and unrestrained, amidst the rude magnificence of Nature, with this Indian woman by my side, and this gun, with which I can procure food when I want it: what more can be desired for human happiness?" It did not require much sagacity to foresee that such a sentiment would not be permitted to pass without due animadversion. Johnson. "Do not allow yourself, Sir, to be imposed upon by such gross absurdity. It is sad stuff; it is brutish. If a bull could speak, he might as well exclaim, Here am I with this cow and this grass; what being can enjoy better felicity?"

[On Tuesday morning, April 27, Boswell, Johnson, and Beauclerk discussed, among other things, Goldsmith's tendency to play the fool in conversation.]

Goldsmith, however, was often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in company with them one day, when Goldsmith said, that he thought he could write a good fable, mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires, and observed that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance, (said he,) the fable of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their heads, and envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill (continued he,) consists in making them talk like little fishes." While he indulged himself in this fanciful reverie, he observed Johnson shaking his sides, and laughing. Upon which he smartly proceeded, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like WHALES."

[April 29] Dr. Goldsmith's new play, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, being mentioned; JOHNSON. "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry."

[Johnson, as he often did, attacked actors as contemptible exhibitionists.]

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. "I do not perceive why the profession of a player should be despised; for the great and ultimate end of all the employments of mankind is to produce amusement. Garrick produces more amusement than anybody." Boswell. "You say, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick exhibits himself for a shilling. In this respect he is only on a footing with a lawyer who exhibits himself for his fee, and even will maintain any nonsense or absurdity, if the case require it. Garrick refuses a play or a part which he does not like: a lawyer never refuses." Johnson. "Why, Sir, what does this prove? only that a lawyer is worse. Boswell is now like Jack in 'The Tale of a Tub,' who, when he is puzzled by an argument, hangs himself. He thinks I shall cut him down, but I'll let him hang," (laughing vociferously).

[On Friday, May 7, Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith dined with a number of other gentlemen. Among them was a Mr. Toplady, with whom Johnson heatedly discussed religious freedom (Johnson was against it).] During this argument, Goldsmith sat in restless agitation, from a wish to get in and shine. Finding himself excluded, he had taken his hat to go away, but remained for some time with it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the close of a long night, lingers for a little while, to see if he can have a favorable opening to finish with success. Once when he was beginning to speak, he found himself overpowered by the loud voice of Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did not perceive Goldsmith's attempt. Thus disappointed of his wish to obtain the attention of the company, Goldsmith in a passion threw down his hat, looking angrily at Johnson, and exclaimed in a bitter tone, "Take it." When Toplady was going to speak, Johnson uttered some sound, which led Goldsmith to think that he was beginning again, and taking the words from Toplady. Upon which, he seized this opportunity of venting his own envy and spleen, under the pretext of supporting another person: "Sir, (said he to Johnson,) the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour: pray allow us now to hear him." Johnson. (sternly.) "Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent." Goldsmith made no reply, but continued in the company for some time.

He [Johnson] and Mr. Langton and I went together to THE CLUB, where we found Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, and some other members, and amongst them our friend Goldsmith, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson perceived this, and said aside to some of us, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me"; and then called to him in a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith, something passed to-day where you and I dined; I ask your pardon." Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, Sir, that I take ill." And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.

It may be observed, that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions, would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends: as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labor for a name to Goldy's play," Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, "I have often desired him not to call me Goldy." Tom was remarkably attentive to the most minute cir-

284

cumstance about Johnson. I recollect his telling me once, on my arrival in London, "Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan. He calls him now Sherry derry."

[1773] In a letter from Edinburgh, dated the 29th of May, I pressed him to persevere in his resolution to make this year the projected visit to the Hebrides, of which he and I had talked for many years, and which I was confident would afford us much entertainment.

"DEAR SIR,

"Not being at Mr. Thrale's when your letter came, I had written the enclosed paper and sealed it; bringing it hither for a frank, I found yours. If anything could repress my ardor, it would be such a letter as yours. To disappoint a friend is unpleasing: and he that forms expectations like yours must be disappointed. Think only when you see me that you see a man who loves you, and is proud and glad that you love him. I am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

August 3, 1773

TO THE SAME.

"Newcastle, Aug. 11, 1773

"DEAR SIR,

"I CAME hither last night, and hope, but do not absolutely promise, to be in Edinburgh on Saturday. Beattie will not come so soon. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[Johnson, equally eager for the tour, left for Scotland on August 6, 1773.] His stay in Scotland was from the 18th of August, on which day he arrived, till the 22d of November, when he set out on his return to London; and I believe ninety-four days were never passed by any man in a more vigorous exertion.

He came by the way of Berwick upon Tweed to Edinburgh, where he remained a few days, and then went by St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Fort Augustus, to the Hebrides, to visit which was the principal object he had in view. He visited the isles of Sky, Rasay, Col, Mull, Inchkenneth, and Icolmkill. He traveled through Argyleshire by Inverary, and from thence by Lochlomond and Dunbarton to Glasgow, then by Loudon to Auchinleck in Ayrshire, the seat of my fam-

ily, and then by Hamilton, back to Edinburgh, where he again spent some time. He thus saw the four Universities of Scotland, its three principal cities, and as much of the Highland and insular life as was sufficient for his philosophical contemplation. I had the pleasure of accompanying him during the whole of his journey. He was respectfully entertained by the great, the learned, and the elegant, wherever he went; nor was he less delighted with the hospitality which he experienced in humbler life.

[In a letter to Boswell on July 4, 1774, Johnson refers to Gold-smith's death, which had occurred on April 4:]

"Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith there is little to be told, more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?

[February, 1775. James Macpherson, a Scot, had published an epic poem, Fingal, which he said was from a manuscript by an ancient Scottish poet, Ossian. Johnson denied the existence of Ossian, said Macpherson had forged the poem himself, and said it was trash anyway. Macpherson wrote Johnson a threatening letter.]

What words were used by Mr. Macpherson in his letter to the venerable Sage, I have never heard; but they are generally said to have been of a nature very different from the language of literary contest. Dr. Johnson's answer appeared in the newspapers of the day, and has since been frequently republished; but not with perfect accuracy. I give it as dictated to me by himself, written down in his presence, and authenticated by a note in his own handwriting, "This, I think, is a true copy."

"MR. JAMES MACPHERSON.

"I RECEIVED your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my

reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

"Sam. Johnson."

Mr. Macpherson little knew the character of Dr. Johnson, if he supposed that he could be easily intimidated; for no man was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had, indeed, an awful dread of death, or rather, "of something after death." He feared death, but he feared nothing else, not even what might occasion death. Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them, and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me, that when they were swimming together near Oxford, he cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He told me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay till the watch came up and carried both him and them to the roundhouse. In the play-house at Lichfield, as Mr. Garrick informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; upon which Johnson laid hold of it, and tossed him and the chair into the pit. Foote, who so successfully revived the old comedy, by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's the bookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies "what was the common price of an oak stick"; and being answered six-pence, "Why then, Sir, (said he,) give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to take me off, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the same implement of defense; and had he been attacked, I have no doubt that, old as he was, he would have made his corporal prowess be felt as much as his intellectual.

[1775] On Tuesday, March 21, I arrived in London; and on repairing to Dr. Johnson's before dinner, found him in his study, sitting with Mr. Peter Garrick, the elder brother of David, strongly resembling him in countenance and voice, but of more sedate and placid manners.

The doubts which, in my correspondence with him [Johnson], I had ventured to state as to the justice and wisdom of the conduct of Great Britain towards the American colonies, while I at the same time requested that he would enable me to inform myself upon that momentous subject, he had altogether disregarded; and had recently published a pamphlet, entitled Taxation no Tyranny; an answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress.

He had long before indulged most unfavorable sentiments of our fellow-subjects in America. For, as early as 1769, I was told by Dr. John Campbell that he had said of them, "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

Of this performance I avoided to talk with him; for I had now formed a clear and settled opinion, that the people of America were well warranted to resist a claim that their fellow-subjects in the mother-country should have the entire command of their fortunes, by taxing them without their own consent. That this pamphlet was written at the desire of those who were then in power, I have no doubt; and, indeed he owned to me that it had been revised and curtailed by some of them.

On Friday, March 24, I met him at the LITERARY CLUB, where were Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Colman, Dr. Percy, Mr. Vesey, Sir Charles Bunbury, Dr. George Fordyce, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Charles Fox. Before he came in, we talked of his Journey to the Western Islands, and of his coming away, "willing to believe the second sight," which seemed to excite some ridicule. I was then so impressed with the truth of many of the stories of which I had been told that I avowed my conviction, saying, "He is only willing to believe: I do believe. The evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind. What will not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint bottle. I am filled with belief." "Are you? (said Colman,) then cork it up."

On Monday, March 27, I breakfasted with him at Mr. Strahan's. He told us that he was engaged to go that evening to Mrs. Abington's

benefit. "She was visiting some ladies whom I was visiting, and begged that I would come to her benefit. I told her I could not hear: but she insisted so much on my coming, that it would have been brutal to have refused her." This was a speech quite characteristical. He loved to bring forward his having been in the gay circles of life; and he was, perhaps, a little vain of the solicitations of this elegant and fashionable actress.

Mr. Strahan talked of launching into the great ocean of London, in order to have a chance for rising into eminence; and, observing that many men were kept back from trying their fortunes there, because they were born to a competency, said, "Small certainties are the bane of men of talents"; which Johnson confirmed. Mr. Strahan put Johnson in mind of a remark which he had made to him, "There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." "The more one thinks of this, (said Strahan,) the juster it will appear."

At Mr. Beauclerk's, where I supped, was Mr. Garrick, whom I made happy with Johnson's praise of his prologues; and I suppose, in gratitude to him, he took up one of his favorite topics, the nationality of the Scotch, which he maintained in a pleasant manner, with the aid of a little poetical fiction. "Come, come, don't deny it: they are really national. Why, now, the Adams are as liberal-minded men as any in the world: but I don't know how it is, all their workmen are Scotch. You are, to be sure, wonderfully free from that nationality: but so it happens that you employ the only Scotch shoeblack in London." He imitated the manner of his old master with ludicrous exaggeration; repeating, with pauses and half-whistlings interjected,

Os homini sublime dedit—cælumque tueri Jussit—et erectos ad sidera—tollere vultus;

looking downwards all the time, and, while pronouncing the four last words, absolutely touching the ground with a kind of contorted gesticulation.

Garrick, however, when he pleased, could imitate Johnson very exactly; for that great actor, with his distinguished powers of expression which were so universally admired, possessed also an admirable talent of mimicry. He was always jealous that Johnson spoke lightly of him. I recollect his exhibiting him to me one day, as if saying, "Davy has some convivial pleasantry about him, but 'tis a futile fellow"; which he uttered perfectly with the tone and air of Johnson.

I cannot too frequently request of my readers, while they peruse my account of Johnson's conversation, to endeavor to keep in mind his deliberate and strong utterance. His mode of speaking was indeed very impressive; and I wish it could be preserved as music is written, according to the very ingenious method of Mr. Steele, who has shown how the recitation of Mr. Garrick, and other eminent speakers, might be transmitted to posterity in score.

Next morning [April 1] I won a small bet from Lady Diana Beauclerk, by asking him as to one of his particularities, which her Ladyship laid I durst not do. It seems he had been frequently observed at the club to put into his pocket the Seville oranges, after he had squeezed the juice of them into the drink which he made for himself. Beauclerk and Garrick talked of it to me, and seemed to think that he had a strange unwillingness to be discovered. We could not divine what he did with them; and this was the bold question to be put. I saw on his table the spoils of the preceding night, some fresh peels nicely scraped and cut into pieces. "O, Sir, (said 1,) I now partly see what you do with the squeezed oranges which you put into your pocket at the Club." JOHNSON. "I have a great love for them." Boswell. "And pray, Sir, what do you do with them? You scrape them it seems, very neatly, and what next?" JOHNSON. "Let them dry, Sir." BOSWELL. "And what next?" Johnson. "Nay, Sir, you shall know their fate no further." Boswell. "Then the world must be left in the dark. It must be said (assuming a mock solemnity,) he scraped them and let them dry, but what he did with them next, he never could be prevailed upon to tell." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, you should say it more emphatically:he could not be prevailed upon, even by his dearest friends, to tell."

He had this morning received his Diploma as Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford. He did not vaunt of his new dignity, but I understood he was highly pleased with it.

[April 7] Patriotism having become one of our topics, Johnson suddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." But let it be considered that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism which so many, in all ages and countries, have made a cloak for self-interest.

[April 10] I must, again and again entreat of my readers not to suppose that my imperfect record of conversation contains the whole of what was said by Johnson, or other eminent persons who lived

with him. What I have preserved, however, has the value of the most perfect authenticity.

He this day enlarged upon Pope's melancholy remark,

Man never is, but always to be blest.

He asserted, that the present was never a happy state to any human being; but that, as every part of life, of which we are conscious, was at some point of time a period yet to come, in which felicity was expected, there was some happiness produced by hope. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked if he really was of opinion, that though, in general, happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present, he answered, "Never, but when he is drunk."

[April 11] As a curious instance how little a man knows, or wishes to know his own character in the world, or, rather as a convincing proof that Johnson's roughness was only external, and did not proceed from his heart, I insert the following dialogue. Johnson. "It is wonderful, Sir, how rare a quality good humor is in life. We meet with very few good-humored men." I mentioned four of our friends, none of whom he would allow to be good-humored. One was acid, another was muddy, and to the others he had objections which have escaped me. Then, shaking his head and stretching himself at ease in the coach, and smiling with much complacency, he turned to me and said, "I look upon myself as a good-humored fellow." The epithet fellow, applied to the great Lexicographer, the stately Moralist, the Masterly Critic, as if he had been Sam Johnson, a mere pleasant companion, was highly diverting; and this light notion of himself struck me with wonder. I answered, also smiling, "No, no, Sir; that will not do. You are good-natured, but not good-humored: you are irascible. You have not patience with folly and absurdity. I believe you would pardon them, if there were time to deprecate your vengeance; but punishment follows so quick after sentence that they cannot escape."

Somebody found fault with writing verses in a dead language, maintaining that they were merely arrangements of so many words, and laughed at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for sending forth collections of them not only in Greek and Latin, but even in Syriac, Arabic, and other more unknown tongues. Johnson. "I would have as many of these as possible; I would have verses in every language that there are the means of acquiring. Nobody imagines that a

University is to have at once two hundred poets; but it should be able to show two hundred scholars. Pieresc's death was lamented, I think, in forty languages. And I would have had at every coronation, and every death of a king, every *Gaudium*, and every *Luctus*, University-verses, in as many languages as can be acquired. I would have the world to be thus told, 'Here is a school where everything may be learned.'"

I passed many hours with him on the 17th [of May], of which I find all my memorial is, "much laughing." It should seem he had that day been in a humor for jocularity and merriment, and upon such occasions I never knew a man laugh more heartily. We may suppose that the high relish of a state so different from his habitual gloom produced more than ordinary exertions of that distinguishing faculty of man, which has puzzled philosophers so much to explain. Johnson's laugh was as remarkable as any circumstance in his manner. It was a kind of good-humored growl. Tom Davies described it drolly enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros."

[In October and November, 1775, Johnson toured France with Thrales.]

When I met him in London the following year, he observed, "The great in France live very magnificently, but the rest very miserably. There is no happy middle state as in England. The shops of Paris are mean; the meat in the markets is such as would be sent to a jail in England; and Mr. Thrale justly observed that the cookery of the French was forced upon them by necessity; for they could not eat their meat unless they added some taste to it. The French are an indelicate people; they will spit upon any place. At Madame ——'s, a literary lady of rank, the footman took the sugar in his fingers, and threw it into my coffee. I was going to put it aside; but hearing it was made on purpose for me, I e'en tasted Tom's fingers. The same lady would needs make tea à l'Angloise. The spout of the tea-pot did not pour freely; she bade the footman blow into it. France is worse than Scotland in everything but climate. Nature has done more for the French; but they have done less for themselves than the Scotch have done."

It happened that Foote was at Paris at the same time with Dr. Johnson, and his description of my friend while there was abundantly ludicrous. He told me, that the French were quite astonished at his figure and manner, and at his dress, which he obstinately continued exactly as in London: his brown clothes, black stockings, and plain

shirt. He mentioned that an Irish gentleman said to Johnson, "Sir, you have not seen the best French players." Johnson. "Players, Sir! I look on them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs."—"But, Sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?" Johnson. "Yes, Sir, as some dogs dance better than others."

[1776] Having arrived in London late on Friday, the 15th of March, I hastened next morning to wait on Dr. Johnson, at his house; but found he was removed from Johnson's Court, No. 7, to Bolt Court, No. 8, still keeping to his favorite Fleet Street. Being informed that he was at Mr. Thrale's in the Borough, I hastened thither, and found Mrs. Thrale and him at breakfast. I was kindly welcomed. In a moment he was in a full glow of conversation, and I felt myself elevated as if brought into another state of being. Mrs. Thrale and I looked to each other while he talked, and our looks expressed our congenial admiration and affection for him. I shall ever recollect this scene with great pleasure. I exclaimed to her, "I am quite restored by him, by transfusion of mind." "There are many (she replied) who admire and respect Mr. Johnson; but you and I love him."

He seemed very happy in the near prospect of going to Italy with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. "But (said he), before leaving England I am to take a jaunt to Oxford, Birmingham, my native city Lichfield, and my old friend, Dr. Taylor's, at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. I shall go in a few days, and you, Boswell, shall go with me." I was ready to accompany him; being willing even to leave London to have the pleasure of his conversation.

Finding him still persevering in his abstinence from wine, I ventured to speak to him of it.—Johnson. "Sir, I have no objection to a man's drinking wine, if he can do it in moderation. I found myself apt to go to excess in it, and therefore, after having been for some time without it on account of illness, I thought it better not to return to it. Every man is to judge for himself, according to the effects which he experiences. One of the fathers tells us he found fasting made him so peevish that he did not practice it."

I again visited him on Monday. He took occasion to enlarge, as he often did, upon the wretchedness of a sea-life. "A ship is worse than a jail. There is, in a jail, better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land."—"Then (said I), it would be cruel in a father to breed his son

to the sea." JOHNSON. "It would be cruel in a father who thinks as I do. Men go to sea before they know the unhappiness of that way of life; and when they have come to know it, they cannot escape from it, because it is then too late to choose another profession; as indeed is generally the case with men, when they have once engaged in any particular way of life."

On Tuesday, March 19, which was fixed for our proposed jaunt, we met in the morning at the Somerset coffee-house in the Strand, where we were taken up by the Oxford coach. Johnson expressed his disapprobation of ornamental architecture, such as magnificent columns supporting a portico, or expensive pilasters supporting merely their own capitals, "because it consumes labor disproportionate to its utility." For the same reason he satirized statuary. "Painting (said he), consumes labor not disproportionate to its effect; but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot."

Upon our arrival at Oxford, Dr. Johnson and I went directly to University College. We put up at the Angel Inn, and passed the evening by ourselves in easy and familiar conversation. Talking of constitutional melancholy, he observed, "A man so afflicted, Sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them." Boswell. "May not he think them down, Sir?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir. To attempt to think them down is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bed-chamber during the night, and if wakefully disturbed, take a book, and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise." Boswell. "Should not he provide amusements for himself? Would it not, for instance, be right for him to take a course of chemistry?" JOHNSON. "Let him take a course of chemistry, or a course of rope-dancing, or a course of anything to which he is inclined at the time. Let him contrive to have as many retreats for his mind as he can, as many things to which it can fly from itself."

Thursday, March 21, we set out in a post-chaise to pursue our ramble. We dined at an excellent inn at Chapel-house, where he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house (said he), in which people can enjoy themselves so well, as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great

plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

In the afternoon, as we were driven rapidly along in the post-chaise, he said to me, "Life has not many things better than this."

We stopped at Stratford-upon-Avon, and drank tea and coffee; and it pleased me to be with him upon the classic ground of Shakespeare's native place.

On Friday, March 22, having set out early from Henley, where we had lain the preceding night, we arrived at Birmingham about nine o'clock, and, after breakfast, went to call on his old schoolfellow Mr. Hector.

We all met at dinner at Mr. Lloyd's, where we were entertained with great hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd had been married the same year with their Majesties, and like them, had been blessed with a numerous family of fine children, their numbers being exactly the same. Johnson said, "Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the married state."

Dr. Johnson said to me in the morning, "You will see, Sir, at Mr. Hector's, his sister, Mrs. Careless, a clergyman's widow. She was the first woman with whom I was in love. It dropped out of my head imperceptibly; but she and I shall always have a kindness for each other." He laughed at the notion that a man can never be really in love but once, and considered it as a mere romantic fancy.

[In the afternoon] Mr. Hector took me to his house, where we found Johnson sitting placidly at tea, with his first love; who though now advanced in years, was a genteel woman, very agreeable and well bred.

Johnson lamented to Mr. Hector the state of one of their schoolfellows, Mr. Charles Congreve, a clergyman, which he thus described: "He obtained, I believe, considerable preferment in Ireland, but now lives in London, quite as a valetudinarian, afraid to go into any house but his own. He takes a short airing in his post-chaise every day. He has an elderly woman, whom he calls cousin, who lives with him, and jogs his elbow, when his glass has stood too long empty, and encourages him in drinking, in which he is very willing to be encouraged; not that he gets drunk, for he is a very pious man, but he is always muddy. He confesses to one bottle of port every day, and he probably drinks more. He is quite unsocial; his conversation is quite monosyllabical; and when, at my last visit, I asked him what o'clock it was? that signal of my departure had so pleasing an effect on him, that he sprung up to look at his watch, like a greyhound bounding at a hare." When Johnson took leave of Mr. Hector, he said, "Don't grow like Congreve; nor let me grow like him, when you are near me."

When he again talked of Mrs. Careless to-night, he seemed to have had his affection revived; for he said, "If I had married her, it might have been as happy for me." Boswell. "Pray, Sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy, as with any one woman in particular?" Johnson. "Ay, Sir, fifty thousand." Boswell. "Then, Sir, you are not of opinion with some who imagine that certain men and certain women are made for each other: and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts." Johnson. "To be sure not, Sir. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

[The next day they arrived in Lichfield, Johnson's native city, where they met his step-daughter and a few of his old friends.]

He expatiated in praise of Lichfield and its inhabitants, who, he said, were "the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English." I doubted as to the last article of this eulogy: for they had several provincial sounds; as there, pronounced like fear, instead of like fair; once, pronounced woonse, instead of wunse or wonse. Johnson himself never got entirely free of those provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used

to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl, with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, "Who's for poonsh?"

When we were by ourselves he told me, "Forty years ago, Sir, I was in love with an actress here, Mrs. Emmet, who acted Flora, in HOB IN THE WELL." What merit this lady had as an actress, or what was her figure, or her manner, I have not been informed; but, if we may believe Mr. Garrick, his old master's taste in theatrical merit was by no means refined. Garrick used to tell that Johnson said of an actor, who played Sir Harry Wildair at Lichfield, "There is a courtly vivacity about the fellow"; when in fact, according to Garrick's account, "he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever went upon boards."

[March 25] In the evening we went to the Town Hall, which was converted into a temporary theater, and saw Theodosius, with The Stratford Jubilee. I was happy to see Dr. Johnson sitting in a conspicuous part of the pit, and receiving affectionate homage from all his acquaintance.

Mr. Seward and Mr. Pearson, another clergyman here, supped with us at our inn, and after they left us, we sat up late as we used to do in London.

"Marriage, Sir [he said], is much more necessary to a man than to a woman: for he is much less able to supply himself with domestic comforts. You will recollect my saying to some ladies the other day that I had often wondered why young women should marry, as they have so much more freedom, and so much more attention paid to them while unmarried, than when married. I indeed did not mention the strong reason for their marrying—the mechanical reason." Boswell. "Why that is a strong one. But does not imagination make it much more important than it is in reality? Is it not, to a certain degree, a delusion in us as well as in women?" Johnson. "Why yes, Sir; but it is a delusion that is always beginning again." Boswell. "I don't know but there is upon the whole more misery than happiness produced by that passion." Johnson. "I don't think so, Sir."

I mentioned an acquaintance of mine, a sectary, who was a very religious man, who not only attended regularly on public worship with those of his communion, but made a particular study of the Scriptures, and even wrote a commentary on some parts of them, yet was known to be very licentious in indulging himself with women; maintaining that men are to be saved by faith alone, and that the

Christian religion had not prescribed any fixed rule for the intercourse between the sexes. Johnson. "Sir, there is no trusting to that crazy piety."

[They returned to London on March 29.]

On Wednesday, April 3, in the morning I found him very busy putting his books in order, and as they were generally very old ones, clouds of dust were flying around him. He had on a pair of large gloves such as hedgers use. His present appearance put me in mind of my uncle, Dr. Boswell's description of him, "A robust genius, born to grapple with whole libraries."

We agreed to dine to-day at the Mitre Tavern. I brought with me Mr. Murray, Solicitor-General of Scotland. Mr. Murray praised the ancient philosophers for the candor and good humor with which those of different sects disputed with each other. Johnson. "Sir, they disputed with good humor, because they were not in earnest as to religion. Had the ancients been serious in their belief, we should not have had their Gods exhibited in the manner we find them represented in the Poets. The people would not have suffered it. They disputed with good humor upon their fanciful theories, because they were not interested in the truth of them: when a man has nothing to lose, he may be in good humor with his opponent. Being angry with one who controverts an opinion which you value is a necessary consequence of the uneasiness which you feel. Every man who attacks my belief diminishes in some degree my confidence in it, and therefore makes me uneasy; and I am angry with him who makes me uneasy."

Volumes would be required to contain a list of his numerous and various acquaintance, none of whom he ever forgot; and could describe and discriminate them all with precision and vivacity. He associated with persons the most widely different in manners, abilities, ranks, and accomplishments. He was at once the companion of the brilliant Colonel Forrester of the Guards, who wrote The Polite Philosopher, and of the awkward and uncouth Robert Levett; of Lord Thurlow, and Mr. Sastres, the Italian master; and has dined one day with the beautiful, gay, and fascinating Lady Craven, and the next with good Mrs. Gardiner, the tallow-chandler, on Snowhill.

I mentioned a new gaming-club, of which Mr. Beauclerk had given me an account, where the members played to a desperate extent. Johnson. "Depend upon it, Sir, this is mere talk. Who is ruined by gaming? You will not find six instances in an age. There is a strange

rout made about deep play: whereas you have many more people ruined by adventurous trade, and yet we do not hear such an outcry against it." THRALE [who had come to call on Johnson]. "There may be few people absolutely ruined by deep play; but very many are much hurt in their circumstances by it." Johnson. "Yes, Sir, and so are very many by other kinds of expense." I had heard him talk once before in the same manner; and at Oxford he said, "he wished he had learned to play at cards." The truth, however, is that he loved to display his ingenuity in argument; and therefore would sometimes in conversation maintain opinions which he was sensible were wrong, but in supporting which, his reasoning and wit would be most conspicuous. He would begin thus: "Why, Sir, as to the good or evil of card-playing-" "Now (said Garrick), he is thinking which side he shall take." He appeared to have a pleasure in contradiction, especially when any opinion whatever was delivered with an air of confidence; so that there was hardly any topic, if not one of the great truths of Religion and Morality, that he might not have been incited to argue, either for or against.

On Wednesday, April 10, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's, where were Mr. Murphy and some other company. Before dinner, Dr. Johnson and I passed some time by ourselves. I was sorry to find it was now resolved that the proposed journey to Italy should not take place this year [because of the recent death of Thrale's son]. I suggested, that going to Italy might have done Mr. and Mrs. Thrale good. Johnson. "I rather believe not, Sir. While grief is fresh, every attempt to divert only irritates. You must wait till grief be digested, and then amusement will dissipate the remains of it."

I said, I disliked the custom which some people had of bringing their children into company, because it in a manner forced us to pay foolish compliments to please their parents. Johnson. "You are right, Sir. We may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own children. It may be observed, that men, who from being engaged in business, or from their course of life in whatever way, seldom see their children, do not care much about them. I myself should not have had much fondness for a child of my own. At least, I never wished to have a child."

[April 12] I observed the great defect of the tragedy of OTHELLO was that it had not a moral; for that no man could resist the circumstances of suspicion which were artfully suggested to Othello's mind.

JOHNSON. "In the first place, Sir, we learn from OTHELLO this very useful moral, not to make an unequal match; in the second place, we learn not to yield too readily to suspicion. The handkerchief is merely a trick, though a very pretty trick; but there are no other circumstances of reasonable suspicion, except what is related by Iago of Cassio's warm expressions concerning Desdemona in his sleep; and that depended entirely upon the assertion of one man. No, Sir, I think OTHELLO has more moral than almost any play."

He said, that for general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. He added, "what we read with inclination makes a much stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention; so there is but one half to be employed on what we read."

On the 26th of April, I went to Bath; and on my arrival at the Pelican Inn, found lying for me an obliging invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, by whom I was agreeably entertained almost constantly during my stay. They were gone to the rooms: but there was a kind note from Dr. Johnson, that he should sit at home all the evening. I went to him directly, and before Mr. and Mrs. Thrale returned, we had by ourselves some hours of tea-drinking and talk.

It having been mentioned, I know not with what truth, that a certain female political writer, whose doctrines he disliked, had of late become very fond of dress, sat hours together at her toilet, and even put on rouge:—Johnson. "She is better employed at her toilet, than using her pen. It is better she should be reddening her own cheeks, than blackening other people's characters."

[May, 1776] "Where there is no education, as in savage countries, men will have the upper hand of women. Bodily strength, no doubt, contributes to this; but it would be so, exclusive of that; for it is mind that always governs. When it comes to dry understanding, man has the better."

[May, 1776] "That man is never happy for the present is so true that all his relief from unhappiness is only forgetting himself for a little while. Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment."

I am now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life, which fell under my own observation; of which pars magna fui [I

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was a great part] and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description, had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry, which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person. I conceived an irresistible wish, if possible, to bring Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together. How to manage it was a nice and difficult matter.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen, on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray (said I), let us have Dr. Johnson."—"What, with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world (said Mr. Edward Dilly); Dr. Johnson would never forgive me."—"Come (said I), if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch [a famous hangman]." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus:—"Mr. Dilly, Sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." Johnson. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him-" Boswell. "Provided, Sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have, is agreeable to you." JOHNSON. "What do you mean, Sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world, as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" Boswell. "I beg your pardon, Sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." Johnson. "Well, Sir, and what then? What care I for his patriotic friends? Poh!" Boswell. "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." Johnson. "And if Jack Wilkes should be there, what is that to me, Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." Boswell. "Pray, forgive me, Sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, Sir? (said I). Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" Johnson. "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's: it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams." Boswell. "But, my dear Sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." Johnson. "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this."

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured, would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs. Williams such a degree of humane attention as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened downstairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, Sir (said she, pretty peevishly,) Dr. Johnson is to dine at home."—"Madam (said I), his respect for you is such that I know he will not leave you, unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day: as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if

the Doctor neglects him to-day. And then, Madam, be pleased to consider my situation; I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come; and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honor he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson, "That all things considered, she thought he should certainly go." I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay"; but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams's consent, he roared, "Frank, a clean shirt," and was very soon dressed. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna-Green [to be married].

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, Sir?"—"Mr. Arthur Lee."— JOHNSON. "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a patriot, but an American. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?"—"Mr. Wilkes, Sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table," dissolved his reverie, and we all sat down without any symptom of ill humor. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness, that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, Sir;—It is better here—A little

of the brown—Some fat, Sir,—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange;—or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest."—"Sir, Sir, I am obliged to you, Sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

Foote being mentioned, Johnson said, "He is not a good mimic." One of the company added, "A merry Andrew, a buffoon." Johnson. "But he has wit too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, Sir, when you think you have got him—like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse. Garrick is under many restraints from which Foote is free." WILKES. "Garrick's wit is more like Lord Chesterfield's." Johnson. "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, Sir, he was irresistible."

Mr. Wilkes remarked, that "among all the bold flights of Shake-speare's imagination, the boldest was making Birnamwood march to Dunsinane; creating a wood where there never was a shrub; a wood in Scotland! ha! ha! ha!" And he also observed, that "the clannish slavery of the Highlands of Scotland was the single exception to Milton's remark of 'The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty,' being worshiped in all hilly countries."—"When I was at Inverary (said he), on a visit to my old friend Archibald, Duke of Argyle, his dependents congratulated me on being such a favorite of his Grace. I said, 'It is then, gentlemen, truly lucky for me; for if I had displeased the Duke, and he had wished it, there is not a Campbell among you but would have been ready to bring John Wilkes's head to him in a charger."

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes talked of the contested passage in Horace's ART OF POETRY, "Difficile est propriè communia dicere." Mr. Wilkes, according to my note, gave the interpretation thus: "It

is difficult to speak with propriety of common things; as, if a poet had to speak of Queen Caroline drinking tea, he must endeavor to avoid the vulgarity of cups and saucers." Johnson. "He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done."

Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned some Scotch who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should choose it. Johnson. "Why, Sir, all barrenness is comparative. The Scotch would not know it to be barren." Boswell. "Come, come, he is flattering the English. You have now been in Scotland, Sir, and say if you did not see meat and drink enough there." JOHNSON. "Why ves, Sir; meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home." All these quick and lively sallies were said sportively, quite in jest, and with a smile, which showed that he meant only wit. Upon this topic he and Mr. Wilkes could perfectly assimilate; here was a bond of union between them, and I was conscious that as both of them had visited Caledonia, both were fully satisfied of the strange, narrow ignorance of those who imagine that it is a land of famine. But they amused themselves with persevering in the old jokes. When I claimed a superiority for Scotland over England in one respect, that no man can be arrested there for a debt merely because another man swears it against him; but there must first be the judgment of a court of law ascertaining its justice; and that a seizure of the person, before judgment is obtained, can take place only, if his creditor should swear that he is about to fly from the country, or, as it is technically expressed, is in meditatione fugæ: WILKES. "That, I should think, may be safely sworn of all the Scotch nation." JOHNSON. (To Mr. Wilkes) "You must know, Sir, I lately took my friend Boswell, and showed him genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Lichfield, my native city, that he might see for once real civility: for you know he lives among savages in Scotland, and among rakes in London." WILKES. "Except when he is with grave, sober, decent people, like you and me." JOHNSON (smiling). "And we ashamed of him."

They were quite frank and easy. Johnson told the story of his asking Mrs. Macaulay to allow her footman to sit down with them, to prove the ridiculousness of the arguments for the equality of mankind; and he said to me afterwards, with a nod of satisfaction, "You saw Mr. Wilkes acquiesced." Wilkes talked with all imaginable freedom of the ludicrous title given to the Attorney-General, Diabolus Regis;

adding, "I have reason to know something about that officer; for I was prosecuted for a libel." Johnson, who many people would have supposed must have been furiously angry at hearing this talked of so lightly, said not a word. He was now, *indeed*, "a good-humored fellow."

After dinner we had an accession of Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker lady, well known for her various talents, and of Mr. Alderman Lee. Mr. Wilkes held a candle to show a fine print of a beautiful female figure which hung in the room, and pointed out the elegant contour of the bosom with the finger of an arch connoisseur. He afterwards in a conversation with me waggishly insisted that all the time Johnson showed visible signs of a fervent admiration of the corresponding charms of the fair Quaker.

This record, though by no means so perfect as I could wish, will serve to give a notion of a very curious interview, which was not only pleasing at the time, but had the agreeable and benignant effect of reconciling any animosity, and sweetening any acidity, which, in the various bustle of political contest, had been produced in the minds of two men, who though widely different, had so many things in common—classical learning, modern literature, wit and humor, and ready repartee—that it would have been much to be regretted if they had been forever at a distance from each other.

Mr. Burke gave me much credit for this successful negotiation; and pleasantly said, "that there was nothing equal to it in the whole history of the Corps Diplomatique."

In 1777, it appears from his Prayers and Meditations, that Johnson suffered much from a state of mind "unsettled and perplexed," and from that constitutional gloom, which, together with his extreme humility and anxiety with regard to his religious state, made him contemplate himself through too dark and unfavorable a medium. It may be said of him, that he "saw God in clouds." Certain we may be of his injustice to himself in the following lamentable paragraph, which it is painful to think came from the contrite heart of this great man, to whose labors the world is so much indebted: "When I survey my past life, I discover nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of the mind, very near to madness, which I hope He that made me will suffer to extenuate many faults, and excuse many deficiencies."

To those who delight in tracing the progress of works of literature,

it will be an entertainment to compare the limited design with the ample execution of that admirable performance, The Lives of the English Poets, which is the richest, most beautiful, and indeed most perfect, production of Johnson's pen. His notion of it at this time appears in the preceding letter. He has a memorandum in this year, "29 May, Easter-Eve, I treated with booksellers on a bargain, but the time was not long." The bargain was concerning that undertaking; but his tender conscience seems alarmed, lest it should have intruded too much on his devout preparation for the solemnity of the ensuing day. But, indeed, very little time was necessary for Johnson's concluding a treaty with the booksellers; as he had, I believe, less attention to profit from his labors, than any man to whom literature has been a profession.

[In August, 1777, Johnson went for a vacation to the home of his old school fellow, the minister Dr. Taylor, at Ashbourne.]

On Sunday evening, Sept. 14, I arrived at Ashbourne, and drove directly up to Dr. Taylor's door. Dr. Johnson and he appeared before I had got out of the post-chaise, and welcomed me cordially.

[Sept. 16] In the evening the Reverend Mr. Seward, of Lichfield, who was passing through Ashbourne in his way home, drank tea with us. Johnson described him thus: "Sir, his ambition is to be a fine talker; so he goes to Buxton, and such places, where he may find companies to listen to him. And, Sir, he is a valetudinarian, one of those who are always mending themselves. I do not know a more disagreeable character than a valetudinarian, who thinks he may do anything that is for his ease, and indulges himself in the grossest freedoms. Sir, he brings himself to the state of a hog in a sty."

Dr. Taylor's nose happening to bleed, he said, it was because he had omitted to have himself blooded four days after a quarter of a year's interval. Dr. Johnson, who was a great dabbler in physic, disapproved much of periodical bleeding. "For (said he), you accustom yourself to an evacuation which Nature cannot perform of herself, and therefore she cannot help you, should you from forgetfulness or any other cause omit it; so you may be suddenly suffocated. You may accustom yourself to other periodical evacuations, because should you omit them, Nature can supply the omission; but Nature cannot open a vein to blood you."—"I do not like to take an emetic (said Taylor), for fear of breaking some small vessels."—"Poh! (said

Johnson,) if you have so many things that will break, you had better break your neck at once, and there's an end on't. You will break no small vessels:" (blowing with high derision).

[Sept. 20] I suggested a doubt, that if I were to reside in London, the exquisite zest with which I relished it in occasional visits might go off, and I might grow tired of it. Johnson. "Why, Sir, you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

[Sept. 21] Boswell. "Who can repeat Hamlet's soliloquy, 'To be, or not to be,' as Garrick does it?" Johnson. "Anybody may. Jemmy, there (a boy about eight years old, who was in the room) will do it as well in a week." Boswell. "No, no, Sir: and as a proof of the merit of great acting, and of the value which mankind set upon it, Garrick has got a hundred thousand pounds." Johnson. "Is getting a hundred thousand pounds a proof of excellence? That has been done by a scoundrel commissary."

On Monday, September 22, when at breakfast, I unguardedly said to Dr. Johnson, "I wish I saw you and Mrs. Macaulay together." He grew very angry; and, after a pause, while a cloud gathered on his brow, he burst out, "No, Sir; you would not see us quarrel, to make you sport. Don't you know that it is very uncivil to *pit* two people against one another?" Then, checking himself, and wishing to be more gentle, he added, "I do not say you should be hanged or drowned for this; but it *is* very uncivil." Dr. Taylor thought him in the wrong, and spoke to him privately of it; but I afterwards acknowledged to Johnson that I was to blame, for I candidly owned, that I meant to express a desire to see a contest between Mrs. Macaulay and him; but then I knew how the contest would end; so that I was to see him triumph. JOHNSON. "Sir, you cannot be sure how a contest will end; and no man has a right to engage two people in a dispute by which their passions may be enflamed, and they may part with bitter resentment against each other. I would sooner keep company with a man from whom I must guard my pockets, than with a man who contrives to bring me into a dispute with somebody that he may hear it. This is the great fault of — (naming one of our friends), endeavoring to introduce a subject upon which he knows two people in the company differ." BOSWELL. "But he told me, Sir, he does it for instruction." JOHNSON. "Whatever the motive be, Sir, the man who does so does very wrong. He has no more right to instruct himself at such risk, than he has to

make two people fight a duel, that he may learn how to defend himself."

[Sept. 23] After supper I accompanied him to his apartment, and at my request he dictated to me an argument in favor of the Negro who was then claiming his liberty, in an action in the Court of Session in Scotland. He had always been very zealous against slavery in every form, in which I with all deference thought that he discovered "a zeal without knowledge." Upon one occasion, when in company with some very grave men at Oxford, his toast was, "Here's to the next insurrection of the Negroes in the West Indies." His violent prejudice against our West Indian and American settlers appeared whenever there was an opportunity. Towards the conclusion of his "Taxation no Tyranny," he says, "how is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of Negroes?"

[Boswell left Dr. Taylor's for Scotland, and Johnson, who became ill, returned to London by way of Lichfield.]

[1778] On Wednesday, March 18, I arrived in London, and was informed by good Mr. Francis, that his master was better, and was gone to Mr. Thrale's at Streatham. On Friday, March 20, I found him at his own house, sitting with Mrs. Williams, and was informed that the room formerly allotted to me was now appropriated to a charitable purpose; Mrs. Desmoulins, and I think her daughter, and a Miss Carmichael, being all lodged in it. Such was his humanity, and such his generosity, that Mrs. Desmoulins herself told me, he allowed her half-a-guinea a week. Let it be remembered that this was above a twelfth part of his pension.

On Friday, April 3, I dined with him in London, in a company where were present several eminent men, whom I shall not name, but distinguish their parts in the conversation by different letters.

F. "I have been looking at this famous antique marble dog of Mr. Jennings, valued at a thousand guineas, said to be Alcibiades's dog." JOHNSON. "His tail then must be docked. That was the mark of Alcibiades's dog." E. "A thousand guineas! The representation of no animal whatever is worth so much. At this rate a dead dog would indeed be better than a living lion." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not the worth of the thing, but of the skill in forming it which is so highly estimated. Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw upon his nose; Johnson who rode upon three

horses at a time; in short, all such men deserved the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but of the dexterity which they exhibited." Boswell. "Yet a misapplication of time and assiduity is not to be encouraged. Addison, in one of his Spectators, commends the judgment of a King, who as a suitable reward to a man that by long perseverance had attained to the art of throwing a barley-corn through the eye of a needle, gave him a bushel of barley." Johnson. "He must have been a King of Scotland, where barley is scarce."

E. "We hear prodigious complaints at present of emigration. I am convinced that emigration makes a country more populous." J. "That sounds very much like a paradox." E. "Exportation of men, like exportation of all other commodities, makes more be produced." Johnson. "But there would be more people were there not emigration, provided there were food for more." E. "No; leave a few breeders, and you'll have more people than if there were no emigration." Johnson. "Nay, Sir, it is plain there will be more people, if there are more breeders. Thirty cows in good pasture will produce more calves than ten cows, provided they have good bulls." E. "There are bulls enough in Ireland." Johnson (smiling). "So, Sir, I should think from your argument."

C. "It is remarkable that the most unhealthy countries, where there are the most destructive diseases, such as Egypt and Bengal, are the most populous." Johnson. "Countries which are the most populous have the most destructive diseases. That is the true state of the proposition." C. "Holland is very unhealthy, yet it is exceedingly populous." Johnson. "I know not that Holland is unhealthy. But its populousness is owing to an influx of people from all other countries. Disease cannot be the cause of populousness, for it not only carries off a great proportion of the people; but those who are left are weakened, and unfit for the purpose of increase."

R. "Mr. E., I don't mean to flatter, but when posterity reads one of your speeches in Parliament, it will be difficult to believe that you took so much pains, knowing with certainty that it could produce no effect, that not one vote would be gained by it." E. "Waiving your compliment to me, I shall say in general that it is very well worth while for a man to take pains to speak well in Parliament. A man who has vanity speaks to display his talents; and if a man speaks well, he gradually establishes a certain reputation and consequence in the general opinion, which sooner or later will have its political reward.

Besides, though not one vote is gained, a good speech has its effect. Though an act which has been ably opposed passes into a law, yet in its progress it is modeled, it is softened in such a manner that we see plainly the Minister has been told that the members attached to him are so sensible of its injustice or absurdity from what they have heard that it must be altered." JOHNSON. "And, Sir, there is a gratification of pride. Though we cannot out-vote them we will out-argue them. They shall not do wrong without its being shown both to themselves and to the world." E. "The House of Commons is a mixed body. (I except the minority, which I hold to be pure [smiling], but I take the whole House.) It is a mass by no means pure; but neither is it wholly corrupt, though there is a large proportion of corruption in it. There are many members who generally go with the Minister, who will not go all lengths. There are many honest, well-meaning country gentlemen who are in Parliament only to keep up the consequence of their families. Upon most of these a good speech will have influence." JOHNSON. "We are all more or less governed by interest. But interest will not make us do everything. In a case which admits of doubt, we try to think on the side which is for our interest, and generally bring ourselves to act accordingly. But the subject must admit of diversity of coloring; it must receive a color on that side. In the House of Commons there are members enough who will not vote what is grossly unjust or absurd. No, Sir, there must always be right enough, or appearance of right, to keep wrong in countenance."

E. "The Irish language is not primitive; it is Teutonic, a mixture of the northern tongues; it has much English in it." Johnson. "It may have been radically Teutonic; but English and High Dutch have no similarity to the eye, though radically the same. Once when looking into Low Dutch, I found, in a whole page, only one word similar to English; stroem, like stream, and it signified tide." E. "I remember having seen a Dutch Sonnet, in which I found this word, roesnopies. Nobody would at first think that this could be English; but, when we inquire, we find roes, rose, and nopie, knob; so we have rosebuds."

E. "From the experience which I have had—and I have had a great deal—I have learned to think better of mankind." Johnson. "From my experience I have found them worse in commercial dealings, more disposed to cheat, than I had any notion of; but more disposed to do one another good than I had conceived." J. "Less just and more beneficent." Johnson. "And really it is wonderful, considering how much attention is necessary for men to take care of themselves, and

ward off immediate evils which press upon them, it is wonderful how much they do for others. As it is said of the greatest liar, that he tells more truth than falsehood; so it may be said of the worst man, that he does more good than evil." Boswell. "Perhaps from experience men may be found happier than we suppose." Johnson. "No, Sir; the more we inquire we shall find men the less happy."

E. "I understand the hogshead of claret, which this society was favored with by our friend the Dean, is nearly out; I think he should be written to, to send another of the same kind. Let the request be made with a happy ambiguity of expression, so that we may have the chance of his sending it also as a present." Johnson. "I am willing to offer my services as secretary on this occasion." P. "As many as are for Dr. Johnson being secretary hold up your hands.—Carried unanimously." Boswell. "He will be our Dictator." Johnson. "No, the company is to dictate to me. I am only to write for wine; and I am quite disinterested, as I drink none; I shall not be suspected of having forged the application. I am no more than humble scribe." E. "Then you shall prescribe." Boswell. "Very well. The first play of words to-day." J. "No, no; the bulls in Ireland." Johnson. "Were I your Dictator, you should have no wine. Wine is dangerous. Rome was ruined by luxury" (smiling). E. "If you allow no wine as Dictator, you shall not have me for your master of horse."

[April 7] Johnson (laughing), "No, Sir; it must be born with a man to be contented to take up with little things. Women have a great advantage that they may take up with little things, without disgracing themselves: a man cannot, except with fiddling. Had I learned to fiddle, I should have done nothing else." Boswell. "Pray, Sir, did you ever play on any musical instrument?" Johnson. "So, Sir. I once bought me a flageolet; but I never made out a tune." Boswell. "A flageolet, Sir!—so small an instrument? I should have liked to hear you play on the violoncello. That should have been your instrument." Johnson. "Sir, I might as well have played on the violoncello as another; but I should have done nothing else. No, Sir; a man would never undertake great things, could he be amused with small. I once tried knotting. Dempster's sister undertook to teach me; but I could not learn it." Boswell. "So, Sir; it will be related in pompous narrative, 'Once for his amusement he tried knotting; nor did this Hercules disdain the distaff." Johnson. "Knitting of stockings is a good amusement. As a freeman of Aberdeen I should be a knitter of stockings."

On Thursday, April 9, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, with the Bishop of St. Asaph [and others].

We talked of living in the country. Johnson. "No wise man will go to live in the country, unless he has something to do which can be better done in the country. For instance; if he is to shut himself up for a year to study a science, it is better to look out to the fields, than to an opposite wall. Then, if a man walks out in the country, there is nobody to keep him from walking in again; but if a man walks out in London, he is not sure when he shall walk in again. A great city is, to be sure, the school for studying life; and 'The proper study of mankind is man,' as Pope observes."

We talked of old age. Johnson (now in his seventieth year) said, "It is a man's own fault, it is from want of use, if his mind grows torpid in old age." The Bishop asked, if an old man does not lose faster than he gets. Johnson. "I think not, my Lord, if he exerts himself." One of the company rashly observed that he thought it was happy for an old man that insensibility comes upon him. Johnson: (with a noble elevation and disdain), "No, Sir, I should never be happy by being less rational."

[April 10] He expressed great indignation at the imposture of the Cocklane Ghost, and related, with much satisfaction, how he had assisted in detecting the cheat, and had published an account of it in the news-papers. Upon this subject I incautiously offended him, by pressing him with too many questions, and he showed his displeasure. I apologized, saying that "I asked questions in order to be instructed and entertained; I repaired eagerly to the fountain; but that the moment he gave me a hint, the moment he put a lock upon the well, I desisted."—"But, Sir (said he), that is forcing one to do a disagreeable thing:" and he continued to rate me. "Nay, Sir (said I), when you have put a lock upon the well, so that I can no longer drink, do not make the fountain of your wit play upon me and wet me."

He sometimes could not bear being teased with questions. I was once present when a gentleman asked so many, as, "What did you do, Sir?" "What did you say, Sir?" that he at last grew enraged, and said, "I will not be put to the question. Don't you consider, Sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with what and why; what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?" The gentleman, who was a good deal out of countenance, said, "Why, Sir, you are so good, that I venture to

trouble you." Johnson. "Sir, my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill."

[At a dinner-party at Mr. Dilly's on April 15, Johnson amicably discussed the joys of religion and friendship.]

From this pleasing subject, he, I know not how or why, made a sudden transition to one upon which he was a violent aggressor; for he said, "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American?"; and his inflammable corruption bursting into horrid fire, he "breathed out threatenings and slaughter"; calling them, "Rascals—Robber—Pirates"; and exclaiming, he'd "burn and destroy them." Miss Seward, looking to him with mild but steady astonishment, said, "Sir, this is an instance that we are always most violent against those whom we have injured." He was irritated still more by this delicate and keen reproach; and roared out another tremendous volley which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic. During this tempest I sat in great uneasiness, lamenting his heat of temper; till, by degrees, I diverted his attention to other topics.

We remained together till it was pretty late. Notwithstanding occasional explosions of violence, we were all delighted upon the whole with Johnson. I compared him at this time to a warm West-Indian climate, where you have a bright sun, quick vegetation, luxuriant foliage, luscious fruits; but where the same heat sometimes produces thunder, lightning, and earthquakes, in a terrible degree.

[April 17] Johnson. "Now some of my friends asked me, why I did not give some account of my travels in France. The reason is plain; intelligent readers had seen more of France than I had. You might have liked my travels in France, and The Club might have liked them; but, upon the whole, there would have been more ridicule than good produced by them." Boswell. "I cannot agree with you, Sir. People would like to read what you say of anything. Suppose a face has been painted by fifty painters before; still we love to see it done by Sir Joshua." Johnson. "True, Sir, but Sir Joshua cannot paint a face when he has not time to look on it." Boswell. "Sir, a sketch of any sort by him is valuable. And, Sir, to talk to you in your own style (raising my voice, and shaking my head), you should have given us your travels in France. I am sure I am right, and there's an end on't."

No man had a higher notion of the dignity of literature than Johnson, or was more determined in maintaining the respect which he

justly considered as due to it. Of this, besides the general tenor of his conduct in society, some characteristical instances may be mentioned.

He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that once when he dined in a numerous company of booksellers, where the room being small, the head of the table, at which he sat, was almost close to the fire, he persevered in suffering a great deal of inconvenience from the heat, rather than quit his place, and let one of them sit above him.

Goldsmith, in his diverting simplicity, complained one day, in a mixed company, of Lord Camden. "I met him (said he) at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." The company having laughed heartily, Johnson stood forth in defense of his friend. "Nay, Gentlemen (said he), Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him."

[April 14] Johnson attacked the Americans with intemperate vehemence of abuse. I said something in their favor; and added, that I was always sorry when he talked on that subject. This, it seems, exasperated him; though he said nothing at the time. The cloud was charged with sulphurous vapor, which was afterwards to burst in thunder.—We talked of a gentleman who was running out his fortune in London; and I said, "We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, we'll send you to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will." This was a horrible shock, for which there was no visible cause. I afterwards asked him why he had said so harsh a thing. Johnson. "Because, Sir, you made me angry about the Americans." Boswell. "But why did you not take your revenge directly?" JOHNSON (smiling) "Because, Sir, I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike till he has his weapons." This was a candid and pleasant confession.

He showed me to-night his drawing-room, very genteelly fitted up; and said, "Mrs. Thrale sneered, when I talked of my having asked you and your lady to live at my house. I was obliged to tell her that you would be in as respectable a situation in my house as in hers. Sir, the insolence of wealth will creep out." Boswell. "She has a little both of the insolence of wealth, and the conceit of parts." Johnson. "The insolence of wealth is a wretched thing; but the conceit of parts has some foundation. To be sure, it should not be. But who is without it?" Boswell. "Yourself, Sir." Johnson. "Why, I play no tricks:

I lay no traps." Boswell. "No, Sir. You are six feet high, and you only do not stoop."

[April 30] JOHNSON. "Mrs. Thrale's mother said of me what flattered me much. A clergyman was complaining of want of society in the country where he lived; and said, 'They talk of runts' (that is, young cows). 'Sir (said Mrs. Salusbury). Mr. Johnson would learn to talk of runts': meaning that I was a man who would make the most of my situation, whatever it was." He, added, "I think myself a very polite man."

On Saturday, May 2, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where there was a very large company, and a great deal of conversation; but owing to some circumstances which I cannot now recollect, I have no record of any part of it, except that there were several people there by no means of the Johnsonian school; so that less attention was paid to him than usual, which put him out of humor; and upon some imaginary offense from me, he attacked me with such rudeness that I was vexed and angry, because it gave those persons an opportunity of enlarging upon his supposed ferocity, and ill-treatment of his best friends. I was so much hurt, and had my pride so much roused, that I kept away from him for a week; and perhaps, might have kept away much longer, nay, gone to Scotland without seeing him again, had not we fortunately met and been reconciled. To such unhappy chances are human friendships liable.

On Friday, May 8, I dined with him at Mr. Langton's. I was reserved and silent, which I suppose he perceived, and might recollect the cause. After dinner, when Mr. Langton was called out of the room, and we were by ourselves, he drew his chair near to mine, and said in a tone of conciliating courtesy, "Well, how have you done?" Boswell. "Sir, you have made me very uneasy by your behavior to me when we last were at Sir Joshua Reynolds'. You know, my dear Sir, no man has a greater respect and affection for you, or would sooner go to the end of the world to serve you. Now to treat me so—." He insisted that I had interrupted him, which I assured him was not the case; and proceeded—"But why treat me so before people who neither love you nor me?" Johnson. "Well, I am sorry for it. I'll make it up to you twenty different ways, as you please." Boswell. "I said today to Sir Joshua, when he observed that you tossed me sometimes—I don't care how often, or how high he tosses me, when only friends are present, for then I fall upon soft ground; but I do not like falling on stones, which is the case when enemies are present. I think

this is a pretty good image, Sir." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is one of the happiest I have ever heard."

The truth is, there was no venom in the wounds which he inflicted at any time, unless they were irritated by some malignant infusion by other hands. We were instantly as cordial again as ever, and joined in hearty laugh at some ludicrous but innocent peculiarities of one of our friends.

On Tuesday, May 12, I waited on the Earl of Marchmont, to know if his Lordship would favor Dr. Johnson with information concerning Pope, whose Life he was about to write. Johnson had not flattered himself with the hopes of receiving any civility from this nobleman; for he said to me, when I mentioned Lord Marchmont as one who could tell him a great deal about Pope, "Sir, he will tell me nothing." I had the honor of being known to his Lordship, and applied to him of myself, without being commissioned by Johnson. His Lordship behaved in the most polite and obliging manner, promised to tell all he recollected about Pope, and was so very courteous as to say, "Tell Dr. Johnson I have a great respect for him, and am ready to show it in any way I can. I am to be in the city to-morrow, and will call at his house as I return."

Elated with the success of my spontaneous exertion to procure material and respectable aid to Johnson for his very favorite work, "THE LIVES OF THE POETS," I hastened down to Mr. Thrale's at Streatham. where he now was, that I might insure his being at home next day; and after dinner, when I thought he would receive the good news in the best humor, I announced it eagerly: "I have been at work for you today, Sir. I have been with Lord Marchmont. He bade me tell you, he has a great respect for you, and will call on you to-morrow, at one o'clock, and communicate all he knows about Pope."-Here I paused, in full expectation that he would be pleased with this intelligence, would praise my active merit, and would be alert to embrace such an offer from a nobleman. But whether I had shown an over-exultation, which provoked his spleen, or whether he was seized with a suspicion that I had obtruded him on Lord Marchmont, and humbled him too much; or whether there was anything more than an unlucky fit of ill-humor, I know not; but to my surprise, the result was. Johnson. "I shall not be in town to-morrow. I don't care to know about Pope." MRS. THRALE: (surprised as I was, and a little angry). "I suppose, Sir, Mr. Boswell thought, that as you are to write Pope's Life, you would wish to know about him." JOHNSON. "Wish! why yes. If it rained knowledge, I'd hold out my hand; but I would not give myself the trouble to go in quest of it." There was no arguing with him at the moment. Some time afterwards he said, "Lord Marchmont will call on me, and then I shall call on Lord Marchmont." Mrs. Thrale was uneasy at his unaccountable caprice; and told me that if I did not take care to bring about a meeting between Lord Marchmont and him, it would never take place, which would be a great pity. I sent a card to his Lordship, to be left at Johnson's house, acquainting him, that Dr. Johnson could not be in town next day, but would do himself the honor of waiting on him at another time.—I give this account fairly, as a specimen of that unhappy temper with which this great and good man had occasionally to struggle from something morbid in his constitution.

[But we must] consider how grievously he was afflicted with bad health, and how uncomfortable his home was made by the perpetual jarring of those whom he charitably accommodated under his roof. He has sometimes suffered me to talk jocularly of his group of females, and call them his seraglio. He thus mentions them, together with honest Levett, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale: "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them."

[1779] This year, Johnson gave the world a luminous proof that the vigor of his mind in all its faculties, whether memory, judgment, or imagination, was not in the least abated; for this year came out the first four volumes of his Prefaces, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, TO THE MOST EMINENT OF THE ENGLISH POETS, published by the booksellers of London. The remaining volumes came out in the year 1780.

On Wednesday, April 7, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Johnson harangued upon the qualities of different liquors. I reminded him how heartily he and I used to drink wine together, when we were first acquainted; and how I used to have a headache after sitting up with him. He did not like to have this recalled, or, perhaps, thinking that I boasted improperly, resolved to have a witty stroke at me; "Nay, Sir, it was not the wine that made your head ache, but the sense that I put into it." Boswell. "What, Sir! will sense make the head ache?" Johnson. "Yes, Sir (with a smile), when it is not used to it." No man who has a true relish of pleasantry could be offended at this; especially if Johnson in a long intimacy had given him repeated proofs of his regard and good estimation. I used to say, that as he had given me a

thousand pounds in praise, he had a good right now and then to take a guinea from me.

On Saturday, April 24, I dined with him at Mr. Beauclerk's. I presumed to animadvert on his eulogy on Garrick, in his Lives of the Poets. "You say, Sir, his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations." Johnson. "I could not have said more nor less. It is the truth; eclipsed, not extinguished; and his death did eclipse; it was like a storm." Boswell. "But why nations? Did his gaiety extend further than his own nation?" Johnson. "Why, Sir, some exaggeration must be allowed. Besides, nations may be said—if we allow the Scotch to be a nation, and to have gaiety—which they have not. You are an exception, though. Come, gentlemen, let us candidly admit that there is one Scotchman who is cheerful." Beauclerk. "But he is a very unnatural Scotchman."

Johnson being now better disposed to obtain information concerning Pope than he was last year, sent by me to my Lord Marchmont a present of those volumes of his Lives of the Poets, which were at this time published, with a request to have permission to wait on him; and his Lordship, who had called on him twice, obligingly appointed Saturday, the first of May, for receiving us.

On that morning Johnson came to me from Streatham, and after drinking chocolate at General Paoli's, in South Audley Street, we proceeded to Lord Marchmont's in Curzon Street. His Lordship met us at the door of his library, and with great politeness said to Johnson, "I am not going to make an encomium upon myself, by telling you the high respect I have for you, Sir." Johnson was exceedingly courteous; and the interview, which lasted about two hours, during which the Earl communicated his anecdotes of Pope, was as agreeable as I could have wished. When we came out, I said to Johnson that considering his Lordship's civility, I should have been vexed if he had again failed to come. "Sir, (said he,) I would rather have given twenty pounds than not have come." I accompanied him to Streatham, where we dined, and returned to town in the evening.

He had, before I left London, resumed the conversation concerning the appearance of a ghost at Newcastle upon Tyne, which Mr. John Wesley believed, but to which Johnson did not give credit. I was, however, desirous to examine the question closely, and at the same time wished to be made acquainted with Mr. John Wesley; for though I differed from him in some points, I admired his various

talents, and loved his pious zeal. At my request, therefore, Dr. Johnson gave me a letter of introduction to him.

"To the Reverend Mr. John Wesley

"SIR,

"MR. Boswell, a gentleman who has been long known to me, is desirous of being known to you, and has asked this recommendation, which I give him with great willingness, because, I think it very much to be wished that worthy and religious men should be acquainted with each other.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON"

May 3, 1779

Mr. Wesley being in the course of his ministry at Edinburgh, I presented this letter to him, and was very politely received. I begged to have it returned to me, which was accordingly done.—His state of the evidence as to the ghost did not satisfy me.

[Though Boswell most often came to London in the spring, he was this year able to pay a short visit in the fall.]

On Monday, October 4, I called at his house before he was up. He sent for me to his bedside, and expressed his satisfaction at this incidental meeting, with as much vivacity as if he had been in the gaiety of youth. He called briskly, "Frank, go and get coffee, and let us breakfast in splendor."

[Oct. 10] He said, "Dodsley first mentioned to me the scheme of an English Dictionary; but I had long thought of it." BOSWELL. "You did not know what you were undertaking." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking—and very well how to do it—and have done it very well." BOSWELL. "An excellent climax! and it has availed you. In your Preface you say, 'What would it avail me in this gloom of solitude?' You have been agreeably mistaken."

What I have preserved of his conversation during the remainder of my stay in London at this time, is only what follows: I told him that when I objected to keeping company with a notorious infidel, a celebrated friend of ours said to me, "I do not think that men who live laxly in the world, as you and I do, can with propriety assume such an authority: Dr. Johnson may, who is uniformly exemplary in his conduct. But it is not very consistent to shun an infidel to-day, and get

drunk to-morrow." Johnson. "Nay, Sir, this is sad reasoning. Because a man cannot be right in all things, is he to be right in nothing? Because a man sometimes gets drunk, is he therefore to steal? This doctrine would very soon bring a man to the gallows."

A foreign minister of no very high talents, who had been in his company for a considerable time quite overlooked, happened luckily to mention that he had read some of his RAMBLER in Italian, and admired it much. This pleased him greatly; he observed that the title had been translated, Il Genio errante, though I have been told it was rendered more ludicrously, Il Vagabondo; and finding that this minister gave such a proof of his taste, he was all attention to him, and on the first remark which he made, however simple, exclaimed, "The Ambassador says well;—His Excellency observes—;" And then he expanded and enriched the little that had been said, in so strong a manner, that it appeared something of consequence. This was exceedingly entertaining to the company who were present, and many a time afterwards it furnished a pleasant topic of merriment: "The Ambassador says well," became a laughable term of applause, when no mighty matter had been expressed.

[1780] On his birthday, Johnson has this note; "I am now beginning the seventy-second year of my life, with more strength of body, and greater vigor of mind, than I think is common at that age." But still he complains of sleepless nights and idle days, and forgetfulness, or neglect of resolutions. He thus pathetically expresses himself: "Surely I shall not spend my whole life with my own total disapprobation."

[Among material on Johnson given to Boswell by Langton, and inserted in the account for 1780, is the following:]

"Beauclerk having observed to him of one of their friends, that he was awkward at counting money, "Why, Sir," said Johnson, 'I am likewise awkward at counting money. But then, Sir, the reason is plain; I have had very little money to count."

In 1781, Johnson at last completed his Lives of the Poets, of which he gives this account: "Some time in March I finished the Lives of the Poets, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste." In a memorandum previous to this, he says of them: "Written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety."

This is the work, which of all Dr. Johnson's writings will perhaps be read most generally, and with most pleasure. Philology and biography were his favorite pursuits, and those who lived most in intimacy with him, heard him upon all occasions, when there was a proper opportunity, take delight in expatiating upon the various merits of the English Poets: upon the niceties of their characters, and the events of their progress through the world which they contributed to illuminate. His mind was so full of that kind of information, and it was so well arranged in his memory that in performing what he had undertaken in this way, he had little more to do than to put his thoughts upon paper; exhibiting first each Poet's life, and then subjoining a critical examination of his genius and works. But when he began to write, the subject swelled in such a manner that instead of prefaces to each poet, of no more than a few pages, as he had originally intended, he produced an ample, rich, and most entertaining view of them in every respect.

The booksellers, justly sensible of the great additional value of the copyright, presented him with another hundred pounds, over and above two hundred, for which his agreement was to furnish such prefaces as he thought fit.

[1781] On Monday, March 19, I arrived in London, and on Tuesday, the 20th, met him in Fleet Street, walking, or rather indeed moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short Life of him published very soon after his death: "When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet." That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner may easily be believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forward briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be quiet, and take up his burden again.

Our accidental meeting in the street, after a long separation, was a pleasing surprise to us both. He stepped aside with me into Falcon Court, and made kind inquiries about my family, and as we were in a hurry going different ways, I promised to call on him next day; he said he was engaged to go out in the morning. "Early, Sir?" said I. Johnson. "Why, Sir, a London morning does not go with the sun."

[March 20] I found on visiting his friend, Mr. Thrale, that he was now very ill, and had removed to a house in Grosvenor Square. He told me I might now have the pleasure to see Dr. Johnson drink wine

again, for he had lately returned to it. When I mentioned this to Johnson, he said, "I drink it now sometimes, but not socially." The first evening that I was with him at Thrale's, I observed he poured a large quantity of it into a glass, and swallowed it greedily. Every thing about his character and manners was forcible and violent; there never was any moderation; many a day did he fast, many a year did he refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously; when he did drink wine, it was copiously. He could practice abstinence, but not temperance.

[On April 4, 1781, Thrale died.]

Mr. Thrale's death was a very essential loss to Johnson, who, although he did not foresee all that afterwards happened, was sufficiently convinced that the comforts which Mr. Thrale's family afforded him, would now in a great measure cease. He, however, continued to show a kind attention to his widow and children as long as it was acceptable: and he took upon him, with a very earnest concern, the office of one of his executors, the importance of which seemed greater than usual to him, from his circumstances having been always such, that he had scarcely any share in the real business of life. His friends of the CLUB were in hopes that Mr. Thrale might have made a liberal provision for him for his life, which, as Mr. Thrale left no son, and a very large fortune, it would have been highly to his honor to have done; and considering Dr. Johnson's age, could not have been of long duration; but he bequeathed him only two hundred pounds, which was the legacy given to each of his executors. I could not but be somewhat diverted by hearing Johnson talk in a pompous manner of his new office, and particularly of the concerns of the brewery, which it was at last resolved should be sold. Lord Lucan tells a very good story, which, if not precisely exact, is certainly characteristical: that when the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, like an excise-man; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

[April 15] Of apparitions, he observed, "A total disbelief of them is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day; the question simply is, whether departed spirits ever have the power of making themselves perceptible to us: a man who thinks he has seen an apparition, can only be convinced himself; his

authority will not convince another; and his conviction, if rational, must be founded on being told something which cannot be known but by supernatural means."

He mentioned a thing as not unfrequent, of which I had never heard before, being called, that is, hearing one's name pronounced by the voice of a known person at a great distance, far beyond the possibility of being reached by any sound uttered by human organs. Dr. Johnson said, that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly call—Sam. She was then at Lichfield; but nothing ensued. This phenomenon is, I think, as vonderful as any other mysterious fact, which many people are very flow to believe, or rather, indeed, reject with an obstinate contempt.

On Tuesday, May 8, I had the pleasure of again dining with him and Mr. Wilkes, at Mr. Dilly's. No negotiation was now required to bring them together; for Johnson was so well satisfied with the former interview that he was very glad to meet Wilkes again, who was this day seated between Dr. Beattie and Dr. Johnson; (between Truth and Reason, as General Paoli said, when I told him of it).

Mr. Wilkes said to me, loud enough for Dr. Johnson to hear, "Dr. Johnson should make me a present of his Lives of the Poets, as I am a poor patriot, who cannot afford to buy them." Johnson seemed to take no notice of this hint; but in a little while he called to Mr. Dilly, "Pray, Sir, be so good as to send a set of my Lives to Mr. Wilkes, with my compliments." This was accordingly done; and Mr. Wilkes paid Dr. Johnson a visit, was courteously received, and sat with him a long time.

The company gradually dropped away. Mr. Dilly himself was called downstairs upon business; I left the room for some time; when I returned, I was struck with observing Dr. Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes, Esq. literally tête-à-tête; for they were reclined upon their chairs, with their heads leaning almost close to each other, and talking earnestly, in a kind of confidential whisper, of the personal quarrel between George the Second and the King of Prussia. Such a scene of perfectly easy sociality between two such opponents in the war of political controversy, as that which I now beheld, would have been an excellent subject for a picture. It presented to my mind the happy days which are foretold in Scripture, when the lion shall lie down with the kid.

[On Tuesday, June 5] I had another affectionate parting from my reverend friend, who was taken up by the Bedford coach and carried

to the metropolis. I went with Messrs. Dilly to see some friends at Bedford; dined with the officers of the militia of the county, and next day proceeded on my journey.

In 1782, his complaints increased, and the history of his life this year is little more than a mournful recital of the variations of his illness, in the midst of which, however, it will appear from his letters, that the powers of his mind were in no degree impaired.

The death of Mr. Thrale had made a very material alteration with respect to Johnson's reception in that family. The manly authority of the husband no longer curbed the lively exuberance of the lady; and as her vanity had been fully gratified, by having the Colossus of Literature attached to her for many years, she gradually became less assiduous to please him. Whether her attachment to him was already divided by another object, I am unable to ascertain; but it is plain that Johnson's penetration was alive to her neglect or forced attention; for on the 6th of October this year, we find him making a "parting use of the library" at Streatham, and pronouncing a prayer, which he composed on leaving Mr. Thrale's family.

[1783] On Friday, March 21, having arrived in London the night before, I was glad to find him at Mrs. Thrale's house, in Argyll Street, appearances of friendship between them being still kept up. I was shown into his room, and after the first salutation he said, "I am glad you are come: I am very ill." He looked pale, and was distressed with a difficulty of breathing: but after the common inquiries he assumed his usual strong animated style of conversation.

Talking of conversation, he said, "There must, in the first place, be knowledge, there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures; this last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation. Now I want it; I throw up the game upon losing a trick." I wondered to hear him talk thus of himself, and said, "I don't know, Sir, how this may be; but I am sure you beat other people's cards out of their hands." I doubt whether he heard this remark. While he went on talking triumphantly, I was fixed in admiration, and said to Mrs. Thrale, "O, for short-hand to take this down!"—"You'll carry it all in your head, (said she;) a long head is as good as short-hand."

[March 22] I found Dr. Johnson in the evening in Mrs. Williams's

room, at tea and coffee with her and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were also both ill; it was a sad scene, and he was not in a very good humor. He said of a performance that had lately come out, "Sir, if you should search all the madhouses in England, you would not find ten men who would write so, and think it sense."

[March 23] In the evening I came to him again. He was somewhat fretful from his illness. A gentleman asked him whether he had been abroad to-day. "Don't talk so childishly, (said he). You may as well ask if I hanged myself to-day." I mentioned politics. Johnson. "Sir, I'd as soon have a man to break my bones as talk to me of public affairs, internal or external. I have lived to see things all as bad as they can be."

[March 30] "Raising the wages of day-laborers is wrong; for it does not make them live better, but only makes them idler, and idleness is a very bad thing for human nature."

He observed, "There is a wicked inclination in most people to suppose an old man decayed in his intellects. If a young or middle-aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders, and say, 'His memory is going.'"

Such was the heat and irritability of his blood that not only did he pare his nails to the quick, but scraped the joints of his fingers with a pen-knife, till they seemed quite red and raw.

The heterogeneous composition of human nature was remarkably exemplified in Johnson. His liberality in giving his money to persons in distress was extraordinary. Yet there lurked about him a propensity to paltry saving. One day I owned to him that "I was occasionally troubled with a fit of narrowness." "Why, Sir, (said he,) so am I. But I do not tell it." He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked him for it again, seemed to be rather out of humor. A droll little circumstance once occurred: As if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me: "Boswell, lend me sixpence—not to be repaid."

Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them "pretty dears," and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition.

His uncommon kindness to his servants, and serious concern, not only for their comfort in this world, but their happiness in the next,

was another unquestionable evidence of what all, who were intimately acquainted with him, knew to be true.

Nor would it be just under this head, to omit the fondness which he showed for animals which he had taken under his protection. I never shall forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat; for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. I am, unluckily, one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy when in the room with one; and I own, I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of this same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half-whistling, rubbed down his back, and pulled him by the tail; and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying "Why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this"; and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, "but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed."

This reminds me of the ludicrous account which he gave Mr. Langton, of the despicable state of a young gentleman of good family. "Sir, when I heard of him last, he was running about town shooting cats." And then in a sort of kindly reverie, he bethought himself of his own favorite cat, and said, "But Hodge shan't be shot: no, no, Hodge shall not be shot."

On Friday, May 29, being to set out for Scotland next morning, I passed a part of the day with him in more than usual earnestness; as his health was in a more precarious state than at any time when I had parted from him. He, however, was quick and lively, and critical, as usual. I mentioned one who was a very learned man. Johnson. "Yes, Sir, he has a great deal of learning; but it never lies straight. There is never one idea by the side of another: 'tis all entangled: and then he drives it so awkwardly upon conversation!"

He embraced me, and gave me his blessing, as usual when I was leaving him for any length of time. I walked from his door to-day, with a fearful apprehension of what might happen before I returned.

My anxious apprehensions at parting with him this year proved to be but too well founded; for not long afterwards he had a dreadful stroke of the palsy, of which there are very full and accurate accounts in letters written by himself to show with what composure of mind, and resignation to the Divine Will his steady piety enabled him to behave.

Such was the general vigor of his constitution that he recovered

from this alarming and severe attack with wonderful quickness; so that in July he was able to make a visit to Mr. Langton at Rochester, where he passed about a fortnight, and made little excursions as easily as at any time of his life. In August he went as far as the neighborhood of Salisbury. While he was here, he had a letter from Dr. Brocklesby, acquainting him of the death of Mrs. Williams, which affected him a good deal. Though for several years her temper had not been complacent, she had valuable qualities, and her departure left a blank in his house. Upon this occasion he, according to his habitual course of piety, composed a prayer.

Notwithstanding the complication of disorders under which Johnson now labored, he did not resign himself to despondency and discontent, but with wisdom and spirit endeavored to console and amuse his mind with as many innocent enjoyments as he could procure. Sir John Hawkins has mentioned the cordiality with which he insisted that such of the members of the old club in Ivy Lane as survived, should meet again and dine together, which they did, twice at a tavern, and once at his house: and in order to insure himself society in the evening for three days in the week, he instituted a club at the Essex Head, in Essex Street, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's.

In the end of this year he was seized with a spasmodic asthma of such violence that he was confined to the house in great pain, being sometimes obliged to sit all night in his chair, a recumbent posture being so hurtful to his respiration that he could not endure lying in bed; and there came upon him at the same time that oppressive and fatal disease, a dropsy. It was a very severe winter, which probably aggravated his complaints; and the solitude in which Mr. Levett and Mrs. Williams had left him rendered his life very gloomy. Mrs. Desmoulins, who still lived, was herself so very ill that she could contribute very little to his relief. He, however, had none of that unsocial shyness which we commonly see in people afflicted with sickness. He did not hide his head from the world, in solitary abstraction; he did not deny himself to the visits of his friends and acquaintances; but at all times, when he was not overcome by sleep, was ready for conversation as in his best days.

And now I am arrived at the last year of the life of SAMUEL JOHNson, a year in which, although passed in severe indisposition, he nevertheless gave many evidences of the continuance of those wondrous powers of mind, which raised him so high in the intellectual world.

His conversation and his letters of this year were in no respect inferior to those of former years.

[Boswell arrived in London in May 1784, found Johnson much better, and accompanied him on a trip to Oxford and back.]

On Tuesday, June 22, I dined with him at THE LITERARY CLUB, the last time of his being in that respectable society. The other members present were the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Eliot, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Malone. He looked ill; but had such a manly fortitude, that he did not trouble the company with melancholy complaints. They all showed evident marks of kind concern about him, with which he was much pleased, and he exerted himself to be as entertaining as his indisposition allowed him.

On Friday, June 25, I dined with him at General Paoli's, where, he says in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, "I love to dine." There was a variety of dishes much to his taste, of all which he seemed to me to eat so much, that I was afraid he might be hurt by it; and I whispered to the General my fear, and begged he might not press him. "Alas! (said the General,) see how very ill he looks; he can live but a very short time. Would you refuse any slight gratifications to a man under sentence of death? There is a humane custom in Italy, by which persons in that melancholy situation are indulged with having whatever they like best to eat and drink, even with expensive delicacies."

[Boswell and Reynolds, without Johnson's knowledge, applied to

the Lord Chancellor for an increase in his pension sufficient to permit him to go to Italy for his health. The Lord Chancellor wrote to Boswell on June 28 saying he would do what he could for them.] This letter gave me a very high satisfaction; I next day went and showed it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was exceedingly pleased with it. He thought that I should now communicate the negotiation to Dr. Johnson, who might afterwards complain if the attention with which he had been honored, should be too long concealed from him. I intended to set out for Scotland next morning; but Sir Joshua cordially insisted that I should stay another day, that Johnson and I might dine with him, that we three might talk of his Italian Tour, and, as Sir Joshua expressed himself, "have it all out." I hastened to Johnson, and was told by him that he was rather better to-day. Boswell. "I am very anxious about you, Sir, and particularly that you should go to Italy for the winter, which I believe is your own wish." JOHN-SON. "It is, Sir." BOSWELL. "You have no objections, I presume, but the money it would require." JOHNSON. "Why, no, Sir."-Upon which I gave him a particular account of what had been done, and read to him the Lord Chancellor's letter.—He listened with much attention; then warmly said, "This is taking prodigious pains about a man."—"O, Sir, (said I, with most sincere affection,) your friends would do everything for you." He paused—grew more and more agitated—till tears started into his eyes, and he exclaimed with fervent emotion, "God bless you all." I was so affected that I also shed tears. After a short silence, he renewed and extended his grateful benediction, "God bless you all, for Jesus Christ's sake." We both remained for some time unable to speak. He rose suddenly and quitted the room, quite melted in tenderness. He stayed but a short time, till he had recovered his firmness; soon after he returned I left him, having first engaged him to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's next day.—I never was again under that roof which I had so long reverenced.

[June 30] I accompanied him in Sir Joshua Reynolds's coach, to the entry of Bolt Court. He asked me whether I would not go with him to his house; I declined it, from an apprehension that my spirits would sink. We bade adieu to each other affectionately in the carriage. When he had got down upon the foot-pavement, he called out, "Fare you well"; and without looking back, sprung away with a kind of pathetic briskness, if I may use that expression, which seemed to indicate a struggle to conceal uneasiness, and impressed me with a foreboding of our long, long separation.

I remained one day more in town, to have the chance of talking over my negotiation with the Lord Chancellor: but the multiplicity of his Lordship's important engagements did not allow of it; so I left the management of the business in the hands of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

By a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds I was informed that the Lord Chancellor had called on him, and acquainted him that the application had not been successful. Upon this unexpected failure I abstain from presuming to make any remarks, or to offer any conjectures.

During his last illness, Johnson experienced the steady and kind attachment of his numerous friends. Mr. Langton informs me that "one day he found Mr. Burke and four or five more friends sitting with Johnson. Mr. Burke said to him, 'I am afraid, Sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you.'—'No, Sir, (said Johnson,) it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state, indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me.' Mr. Burke, in a tremulous voice, expressive of being very tenderly affected, replied, 'My dear Sir, you have always been too good to me.' Immediately afterwards he went away. This

was the last circumstance in the acquaintance of these two eminent men."

Johnson, with that native fortitude which, amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings, never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me (said he) a direct answer." The Doctor having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. "Then, (said Johnson,) I will take no more physic, not even my opiates: for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered, and, at the same time, used only the weakest kinds of sustenance. Being pressed by Mr. Windham to take somewhat more generous nourishment, lest too low a diet should have the very effect which he dreaded, by debilitating his mind, he said, "I will take anything but inebriating sustenance."

Having made his will on the 8th and 9th of December, and settled all his worldly affairs, he languished till Monday, the 13th of that month, when he expired, about seven o'clock in the evening, with so little apparent pain that his attendants hardly perceived when his dissolution took place.

A few days before his death he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried; and on being answered, "Doubtless, in Westminster-Abbey," seemed to feel a satisfaction, very natural to a Poet; and indeed in my opinion very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family sepulcher in which he can be laid with his fathers. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were deposited in that noble and renowned edifice.

His funeral was attended by a respectable number of his friends, particularly such of the members of THE LITERARY CLUB as were then in town; and was also honored with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapters of Westminster. Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Coleman, bore his pall. His school-fellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the burial service.

I trust, I shall not be accused of affectation, when I declare that I find myself unable to express all that I felt upon the loss of such a Guide, Philosopher, and Friend. I shall, therefore, not say one word of my own, but adopt those of an eminent friend, which he uttered with an abrupt felicity, superior to all studied compositions:—"He

has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up.—Johnson is dead.—Let us go to the next best:—there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson."

The character of SAMUEL JOHNSON has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work that they who have honored it with a perusal may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavor to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking, however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs; when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent vivida vis [life force] is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church-of-England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavorable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality; both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and

332

irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence.

He was afflicted with a bodily disease, which made him often restless and fretful; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time; especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance, or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And, surely, when it is considered, that "amidst sickness and sorrow" he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable DICTIONARY of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution.

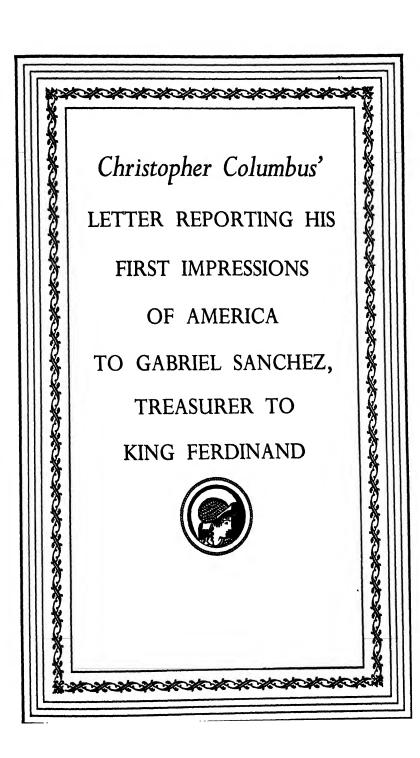
He loved praise, when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction; for they are founded on the basis of common sense, and a very attentive and minute survey of real life.

Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant

James Boswell

choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing: for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was SAMUEL JOHNSON, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.



HOME COURSE APPRECIATION



omeone once remarked that when Columbus sailed from Spain he did not know where he was going, when he got there he did not know where he was, and when he left he did not know where he had been—but he had discovered America.

This is a humorous but penetrating observation on one of the most momentous and confusing events in history. The birthplace of Cristobol Colón—known to us as Christopher Columbus—the date of his birth, his training, in fact almost everything about him up to the fateful year of 1492 are uncertain. Fact, fable, truths and nontruths have all been fitted together like a giant jigsaw puzzle in which the pieces are constantly shuffled around and interchanged.

There are "Columbists"—those who believe Christopher Columbus deserves absolute credit for discovering America, and "non-Columbists"—those who would give the palm to the Vikings Leif Ericson and Thorfinn Karlsefni, or to the Italian Amerigo Vespucci, from whom the Americas take their name. Even among the "Columbists" there is dissent. It was always thought that Columbus sailed west into the Atlantic to find a new trade route to India. But this traditional



". . . he did not know where he had been . . ."

view has been challenged by a recent biography of Columbus. According to this biography, Columbus planned only to "sail due west until he hit something."

But it is rather difficult to believe that King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain would have gambled on a voyage of pure discovery when their treasury had already been drained by a costly war in Granada. The financial risk involved in backing such an uncertain enterprise was great enough. But at least with India as a goal there was the possibility of a lucrative return on the initial investment.

It seems much more logical to retain the older view which held that as the Portuguese had sought, and finally found, an ocean route to the East by going all around Africa, Columbus sought a better route to the same place by going west. It is to his everlasting credit that he was the first to try to reach the East by going west.

Columbus was not the only one who was convinced that there were many islands out to the West. He is unique, however, in having persisted in this conviction despite years of rebuffs and disappointments. Finally, after eight years of supplication at the Spanish court he was commissioned by the monarchs on April 30, 1492. The commission made him an admiral of the ocean fleet, with the title and

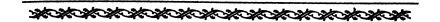
privileges passing on to his heirs; established him as viceroy and governing-general in all the islands and territories he might discover; and gave him the tenth part of the value of all goods, pearls, precious stones, gold, and silver obtained, after deducting the amount expended in finding them, with the remaining nine tenths going to the Spanish monarchs.

The difficulty Columbus had in recruiting seamen for this journey indicates how hazardous it was. A royal order was finally issued that every person belonging to the crews of Columbus' fleet was exempt from all arrest and detention on account of any crime or offense which had been committed by them up to that date, during the time they were making the journey and for two months after their return.

One wonders what kind of crew manned the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria as these three small ships sailed out of Palos, on the southern coast of Spain, on August 3, 1492, to remain out of sight of known land until October 12 of that same year. The exact place of landing has been questioned, but various navigators and historians have followed Columbus' route as he described it in his Journal, and have proved almost conclusively that the island is what is now called Watling Island, in the Bahamas. The Indians called it Guanahany, and Columbus named it San Salvador.

The area was explored until December and finally, after establishing a colony near what we now call Haiti, Columbus sailed for home. During February, as he neared Spain, he wrote of his discovery to the King and Queen, and to "the magnificent lord Raphael Sanxis [Gabriel Sanchez], treasurer of the same most illustrious king." His reception at the Court in Barcelona was indeed a hero's welcome, and all the provisions of his original commission were adhered to. But this skilled navigator who was unsurpassed in charting his way across unknown seas made a miserable administrator. After his third voyage to America he was sent back in chains. He died a lonely and forgotten man.

Columbus' greatness lies in his having enlarged men's ideas of the world. Ironically enough, however, he had a very imperfect understanding of his accomplishment. To his dying day he believed he had found the eastern coast of India, and he made three more voyages after that first one, still seeking the western route. On his third he sighted the South American mainland, which he identified with Marco Polo's "greatest island of the world," lying southeast of Asia. His sons later believed that this was not an island, but a peninsula attached to Asia. During his fourth voyage he heard of the Pacific Ocean, but he died without seeing it.



Because My undertakings have attained success, I know that it will be pleasing to you: these I have determined to relate, so that you may be made acquainted with everything done and discovered in this our voyage. On the thirty-third day after I departed from Cadiz, I came to the Indian sea, where I found many islands inhabited by men without number, of all which I took possession for our most fortunate king, with proclaiming heralds and flying standards, no one objecting.

To the first of these I gave the name of the blessed Saviour, on whose aid relying I had reached this as well as the other islands. But the Indians called it Guanahany. I also called each one of the others by a new name. For I ordered one island to be called Santa Maria of the Conception, another Fernandina, another Isabella, another Juana, and so on with the rest.

As soon as we had arrived at that island which I have just now said was called Juana, I proceeded along its coast towards the west for some distance; I found it so large and without perceptible end, that I believed it to be not an island, but the continental country of Cathay; seeing, however, no towns or cities situated on the seacoast, but only some villages and rude farms, with whose inhabitants I was unable to converse, because as soon as they saw us they took flight.

I proceeded farther, thinking that I would discover some city or large residences. At length, perceiving that we had gone far enough, that nothing new appeared, and that this way was leading us to the

north, which I wished to avoid, because it was winter on the land, and it was my intention to go to the south, moreover the winds were becoming violent, I therefore determined that no other plans were practicable, and so, going back, I returned to a certain bay that I had noticed, from which I sent two of our men to the land, that they might find out whether there was a king in this country, or any cities. These men traveled for three days, and they found people and houses without number, but they were small and without any government, therefore they returned. . . .

This island is surrounded by many very safe and wide harbors, not excelled by any others that I have ever seen. Many great and salubrious rivers flow through it. There are also many very high mountains there. All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by various qualities; they are accessible, and full of a great variety of trees stretching up to the stars; the leaves of which I believe are never shed, for I saw them as green and flourishing as they are usually in Spain in the month of May; some of them were blossoming, some were bearing fruit, some were in other conditions; each one was thriving in its own way. The nightingale and various other birds without number were singing, in the month of November, when I was exploring them.

There are besides in the said island Juana seven or eight kinds of palm trees, which far excel ours in height and beauty, just as all the other trees, herbs, and fruits do. There are also excellent pine trees, vast plains and meadows, a variety of birds, a variety of honey, and a variety of metals, excepting iron. In the one which was called Hispana, as we said above, there are great and beautiful mountains, vast fields, groves, fertile plains, very suitable for planting and cultivating, and for the building of houses.

The convenience of the harbors in this island, and the remarkable number of rivers contributing to the healthfulness of man, exceed belief, unless one has seen them. The trees, pasturage, and fruits of this island differ greatly from those of Juana. This Hispana, moreover, abounds in different kinds of spices, in gold, and in metals.

On this island, indeed, and on all the others which I have seen, and of which I have knowledge, the inhabitants of both sexes go always naked, just as they came into the world, except some of the women, who use a covering of a leaf or some foliage, or a cotton cloth, which they make themselves for that purpose.

All these people lack, as I said above, every kind of iron; they are

LETTER

also without weapons, which indeed are unknown; nor are they competent to use them, not on account of deformity of body, for they are well formed, but because they are timid and full of fear. They carry for weapons, however, reeds baked in the sun, on the lower ends of which they fasten some shafts of dried wood rubbed down to a point; and indeed they do not venture to use these always; for it frequently happened when I sent two or three of my men to some of the villages, that they might speak with the natives, a compact troop of the Indians would march out, and as soon as they saw our men approaching, they would quickly take flight, children being pushed aside by their fathers, and fathers by their children. And this was not because any hurt or injury had been inflicted on any one of them, for to every one whom I visited and with whom I was able to converse, I distributed whatever I had, cloth and many other things, no return being made to me; but they are by nature fearful and timid.

Yet when they perceive that they are safe, putting aside all fear, they are of simple manners and trustworthy, and very liberal with everything they have, refusing no one who asks for anything they may possess, and even themselves inviting us to ask for things. They show greater love for all others than for themselves; they give valuable things for trifles, being satisfied even with a very small return, or with nothing; however, I forbade that things so small and of no value should be given to them, such as pieces of plate, dishes and glass, likewise keys and shoestraps; although if they were able to obtain these, it seemed to them like getting the most beautiful jewels in the world.

In all these islands there is no difference in the appearance of the people, nor in the manners and language, but all understand each other mutually; a fact that is very important for the end which I suppose to be earnestly desired by our most illustrious king, that is, their conversion to the holy religion of Christ, to which in truth, as far as I can perceive, they are very ready and favorably inclined. In all these islands, as I have understood, each man is content with

In all these islands, as I have understood, each man is content with only one wife, except the princes or kings, who are permitted to have twenty. The women appear to work more than the men. I was not able to find out surely whether they have individual property, for I saw that one man had the duty of distributing to the others, especially refreshments, food, and things of that kind. . . .

Truly great and wonderful is this, and not corresponding to our merits, but to the holy Christian religion, and to the piety and religion

Christopher Columbus

of our sovereigns, because what the human understanding could not attain, that the divine will has granted to human efforts. For God is wont to listen to his servants who love his precepts, even in impossibilities, as has happened to us on the present occasion, who have attained that which hitherto mortal men have never reached.

For if anyone has written or said anything about these islands, it was all with obscurities and conjectures; no one claims that he had seen them; from which they seemed like fables. Therefore let the king and queen, the princes and their most fortunate kingdoms, and all other countries of Christendom give thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has bestowed upon us so great a victory and gift. Let religious processions be solemnized; let sacred festivals be given; let the churches be covered with festive garlands. Let Christ rejoice on earth, as he rejoices in heaven, when he foresees coming to salvation so many souls of people hitherto lost. Let us be glad also, as well on account of the exaltation of our faith, as on account of the increase of our temporal affairs, of which not only Spain, but universal Christendom will be partaker. These things that have been done are thus briefly related. Farewell.

Lisbon, the day before the Ides of March [March 14, 1493] Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean Fleet



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or, Principals of Political Right

by Jean Jacques Rousseau translated by Henry J. Tozer

A CONDENSATION

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Note: The editor's summaries of various omitted passages, and notes, appear italicized and in brackets throughout the text.

HOME COURSE APPRECIATION



NA REMOTE GROVE OUTSIDE PARIS, the tomb of a sickly, quarrelsome thinker and writer became a popular shrine for people
from all over Europe. Duchesses and commoners, statesmen and
citizens came to shed tears and to pray over the grave of the "intellectual father of the Reign of Terror." They venerated his snuffbox
and the clothes he had worn, and decorated his tomb with flowers.
Even the queen made the pilgrimage, and at least one worshiper came
to die at the side of his idol. The man buried in the grove of Ermenonville was Jean Jacques Rousseau, author of *The Social Contract*.

Ambitious Napoleon Bonaparte, who was soon to make himself Emperor of France, paid his own tribute to the Swiss philosopher. With scenes of carnage and destruction fresh in his mind, he declared that it might have been better for France, had Rousseau never been born.

It was quite logical for Napoleon to feel this way about an author whose writings were gospel to those who had overthrown a royal government. He distrusted the Republic that emerged from the wreckage of the monarchy; and in only a few years he was going to reestablish the throne and set himself upon it. No wonder he believed that France would have been better off without Rousseau and his ideas of political rights. To this future conqueror of Europe Rousseau's idea that authority should be vested in the people themselves and that the majority can be trusted to know what is really best for it, seemed to need a good deal of qualification.

Today, and especially to Americans, Rousseau's democratic idea seems routine instead of revolutionary. But when *The Social Contract* was published in 1762, the idea that men had the right to determine their own form of government was dangerous, particularly when men



"It might have been better for France, Napoleon thought, had Rousseau never been born."

had become impatient with the constant abuse of monarchical power. The Social Contract appeared at a crucial moment.

The book was widely read, for it appealed to the surge of democratic aspirations everywhere. It became the guiding spirit of a popular movement which challenged the "Divine Right" of kings, the privileges of aristocracy, and the tyranny of inherited rule. In 1775, thirteen years after the publication of *The Social Contract*, the American colonists threw off the rule of the British; fourteen years later came the French Revolution.

Who was this man and what were the words that could help to accomplish all this?

ROUSSEAU'S YOUTH

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU WAS DESCENDED from a family of watchmakers who had settled in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1550, to escape religious persecution. They belonged to les citoyens, the first class of the Swiss population, who—according to the way Swiss society was organized—were the aristocrats. Rousseau's father was a restless and independent spirit, with a keen sense of personal honor and an indifference to practical affairs. His mother was the beautiful, tender, and imaginative daughter of a Geneva clergyman. She died soon after Rousseau was born, and father and son became very close. Together they read all the romances which had been the mother's favorite reading matter, and after them the classics which had belonged to her father. By the time he was eight years old, Rousseau was reading Plutarch's Lives. This love of books was so strong in both the father and the son, that they would spend the whole night reading, and when the twittering of the birds announced a new day, the father would remark that perhaps he was more childish than the youngster.

When Rousseau was ten his father had to leave Geneva because of a quarrel, and he sent his son to live with a relative, a country parson. In the *Confessions*, one of the frankest autobiographies ever written, Rousseau says that his love of nature was developed at this time, as was also his hatred of injustice—for he had suffered some unjust punishments for trivial, childish offenses he had not committed.

At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a notary, but his imaginative temperament was unsuited to routine activity. He was next apprenticed to an engraver; he liked the artistic work, but his master beat him, and after four years Rousseau ran away. He worked as a secretary, a music copyist, a family tutor, music teacher, engraver, shop clerk, and even household servant. It was during this period that

he met the extraordinary Madame Louise Eléonore de Warens, a woman of good education who knew many interesting people. She took a liking to the good-looking Rousseau, gave him a home, and supported him for ten years. Occasionally he left her to take long walking trips through Switzerland and France, but he always returned to "Maman," as he called Madame de Warens, who called him "Petit." At twenty-six he left her. He intended to make his fortune with a new system of musical notation, but this was a failure, and he had to turn for a living to copying music or doing odd jobs.

ROUSSEAU COMES TO PARIS

Finally he made his way to Paris where he became a member of the circle of Diderot, the French philosopher and critic, to whose Encyclopedia he contributed the section on music. Rousseau's ability as a musician is much debated, though his talent for melody is generally conceded. In 1745 his musical version of Les muses galantes was performed before the famous composer Rameau, who disliked it, perhaps out of jealousy. And seven years later his pleasing operetta, The Village Sage, was produced at the Court in Fontainebleau.

In Paris also he met Thérèse Levasseur, who eventually became his wife. She was illiterate when she met him, and she could never quite master counting. Even the succession of the months and seasons was incomprehensible to her. Yet Rousseau says in the Confessions: "I lived with my Thérèse as pleasantly as with the finest genius." She made an ideal mate for Rousseau, according to one biographer, because he probably could not have endured an intellectual companion. The truth about their life together is not easy to ascertain. Rousseau claimed to have sent their five children to a foundling home, and to have regretted the unfatherly act later. Such a deed would have been possible in a man given to his romantic excesses and dedicated to his program of independence and poverty. But the fact is that Rousseau exaggerated everything concerning himself; there seems good reason to doubt the whole episode of the foundling home.

ROUSSEAU BECOMES FAMOUS

On a summer day in 1749 as he walked from Paris to Vincennes to visit Diderot, who was then in prison, Rousseau noted in Le Mercure, the newspaper he read as he walked, that the Academy of Dijon was offering a prize for the best essay on the subject: "Has the Progress of the Sciences and Arts Contributed to the Corruption or to the Improvement of Human Conduct?"

Here was a topic he felt qualified to discuss with authority, and sitting under a tree, he immediately started to write his famous essay. His intimate association with human beings at every social level had convinced him that civilization corrupted man who, he firmly believed, was fundamentally good. It was in this paper that he outlined for the first time his celebrated summons to return to nature. The paper took first prize and made him a famous and controversial figure overnight. His violent attack on civilization and all its works outraged many important people. But by his endeavor to answer numerous refutations of his essay, his own ideas matured.

ROUSSEAU'S LATER WORK JUSTIFIES HIS SUDDEN FAME

In November 1753 the Academy of Dijon again announced that a prize would be offered, this time for the best discourse on the subject: "What is the Origin of Inequality among Men, and is it Authorized by Natural Law?" Rousseau did not win the prize, but his essay was more mature than the first had been, and it is one of the most daring he ever wrote.

He proposed that men brought misery and suffering on themselves. They had abandoned that free condition in which sure instinct guided them, where their needs were few, and where the division of labor had not produced inequality and servitude among them. Only by regaining that condition can man regain happiness. He does not, however, propose that society and property be abolished and that we return to the forests and clothe ourselves in animal skins. Man, says Rousseau, has many things in common with animals; but, he affirms, man is distinguished from animals by his ability to think and his capacity for freedom. Man is free to choose as he thinks best, and capable of perfecting himself. Rousseau offers two alternatives. To those who want peace of soul he suggests a retirement to the solitude of nature. But to those who can lead an active life, he proposes remaining in society and correcting its evils.

We shall see that in *The Social Contract* he somewhat modifies these views. But we should perhaps first consider a second book he wrote during the same year; in many ways *Emile* is closely related to *The Social Contract*.

EMILE

Emile is a semi-autobiographical novel, and is, according to Rousseau's own statement, not a treatise on pedagogy, but a philosophical work. In it he is not interested, as he had been earlier, in being satiri-

cal or in cutpointing other philosophers. In this book he discusses the education of his ideal pupil, Emile; and it is generally acknowledged that the ideas expressed in this book establish Rousseau as the father of modern education.

The argument of the book revolves around Rousseau's "one great principle": that man is fundamentally good, that society corrupts him, but that only through society can he become good. His system of education takes away the emphasis upon book learning, and stresses experience; he demands a complete reliance on experience, which for him includes not only sense perception, but practice and learning. "The only habit the child should be allowed to form," he insists, "is that of forming no habit." Each man is born with different interests and potentialities, and only through unhampered self-expression and experience will these natural gifts develop.

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

The spirit of the social contract, like that of *Emile*, is one of inquiry, of investigating a problem, and of developing a point of view. "I want to see," he says, "if in the civil order, some rule of administration can be had which is right and sure to work, taking men as they are, but laws as they might be." But his very sentences set off explosions: "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." Once again he declares that the existing condition of man is a degeneration from a more perfect order in which he possessed natural liberty and the guidance of natural law.

Rousseau does not advocate the abolition of government or of property. His problem is to find that form of association which will protect the individual and his property, and in which the individual, although uniting himself with all other individuals, can find a freedom in society superior to that which he enjoyed in nature. And Rousseau proposes a solution.

The justification of government is the social contract, a voluntary agreement among individuals that each will yield all his rights to the community as a whole, and freely submit to "the general will." Men must yield all their rights, for if they hold back any of them there will be no one to judge between citizens when their interests conflict. In this way we will have reverted to "the state of nature" before society arose. The social contract thus deprives men of the freedom to do as they please with no regard to the consequences for others.

The compact, or social contract, is not for Rousseau, as some of his critics have supposed, a historical fact, since actual societies may have arisen in other ways. The social contract is put forward as the *justification*, and the only justification, of the authority and power of government. The theory of the social contract has a long history going back through the Middle Ages to Socrates and finally Protagoras in the fifth century B.C. But Rousseau gave it a twist which has proved momentous.

If man sacrifices all his rights when he joins in the social contract, what does he get in return? In the State he loses the freedom of unrestricted impulse, appetite, and passion, but he gains *moral* liberty. This liberty consists in "the obedience to a law which we prescribe to ourselves." This is one of Rousseau's most famous and fateful ideas, for it is not we as individuals who make the laws we must obey, but the will of the community as a whole. By virtue of the social contract individual will becomes immersed in the general will.

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT AND "THE GENERAL WILL"

What is meant by "the general will" has been a perplexing problem for readers of *The Social Contract*. Rousseau stated that "the body politic is also a moral being, possessed of a will, and this general will, which always tends to the preservation and welfare of the whole and of every part, and is the source of the laws, constitutes for all the members of the State . . . the rule of what is just or unjust." This is an extreme but logical consequence of the social contract. For the sacrifice of our rights to the community presupposes that the community is wiser than we are as individuals, and can settle our disputes with impartial justice. In the same way, we prefer trial by a twelveman jury to trial by a judge. We feel that the judgment of twelve men as a group is more trustworthy than that of any one of them, and is something over and above the individual.

The general will of the community is sovereign, but who does the actual governing? Rousseau's answer is that the legislator, who in a democracy will be elected, is not a representative of the sovereign people, for sovereignty cannot be alienated from or delegated to anyone. It remains by right inextricably in the hands of the people. The legislator is not a representative, but an embodiment of the general will of the community. His business is to propose laws to the sovereign people for ratification. By this provision Rousseau tried to guard against the usurpation of the people's power by their representatives, an injustice very frequent in history.

Forms of government, Rousseau believed, will vary with circumstances. Monarchy and aristocracy are more suitable to large states,



Rousseau came to believe that he was the object of persecutions.

and democracy to small ones like the Greek city states, or the state of Geneva, Rousseau's birthplace. This limited concept of democracy may seem unimaginative or reactionary to modern readers, yet it is well to remember that when Rousseau wrote *The Social Contract* there was still very little democracy in the world, and his chief models were small states.

Although Rousseau gave encouragement and support to constitutional monarchy, he has given still greater impetus to revolutionary thought, and even to revolutions. Think again of the impact of the sentence: "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." This, according to Rousseau, meant that all over the world the social contract had been broken, and the power of once-sovereign peoples usurped. The Social Contract taught that the time had come to reject this unjust seizure and restore authority to its legitimate source, the people.

THE EFFECT OF THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

To those of us who are native to countries founded and formed in accord with the ideas of Locke, some of Rousseau's ideas will appear strange and provocative. To a large extent our American democracy developed out of the struggle for the rights of dissenting religious sects. Thus our democratic tradition has always stressed minority rights, whereas the French conception has stressed majority rights, or the sovereignty of the general will. Both, of course, are essential to democracy. But the difference in emphasis is still important. Rousseau's conception is most attractive for nations that are striving for some great goal—reconstruction or defense—which requires the maximum unity and cooperation of the citizens. Traditional Anglo-American democracy, on the other hand, is ideally suited to protect minority rights, especially in periods of national crisis.

Democracy was something new in Europe when The Social Contract was published, and a cause of either apprehension or dismay to those in authority. The book was considered so radical that the monarchy in France and the republican governments of Geneva and Bern condemned it and took severe measures against its author. Rousseau spent the next five years in exile, first in Prussian territory, then in England. He was finally permitted to return to France, where once again he made his living by copying music. His flights into exile had induced a suspicious state of mind, and he believed that he was the object of planned persecutions. In 1778 he died at Ermenonville.

[In which it is inquired why man passes from the state of nature to the state of society and what are the essential conditions of the contract.]

I WISH TO INQUIRE whether, taking men as they are and laws as they can be made, it is possible to establish some just and certain rule of administration in civil affairs. In this investigation I shall always strive to reconcile what right permits with what interest prescribes, so that justice and utility may not be severed.

I enter upon this inquiry without demonstrating the importance of my subject. I shall be asked whether I am a prince or a legislator that I write on politics. I reply that I am not; and that it is for this very reason that I write on politics. If I were a prince or a legislator, I should not waste my time in saying what ought to be done; I should do it or remain silent.

Having been born a citizen of a free State [Geneva], and a member of the sovereign body, however feeble an influence my voice may have in public affairs, the right to vote upon them is sufficient to impose on me the duty of informing myself about them; and I feel happy, whenever I meditate on governments, always to discover in my researches new reasons for loving that of my own country.

Subject of the First Book

Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains. Many a one believes himself the master of others, and yet he is a greater slave than they. How has this change come about? I do not know. What can render it legitimate? I believe that I can settle this question.

If I considered only force and the results that proceed from it, I should say that so long as a people is compelled to obey and does obey, it does well; but that, so soon as it can shake off the yoke and does shake it off, it does better; for, if men recover their freedom by virtue of the same right by which it was taken away, either they are justified in resuming it, or there was no justification for depriving

them of it. But the social order is a sacred right which serves as a foundation for all others. This right, however, does not come from nature. It is therefore based on conventions. The question is to know what these conventions are. Before coming to that, I must establish what I have just laid down.

Primitive Societies

The earliest of all societies, and the only natural one, is the family; yet children remain attached to their father only so long as they have need of him for their own preservation. As soon as this need ceases, the natural bond is dissolved. The children being freed from the obedience which they owed to their father, and the father from the cares which he owed to his children, become equally independent. If they remain united, it is no longer naturally but voluntarily; and the family itself is kept together only by convention.

This common liberty is a consequence of man's nature. His first law is to attend to his own preservation, his first cares are those which he owes to himself; and as soon as he comes to years of discretion, being sole judge of the means adapted for his own preservation, he becomes his own master.

The family is, then, if you will, the primitive model of political societies; the chief is the analogue of the father, while the people represent the children; and all, being born free and equal, alienate their liberty only for their own advantage. The whole difference is that, in the family, the father's love for his children repays him for the care that he bestows upon them; while, in the State, the pleasure of ruling makes up for the chief's lack of love for his people.

Grotius denies that all human authority is established for the benefit of the governed, and he cites slavery as an instance. His invariable mode of reasoning is to establish right by fact. A juster method might be employed, but none more favorable to tyrants.

It is doubtful, then, according to Grotius, whether the human race belongs to a hundred men, or whether these hundred men belong to the human race; and he appears throughout his book to incline to the former opinion, which is also that of Hobbes. In this way we have mankind divided like herds of cattle, each of which has a master, who looks after it in order to devour it.

Just as a herdsman is superior in nature to his herd, so chiefs, who are the herdsmen of men, are superior in nature to their people. Thus,

according to Philo's account, the Emperor Caligula reasoned, inferring truly enough from this analogy that kings are gods, or that men are brutes.

The reasoning of Caligula is tantamount to that of Hobbes and Grotius. Aristotle, before them all, had likewise said that men are not naturally equal, but that some are born for slavery and others for dominion.

Aristotle was right, but he mistook the effect for the cause. Every man born in slavery is born for slavery; nothing is more certain. Slaves lose everything in their bonds, even the desire to escape from them; they love their servitude as the companions of Ulysses loved their brutishness. If, then, there are slaves by nature, it is because there have been slaves contrary to nature. The first slaves were made such by force; their cowardice kept them in bondage.

I have said nothing about King Adam nor about Emperor Noah, the father of three great monarchs who shared the universe, like the children of Saturn with whom they are supposed to be identical. I hope that my moderation will give satisfaction; for, as I am a direct descendant of one of these princes, and perhaps of the eldest branch, how do I know whether, by examination of titles, I might not find myself the lawful king of the human race? Be that as it may, it cannot be denied that Adam was sovereign of the world, as Robinson was of his island, so long as he was its sole inhabitant; and it was an agreeable feature of that empire that the monarch, secure on his throne, had nothing to fear from rebellions, or wars, or conspirators.

The Right of the Strongest

The strongest man is never strong enough to be always master, unless he transforms his power into right, and obedience into duty. Hence the right of the strongest—a right apparently assumed in irony, and really established in principle. But will this phrase never be explained to us? Force is a physical power; I do not see what morality can result from its effects. To yield to force is an act of necessity, not of will; it is at most an act of prudence. In what sense can it be a duty?

Let us assume for a moment this pretended right. I say that nothing results from it but inexplicable nonsense; for if force constitutes right, the effect changes with the cause, and any force which overcomes the first succeeds to its rights. As soon as men can disobey with impunity, they may do so legitimately; and since the strongest is always in the

right, the only thing is to act in such a way that one may be the strongest. But what sort of a right is it that perishes when force ceases? If it is necessary to obey by compulsion, there is no need to obey from duty; and if men are no longer forced to obey, obligation is at an end. We see then, that this word RIGHT adds nothing to force. It here means nothing at all.

Obey the powers that be. If that means, Yield to force, the precept is good but superfluous. I reply that it will never be violated. All power comes from God, I admit; but every disease comes from him too. Does it follow that we are prohibited from calling in a physician? If a brigand should surprise me in the recesses of a wood, am I bound not only to give up my purse when forced, but am I also morally bound to do so when I might conceal it? For, in effect, the pistol which he holds is a superior force.

Let us agree, then, that might does not make right, and that we are bound to obey none but lawful authorities. Thus my original question ever recurs.

Slavery

Since no man has any natural authority over his fellowmen, and since force is not the source of right, conventions remain as the basis of all lawful authority among men.

If an individual, says Grotius, can alienate his liberty and become the slave of a master, why should not a whole people be able to alienate theirs, and become subject to a king? In this there are many equivocal terms requiring explanation; but let us confine ourselves to the word alienate. To alienate is to give or sell. Now, a man who becomes another's slave does not give himself; he sells himself at the very least for his subsistence. But why does a nation sell itself? So far from a king supplying his subjects with their subsistence, he draws his from them; and, according to Rabelais, a king does not live on a little. Do subjects, then, give up their persons on condition that their property also shall be taken? I do not see what is left for them to keep.

It will be said that the despot secures to his subjects civil peace. Be it so; but what do they gain by that, if the wars which his ambition brings upon them, together with his insatiable greed and the vexations of his administration, harass them more than their own dissensions would? What do they gain by it if this tranquillity is itself one of their miseries? Men live tranquilly also in dungeons; is that enough to make

them contented there? The Greeks confined in the cave of the Cyclops lived peacefully until their turn came to be devoured.

To say that a man gives himself for nothing is to say what is absurd and inconceivable. Such an act is illegitimate and invalid, for the simple reason that he who performs it is not in his right mind. To say the same thing of a whole nation is to suppose a nation of fools; and madness does not confer rights.

Even if each person could alienate himself, he could not alienate his children. They are born free men. Their liberty belongs to them, and no one has a right to dispose of it except themselves. Before they have come to years of discretion, the father can, in their name, stipulate conditions for their preservation and welfare, but not surrender them irrevocably and unconditionally; for such a gift is contrary to the ends of nature, and exceeds the rights of paternity. In order, then, that an arbitrary government might be legitimate, it would be necessary that the people in each generation should have the option of accepting or rejecting it; but in that case such a government would no longer be arbitrary.

To renounce one's liberty is to renounce one's quality as a man, the rights and also the duties of humanity. For him who renounces everything there is no possible compensation. Such a renunciation is incompatible with man's nature, for to take away all freedom from his will is to take away all morality from his actions. In short, a convention which stipulates absolute authority on the one side and unlimited obedience on the other is vain and contradictory. Is it not clear that we are under no obligations whatsoever toward a man from whom we have a right to demand everything? And does not this single condition, without equivalent, without exchange, involve the nullity of the act? For what right would my slave have against me, since all that he has belongs to me?

Grotius and others derive from war another origin for the pretended "right" of slavery. The victor having, according to them, the right of slaying the vanquished, the latter may purchase his life at the cost of his freedom; an agreement so much the more legitimate that it turns to the advantage of both.

But it is manifest that this pretended right of slaying the vanquished in no way results from the state of war. Men are not naturally enemies, if only for the reason that, living in their primitive independence, they have no mutual relations sufficiently durable to constitute a state of peace or a state of war. It is the relation of things and not of men

which constitutes war; and since the state of war cannot arise from simple personal relations, but only from real relations, private war—war between man and man—cannot exist either in the state of nature, where there is no settled ownership, or in the social state, where everything is under the authority of the laws.

Private combats, duels, and encounters are acts which do not constitute a state of war; and with regard to the private wars authorized by the Establishments of Louis IX, king of France, and suspended by the Peace of God, they were abuses of the feudal government, an absurd system if ever there was one, contrary both to the principles of natural right and to all sound government.

War, then, is not a relation between man and man, but a relation between State and State, in which individuals are enemies only by accident, not as men, nor even as citizens, but as soldiers; not as members of the fatherland, but as its defenders. In short, each State can have as enemies only other States and not individual men, inasmuch as it is impossible to fix any true relation between things of different kinds.

This principle is also conformable to the established maxims of all ages and to the invariable practice of all civilized nations. Declarations of war are not so much warnings to the powers as to their subjects. The foreigner, whether king, or nation, or private person, that robs, slays, or detains subjects without declaring war against the government, is not an enemy, but a brigand. Even in open war, a just prince, while he rightly takes possession of all that belongs to the State in an enemy's country, respects the person and property of individuals; he respects the rights on which his own are based. The aim of war being the destruction of the hostile State, we have a right to slay its defenders so long as they have arms in their hands; but as soon as they lay them down and surrender, ceasing to be enemies or instruments of the enemy, they become again simply men, and no one has any further right over their lives. Sometimes it is possible to destroy the State without killing a single one of-its members; but war confers no right except what is necessary to its end. These are not the principles of Grotius. They are not based on the authority of poets, but are derived from the nature of things, and are founded on reason.

With regard to the "right" of conquest, it has no other foundation than the law of the strongest. If war does not confer on the victor the right of slaying the vanquished, this right, which he does not possess,

cannot be the foundation of a right to enslave them. If we have a right to slay an enemy only when it is impossible to enslave him, the right to enslave him is not derived from the right to kill him; it is, therefore, an iniquitous bargain to make him purchase his life, over which the victor has no right, at the cost of his liberty. In establishing the right of life and death upon the right of slavery, and the right of slavery upon the right of life and death, is it not manifest that one falls into a vicious circle?

Even if we grant this terrible right of killing everybody, I say that a slave made in war, or a conquered nation, is under no obligation at all to a master, except to obey him so far as compelled. In taking an equivalent for his life the victor has conferred no favor on the slave; instead of killing him unprofitably, he has destroyed him for his own advantage. Far, then, from having acquired over him any authority in addition to that of force, the state of war subsists between them as before, their relation even is the effect of it; and the exercise of the rights of war supposes that there is no treaty of peace. They have made a convention. Be it so; but this convention, far from terminating the state of war, supposes its continuance.

Thus, in whatever way we regard things, the "right" of slavery is invalid, not only because it is illegitimate, but because it is absurd and meaningless. These terms, slavery and right, are contradictory and mutually exclusive. Whether addressed by a man to a man, or by a man to a nation, such a speech as this will always be equally foolish:

"I make an agreement with you wholly at your expense and wholly for my benefit, and I shall observe it as long as I please, while you also shall observe it as long as I please."

That It Is Always Necessary to Go Back to a First Convention

If I should concede all that I have so far refuted, those who favor despotism would be no farther advanced. There will always be a great difference between subduing a multitude and ruling a society. When isolated men, however numerous they may be, are subjected one after another to a single person, this seems to me only a case of master and slaves, not of a nation and its chief. They form, if you will, an aggregation, but not an association, for they have neither public property nor a body politic. Such a man, had he enslaved half the world, is never anything but an individual. His interest, separated from that of

the rest, is never anything but a private interest. If he dies, his empire after him is left disconnected and disunited, as an oak dissolves and becomes a heap of ashes after the fire has consumed it.

A nation, says Grotius, can give itself to a king. According to Grotius, then, a nation is a nation before it gives itself to a king. This gift itself is a civil act, and presupposes a public resolution. Consequently, before examining the act by which a nation elects a king, it would be proper to examine the act by which a nation becomes a nation; for this act, being necessarily anterior to the other, is the real foundation of the society.

In fact, if there were no anterior convention, where, unless the election were unanimous, would be the obligation upon the minority to submit to the decision of the majority? And whence do the hundred who desire a master derive the right to vote on behalf of ten who do not desire one? The law of the plurality of votes is itself established by convention, and presupposes unanimity once at least.

The Social Pact

I assume that men have reached a point at which the obstacles that endanger their preservation in the state of nature overcome by their resistance the forces which each individual can exert with a view to maintaining himself in that state. Then this primitive condition cannot longer subsist, and the human race would perish unless it changed its mode of existence.

Now as men cannot create any new forces, but only combine and direct those that exist, they have no other means of self-preservation than to form by aggregation a sum of forces which may overcome the resistance, to put them in action by a single motive power, and to make them work in concert.

This sum of forces can be produced only by the combination of many; but the strength and freedom of each man being the chief instruments of his preservation, how can he pledge them without injuring himself, and without neglecting the cares which he owes to himself? This difficulty, applied to my subject, may be expressed in these terms:—

"To find a form of association which may defend and protect with the whole force of the community the person and property of every associate, and by means of which, coalescing with all, may nevertheless obey only himself, and remain as free as before." Such is the

fundamental problem of which the Social Contract furnishes the solution.

The clauses of this contract are so determined by the nature of the act that the slightest modification would render them vain and ineffectual; so that, although they have never perhaps been formally enunciated, they are everywhere the same, everywhere tacitly admitted and recognized, until, the social pact being violated, each man regains his original rights and recovers his natural liberty while losing the conventional liberty for which he renounced it.

These clauses, rightly understood, are reducible to one only, viz., the total alienation to the whole community of each associate with all his rights; for, in the first place, since each gives himself up entirely, the conditions are equal for all; and, the conditions being equal for all, no one has any interest in making them burdensome to others.

Further, the alienation being made without reserve, the union is as perfect as it can be, and an individual associate can no longer claim anything; for, if any rights were left to individuals, since there would be no common superior who could judge between them and the public, each, being in some point his own judge, would soon claim to be so on all; the state of nature would still subsist, and the association would necessarily become tyrannical or useless.

In short, each giving himself to all, gives himself to nobody; and as there is not one associate over whom we do not acquire the same rights which we concede to him over ourselves, we gain the equivalent of all that we lose, and more power to preserve what we have.

If, then, we set aside what is not of the essence of the social contract, we shall find that it is reducible to the following terms: "Each of us puts in common his person and his whole power under the supreme direction of the general will; and in return we receive every member as an indivisible part of the whole."

Forthwith, instead of the individual personalities of all the contracting parties, this act of association produces a moral and collective body, which is composed of as many members as the assembly has voices, and which receives from this same act its unity, its common self, its life, and its will. This public person, which is thus formed by the union of all the individual members, formerly took the name of city, and now takes that of republic or body politic, which is called by its members STATE when it is passive, sovereign when it is active, power when it is compared to similar bodies. With regard to the associates, they take collectively the name of people, and are called in-

dividually citizens, as participating in the sovereign power, and subjects, as subjected to the laws of the State.

The Sovereign

We see from this formula that the act of association contains a reciprocal engagement between the public and individuals, and that every individual, contracting so to speak with himself, is engaged in a double relation, viz., as a member of the sovereign toward individuals, and as a member of the State toward the sovereign. But we cannot apply here the maxim of civil law that no one is bound by engagements made with himself; for there is a great difference between being bound to oneself and to a whole of which one forms part.

We must further observe that the public resolution which can bind all subjects to the sovereign in consequence of the two different relations under which each of them is regarded cannot, for a contrary reason, bind the sovereign to itself; and that accordingly it is contrary to the nature of the body politic for the sovereign to impose on itself a law which it cannot transgress. As it can only be considered under one and the same relation, it is in the position of an individual contracting with himself; whence we see that there is not, nor can be, any kind of fundamental law binding upon the body of the people, not even the Social Contract itself. [Thus Rousseau rejects the concept of a constitution preventing the sovereign people from legislating as they choose.]

But the body politic or sovereign, deriving its existence only from the sanctity of the contract, can never bind itself, even to others, in anything that derogates from the original act, such as alienation of some portion of itself, or submission to another sovereign. To violate the act by which it exists would be to annihilate itself; and what is nothing produces nothing.

Now, the sovereign, being formed only of the individuals that compose it, neither has nor can have any interest contrary to theirs; consequently the sovereign power needs no guarantee toward its subjects, because it is impossible that the body should wish to injure all its members; and we shall see hereafter that it can injure no one as an individual. The sovereign, for the simple reason that it is so, is always everything that it ought to be.

But this is not the case as regards the relation of subjects to the sovereign. Indeed, every individual may, as a man, have a particular

will contrary to, or divergent from, the general will which he has as a citizen; his private interest may prompt him quite differently from the common interest; his absolute and naturally independent existence may make him regard what he owes to the common cause as a gratuitous contribution, the loss of which will be less harmful to others than the payment of it will be burdensome to him; and, regarding the moral person that constitutes the State as an imaginary being because it is not a man, he would be willing to enjoy the rights of a citizen without being willing to fulfil the duties of a subject. The progress of such injustice would bring about the ruin of the body politic.

In order, then, that the Social Contract may not be a vain formulary, it tacitly includes this engagement, which can alone give force to the others, that whoever refuses to obey the general will shall be constrained to do so by the whole body; which means nothing else than that he shall be forced to be free. Such is the condition which, uniting every citizen to his native land, guarantees him from all personal dependence, a condition that insures the control and working of the political machine, and alone renders legitimate civil engagements, which, without it, would be absurd and tyrannical, and subject to the most enormous abuses.

The Civil State

The passage from the state of nature to the civil state produces in man a very remarkable change, by substituting in his conduct justice for instinct, and by giving his actions the moral quality that they previously lacked. It is only when the voice of duty succeeds physical impulse, and law succeeds appetite, that man, who till then had regarded only himself, sees that he is obliged to act on other principles, and to consult his reason before listening to his inclinations. Although, in this state, he is deprived of many advantages that he derives from nature, he acquires equally great ones in return; his faculties are exercised and developed; his ideas are expounded; his feelings are ennobled; his whole soul is exalted to such a degree that, if the abuses of his new condition did not often degrade him below that from which he has emerged, he ought to bless without ceasing the happy moment that released him from it forever, and transformed him from a stupid and ignorant animal into an intelligent being and a man.

Let us reduce this whole balance to terms easy to compare. What man loses by the social contract is his natural liberty and an unlimited

right to anything which tempts him and which he is able to attain. What he gains is civil liberty and property in all that he possesses. In order that we may not be mistaken about these compensations, we must clearly distinguish natural liberty, which is limited only by the powers of the individual, from civil liberty, which is limited by the general will; and possession, which is nothing but the result of force or the right of first occupancy, from property, which can be based only on a positive title.

Besides the preceding, we might add to the acquisitions of the civil state moral freedom, which alone renders man truly master of himself; for the impulse of mere appetite is slavery, while obedience to a self-prescribed law is liberty. But I have already said too much on this head, and the philosophical meaning of the term *liberty* does not belong to my present subject.

Real Property

Every member of the community at the moment of its formation gives himself up to it, just as he actually is, himself and all his powers, of which the property that he possesses forms part. For the State, with regard to its members, is owner of all their property by the social contract, which, in the State, serves as the basis of all rights; but with regard to other powers, it is owner only by the right of first occupancy which it derives from individuals.

The right of first occupancy, although more real than that of the strongest, becomes a true right only after the establishment of that of property. Every man has by nature a right to all that is necessary to him; but the positive act which makes him proprietor of certain property excludes him from all the residue. His portion having been allotted, he ought to confine himself to it, and he has no further right to the undivided property. That is why the right of first occupancy, so weak in the state of nature, is respected by every member of a State. In this right men regard not so much what belongs to others as what does not belong to themselves.

In order to legalize the right of first occupancy over any domain whatsoever, the following conditions are, in general, necessary: first, the land must not yet be inhabited by any one; secondly, a man must occupy only the area required for his subsistence; thirdly, he must take possession of it, not by an empty ceremony, but by labor and cultiva-

tion, the only mark of ownership which, in default of legal title, ought to be respected by others.

Indeed, if we accord the right of first occupancy to necessity and labor, do we not extend it as far as it can go? Is it impossible to assign limits to this right? Will the mere setting foot on common ground be sufficient to give an immediate claim to the ownership of it? Will the power of driving away other men from it for a moment suffice to deprive them for ever of the right of returning to it? How can a man or a people take possession of an immense territory and rob the whole human race of it except by a punishable usurpation, since other men are deprived of the place of residence and the sustenance which nature gives to them in common.

When Nuñez Balboa on the seashore took possession of the Pacific Ocean and of the whole of South America in the name of the crown of Castile, was this sufficient to dispossess all the inhabitants, and exclude from it all the princes in the world? On this supposition such ceremonies might have been multiplied vainly enough; and the king in his cabinet might, by a single stroke, have taken possession of the whole world, only cutting off afterward from his empire what was previously occupied by other princes.

We perceive how the lands of individuals, united and contiguous, become public territory, and how the right of sovereignty, extending itself from the subjects to the land which they occupy, becomes at once real and personal; which places the possessors in greater dependence, and makes their own powers a guarantee for their fidelity—an advantage which ancient monarchs do not appear to have clearly perceived, for, calling themselves only kings of the Persians or Scythians or Macedonians, they seem to have regarded themselves as chiefs of men rather than as owners of countries. Monarchs of to-day call themselves more cleverly kings of France, Spain, England, etc.; in thus holding the land they are quite sure of holding its inhabitants.

The peculiarity of this alienation is that the community, in receiving the property of individuals, so far from robbing them of it, only assures them lawful possession, and changes usurpation into true right, enjoyment into ownership. Also, the possessors being considered as depositaries of the public property, and their rights being respected by all the members of the State, as well as maintained by all its power against foreigners, they have, as it were, by a transfer advantageous to the public and still more to themselves, acquired all that they have given up.

I shall close this book with a remark which ought to serve as a basis for the whole social system; it is that instead of destroying natural equality, the fundamental pact, on the contrary, substitutes a moral and lawful equality for the physical inequality which nature imposed upon men, so that, although unequal in strength or intellect, they all become equal by convention and legal right.

Under bad governments, this equality is only apparent and illusory. It serves only to keep the pauper in his poverty and the rich man in the position he has usurped. As a matter of fact, laws are always of use to those who possess and harmful to those who have nothing, from which it follows that the social state is advantageous to men only when all have something and none too much.

BOOK II

[Which treats of legislation.]

That Sovereignty Is Inalienable

THE FIRST and most important consequence of the principles above established is that the general will alone can direct the forces of the State according to the object of its institution, which is the common good; for if the opposition of private interests has rendered necessary the establishment of societies, the agreement of these same interests has rendered it possible. That which is common to these different interests forms the social bond; and unless there were some point in which all interests agree, no society could exist. Now, it is solely with regard to this common interest that the society should be governed.

I say, then, that sovereignty, being nothing but the exercise of the general will, can never be alienated, and that the sovereign power, which is only a collective being, can be represented by itself alone. Power indeed can be transmitted, but not the will.

The sovereign may indeed say: "I will now what a certain man wills, or at least what he says that he wills"; but he cannot say: "What that man wills to-morrow, I shall also will," since it is absurd that the will should bind itself as regards the future. If then, the nation simply promises to obey, it dissolves itself by that act and loses its character as a people; the moment there is a master, there is no longer a sovereign, and forthwith the body politic is destroyed.

That Sovereignty Is Indivisible

For the same reason that sovereignty is inalienable it is indivisible; for the will is either general, or it is not; it is either that of the body of the people, or that of only a portion. In the first case, this declared will is an act of sovereignty and constitutes law; in the second case, it is only a particular will, or an act of magistracy—it is at most a decree.

But our publicists, being unable to divide sovereignty in its prin-

ciple, divide it in its object. They divide it into force and will, into legislative power and executive power; into rights of taxation, of justice, and of war; into internal administration and power of treating with foreigners—sometimes confounding all these departments, and sometimes separating them. They make the sovereign a fantastic being, formed of connected parts. It is as if they composed a man of several bodies, one with eyes, another with arms, another with feet, and nothing else.

This error arises from their not having formed exact notions about the sovereign authority, and from their taking as parts of this authority what are only emanations from it. Thus, for example, the acts of declaring war and making peace have been regarded as acts of sovereignty, which is not the case, since neither of them is a law, but only an application of the law, a particular act which determines the case of the law.

Whether the General Will Can Err

It follows from what precedes that the general will is always right and always tends to the public advantage; but it does not follow that the resolutions of the people have always the same rectitude. Men always desire their own good, but do not always discern it. The people are never corrupted, though often deceived, and it is only then that they seem to will what is evil.

There is often a great deal of difference between the will of all and the general will. The latter regards only the common interest, while the former has regard to private interests, and is merely a sum of particular wills; but take away from these same wills the pluses and minuses which cancel one another, and the general will remains as the sum of the differences.

If the people come to a resolution when adequately informed and without any communication among the citizens, the general will would always result from the great number of slight differences, and the resolution would always be good. But when factions, partial associations, are formed to the detriment of the whole society, the will of each of these associations becomes general with reference to its members, and particular with reference to the State; it may then be said that there are no longer as many voters as there are men, but only as many voters as there are associations. Lastly, when one of these associations becomes so great that it predominates over all the rest, you no longer

have as the result a sum of small differences, but a single difference. There is then no longer a general will, and the opinion which prevails is only a particular opinion.

It is important, then, in order to have a clear declaration of the general will, that there should be no partial association in the State, and that every citizen should express only his own opinion. Such was the unique and sublime institution of the great Lycurgus. But if there are partial associations, it is necessary to multiply their number and prevent inequality, as Solon, Numa, and Servius did. These are the only proper precautions for insuring that the general will may always be enlightened, and that the people may not be deceived.

The Limits of the Sovereign Power

If the State or city is nothing but a moral person, the life of which consists in the union of its members, and if the most important of its cares is that of self-preservation, it needs a universal and compulsive force to move and dispose every part in the manner most expedient for the whole. As nature gives every man an absolute power over all his limbs, the social pact gives the body politic an absolute power over all its members; and it is this same power which, when directed by the general will, bears, as I said, the name of Sovereignty.

It is admitted that whatever part of his power, property, and liberty each one alienates by the social compact is only that part of the whole of which the use is important to the community; but we must also admit that the sovereign alone is judge of what is important.

The engagements which bind us to the social body are obligatory only because they are mutual; and their nature is such that in fulfilling them we cannot work for others without also working for ourselves. Equality of rights and the notion of justice that it produces are derived from the preference which each gives to himself, and consequently from the very nature of man.

By whatever path we return to our principle we always arrive at the same conclusion, viz., that the Social Contract establishes among the citizens such an equality that they all pledge themselves under the same conditions and ought all to enjoy the same rights. Thus, by the nature of the compact, every act of sovereignty, that is, every authentic act of the general will, binds or favors equally all the citizens; so that the sovereign knows only the body of the nation, and distinguishes none of those that compose it.

What, then, is an act of sovereignty properly so called? It is not an agreement between a superior and an inferior, but an agreement of the body with each of its members; a lawful agreement, because it has the social contract as its foundation; equitable, because it is common to all; useful, because it can have no other object than the general welfare; and stable, because it has the public force and the supreme power as a guarantee.

Thus we see that the Sovereign Power, wholly absolute, wholly sacred, and wholly inviolable as it is, does not, and cannot, pass the limits of general conventions, and that every man can fully dispose of what is left to him, of his property and liberty by these conventions; so that the sovereign never has a right to burden one subject more than another, because then the matter becomes particular and his power is no longer competent.

These distinctions once admitted, so untrue is it that in the Social Contract there is on the part of individuals any real renunciation, that their situation, as a result of this contract, is in reality preferable to what it was before. Instead of an alienation, they have only made an advantageous exchange of an uncertain and precarious mode of existence for a better and more assured one, of natural independence for liberty, of the power to injure others for their own safety, and of their strength, which others might overcome, for a right which the social union renders inviolable.

Their lives, also, which they have devoted to the State, are continually protected by it; and in exposing their lives for its defense, what do they do but restore what they have received from it? What do they do but what they would do more frequently and with more risk in the state of nature, when, engaging in inevitable struggles, they would defend at the peril of their lives their means of preservation? All have to fight for their country in case of need, it is true; but then no one ever has to fight for himself.

The Right of Life and Death

It may be asked how individuals who have no right to dispose of their own lives can transmit to the sovereign this right which they do not possess. The question appears hard to solve only because it is badly stated. Every man has a right to risk his own life in order to preserve it. Has it ever been said that one who throws himself out of a window to escape from a fire is guilty of suicide? Has this crime, in-

deed, ever been imputed to a man who perishes in a storm, although, on embarking, he was not ignorant of the danger?

The social treaty has as its end the preservation of the contracting parties. He who desires the end desires also the means, and some risks, even some losses, are inseparable from these means. He who is willing to preserve his life at the expense of others ought also to give it up for them when necessary.

The penalty of death inflicted on criminals may be regarded almost from the same point of view. It is in order not to be the victim of an assassin that a man consents to die if he becomes one. In this treaty, far from disposing of his own life, he thinks only of securing it, and it is not to be supposed that any of the contracting parties contemplates at the time being hanged.

Moreover, every evil-doer who attacks social rights becomes by his crimes a rebel and a traitor to his country. By violating its laws he ceases to be a member of it, and even makes war upon it. Then the preservation of the State is incompatible with his own—one of the two must perish; and when a guilty man is executed, it is less as a citizen than as an enemy.

Again, the frequency of capital punishments is always a sign of weakness or indolence in the government. There is no man so worthless that he cannot be made good for something. We have a right to kill, even for example's sake, only those who cannot be preserved without danger.

As regards the right to pardon or to exempt a guilty man from the penalty imposed by the law and inflicted by the judge, it belongs only to a power which is above both the judge and the law, that is to say, the sovereign. Still its right in this is not very plain, and the occasions for exercising it are very rare. In a well-governed State there are few punishments, not because many pardons are granted, but because there are few criminals. Under the Roman Republic neither the Senate nor the consuls attempted to grant pardons; the people even did not grant any, although they sometimes revoked their own judgments. Frequent pardons proclaim that crimes will soon need them no longer, and everyone sees to what that leads.

The Law

By the Social Contract we have given existence and life to the body politic; the question now is to endow it with movement, and will by

legislation. For the original act by which this body is formed and consolidated determines nothing in addition as to what it must do for its own preservation.

What is right and conformable to order is such by the nature of things, and independently of human conventions. All justice comes from God, he alone is the source of it: but could we receive it direct from so lofty a source, we should need neither government nor laws. Regarding things from a human standpoint, the laws of justice are inoperative among men for want of a natural sanction. They only bring good to the wicked and evil to the just when the latter observe them with everyone, and no one observes them in return.

Conventions and laws, then, are necessary to couple rights with duties and apply justice to its object. In the state of nature, where everything is in common, I owe nothing to those to whom I have promised nothing. I recognize as belonging to others only what is useless to me. This is not the case in the civil state, in which all rights are determined by law.

I have already said that there is no general will with reference to a particular object. But when the whole people decree concerning the whole people, they consider themselves alone; and if a relation is then constituted it is between the whole object under one point of view and the whole object under another point of view, without any division at all. Then the matter respecting which they decree is general like the will that decrees. It is this act that I call a law.

When I say that the object of the laws is always general, I mean that the law considers subjects collectively, and actions as abstract, never a man as an individual nor a particular action. Thus the law may indeed decree that there shall be privileges, but cannot confer them on any person by name. The law can create several classes of citizens, and even assign the qualifications which shall entitle them to rank in these classes, but it cannot nominate such and such persons to be admitted to them. It can establish a royal government and a hereditary succession, but cannot elect a king or appoint a royal family. In a word, no function which has reference to an individual object appertains to the legislative power.

From this standpoint we see immediately that it is no longer necessary to ask whose office it is to make laws, since they are acts of the general will; nor whether the prince is above the laws, since he is a member of the State; nor whether the law can be unjust, since no one

is unjust to himself; nor how we are free and yet subject to the laws, since the laws are only registers of our wills.

We see, further, that since the law combines the universality of the will with the universality of the object, whatever any man prescribes on his own authority is not a law; and whatever the sovereign itself prescribes respecting a particular object is not a law, but a decree, not an act of sovereignty, but of magistracy.

I therefore call any State a republic which is governed by laws, under whatever form of administration it may be; for then only does the public interest predominate and the commonwealth count for something. Every legitimate government is republican. (I do not mean by this word an aristocracy or democracy only, but in general any government directed by the general will, which is the law. To be legitimate, the government must not be combined with the sovereign power, but must be its minister; then monarchy itself is a republic.)

Laws are properly only the conditions of civil association. The people, being subjected to the laws, should be the authors of them; it concerns only the associates to determine the conditions of association. But how will they be determined? Will it be by a common agreement, by a sudden inspiration? Has the body politic an organ for expressing its will? Who will give it the foresight necessary to frame its acts and publish them at the outset? Or how shall it declare them in the hour of need? How would a blind multitude, which often knows not what it wishes because it rarely knows what is good for it, execute of itself an enterprise so great, so difficult, as a system of legislation?

Of themselves, the people always desire what is good, but do not always discern it. The general will is always right, but the judgment which guides it is not always enlightened. It must be made to see objects as they are, sometimes as they ought to appear; it must be shown the good path that it is seeking, and guarded from the seduction of private interests; it must be made to observe closely times and places, and to balance the attraction of immediate and palpable advantages against the danger of remote and concealed evils. Then from the public enlightenment results the union of the understanding and the will in the social body; and from that the close co-operation of the parts, and, lastly, the maximum power of the whole.

The Legislator

[By the word legislator Rousseau means not a law-maker such as a congressman but rather a law-giver such as Moses, Lycurgus, Numa, or Confucius.]

In order to discover the rules of association that are most suitable to nations, a superior intelligence would be necessary who could see all the passions of men without experiencing any of them; who would have no affinity with our nature and yet know it thoroughly; whose happiness would not depend on us, and who would nevertheless be quite willing to interest himself in ours; and, lastly, one who, storing up for himself with the progress of time a far-off glory in the future, could labor in one age and enjoy in another.

He who dares undertake to give institutions to a nation ought to feel himself capable, as it were, of changing human nature; of transforming every individual, who in himself is a complete and independent whole, into part of a greater whole, from which he receives in some manner his life and his being; of altering man's constitution in order to strengthen it; of substituting a social and moral existence for the independent and physical existence which we have all received from nature. In a word, it is necessary to deprive man of his native powers in order to endow him with some which are alien to him, and of which he cannot make use without the aid of other people. The more thoroughly those natural powers are deadened and destroyed, the greater and more durable are the acquired powers, the more solid and perfect also are the institutions; so that if every citizen is nothing, and can be nothing, except in combination with all the rest, and if the force acquired by the whole be equal or superior to the sum of the natural forces of all the individuals, we may say that legislation is at the highest point of perfection which it can attain.

When Lycurgus gave laws to his country, he began by abdicating his royalty. It was the practice of the majority of the Greek towns to entrust to foreigners the framing of their laws. The modern republics of Italy often imitated this usage; that of Geneva did the same and found it advantageous. Rome, at her most glorious epoch, saw all the crimes of tyranny spring up in her bosom, and saw herself on the verge of destruction, though uniting in the same hands legislative authority and sovereign power.

Yet the Decemvirs themselves never arrogated the right to pass

any law on their sole authority. "Nothing that we propose to you," they said to the people, "can pass into law without your consent. Romans, be yourselves the authors of the laws which are to secure your happiness."

The Law-giver, then, has, or ought to have, no legislative right, and the people themselves cannot, even if they wished, divest themselves of this incommunicable right, because, according to the fundamental compact, it is only the general will that binds individuals, and we can never be sure that a particular will is conformable to the general will until it has been submitted to the free votes of the people.

Thus we find simultaneously in the work of law-giving two things that seem incompatible—an enterprise surpassing human powers, and, to execute it, an authority that is a mere nothing.

Another difficulty deserves attention. Wise men who want to speak to the vulgar in their own language instead of in a popular way will not be understood. Now, there are a thousand kinds of ideas which it is impossible to translate into the language of the people. In order that a newly formed nation might approve sound maxims of politics and observe the fundamental rules of state policy, it would be necessary that the effect should become the cause; that the social spirit, which should be the work of the institution, should preside over the institution itself, and that men should be, prior to the laws, what they ought to become by means of them. Since, then, the Legislator cannot employ either force or reasoning, he must needs have recourse to an authority of a different order, which can compel without violence and persuade without convincing.

It is this which in all ages has constrained the founders of nations to resort to the intervention of heaven, and to give the gods the credit for their own wisdom, in order that the nations, subjected to the laws of the State as to those of nature, and recognizing the same power in the formation of man and in that of the State, might obey willingly, and bear submissively the yoke of the public welfare.

The Legislator puts into the mouths of the immortals that sublime reason which soars beyond the reach of common men, in order that he may win over by divine authority those whom human prudence could not move. But it does not belong to every man to make the gods his oracles, nor to be believed when he proclaims himself their interpreter.

The great soul of the Legislator is the real miracle which must give proof of his mission. Any man can engrave tables of stone, or bribe

an oracle, or pretend secret intercourse with some divinity, or train a bird to speak in his ear, or find some other clumsy means to impose on the people. He who is acquainted with such means only will perchance be able to assemble a crowd of foolish persons; but he will never found an empire, and his extravagant work will speedily perish with him. Empty deceptions form but a transient bond; it is only wisdom that makes it lasting.

The People

As an architect, before erecting a large edifice, examines and tests the soil in order to see whether it can support the weight, so a wise Law-giver does not begin by drawing up laws that are good in themselves, but considers first whether the people for whom he designs them are fit to endure them. It is on this account that Plato refused to legislate for the Arcadians and Cyrenians, knowing that these two peoples were rich and could not tolerate equality.

A thousand nations that have flourished on the earth could never have borne good laws. Even those that might have done so could have succeeded for only a very short period of their whole duration. The majority of nations, as well as of men, are tractable only in their youth. They become incorrigible as they grow old. When once customs are established and prejudices have taken root, it is a perilous and futile enterprise to try and reform them.

But just as some diseases unhinge men's minds and deprive them of all remembrance of the past, so we sometimes find, during the existence of States, epochs of violence, in which revolutions produce an influence upon nations such as certain crises produce upon individuals, in which horror of the past supplies the place of forgetfulness, and in which the State, inflamed by civil wars, springs forth so to speak from its ashes, and regains the vigor of youth in issuing from the arms of death. Such was Sparta in the time of Lycurgus, such was Rome after the Tarquins, and such among us moderns were Holland and Switzerland after the expulsion of their tyrants.

But these events are rare; they are exceptions, the explanation of which is always found in the particular constitution of the excepted State. They could not even happen twice with the same nation; for it may render itself free so long as it is merely barbarous, but can no longer do so when the resources of the State are exhausted. Then commotions may destroy it without revolutions being able to restore

it, and as soon as its chains are broken, it falls in pieces and ceases to exist. Henceforward it requires a master and not a deliverer.

Youth is not infancy. There is for nations as for men a period of youth, or, if you will, of maturity, which they must await before they are subjected to laws; but it is not always easy to discern when a people is mature, and if the time is anticipated, the labor is abortive. One nation is governable from its origin, another is not so at the end of ten centuries.

The Russians will never be really civilized, because they have been civilized too early. Peter had an imitative genius; he had not the true genius that creates and produces anything from nothing. Some of his measures were beneficial, but the majority were ill-timed. He saw that his people were barbarous, but he did not see that they were unripe for civilization. He wished to civilize them, when it was necessary only to discipline them. He wished to produce at once Germans or Englishmen when he should have begun by making Russians. He prevented his subjects from ever becoming what they might have been, by persuading them that they were what they were not. The Russian Empire will desire to subjugate Europe, and will itself be subjugated. The Tartars, its subjects or neighbors, will become its masters and ours. This revolution appears to me inevitable.

As nature has set limits to the stature of a properly formed man, outside which it produces only giants and dwarfs; so likewise, with regard to the best constitution of a State, there are limits to its possible extent so that it may be neither too great to enable it to be well governed, nor too small to enable it to maintain itself singlehanded. There is in every body politic a maximum of force which it cannot exceed, and which is often diminished as the State is aggrandized. The more the social bond is extended, the more it is weakened; and, in general, a small State is proportionally stronger than a large one.

In the first place, administration becomes more difficult at great distances, as a weight becomes heavier at the end of a longer lever. It also becomes more burdensome in proportion as its parts are multiplied; for every town has first its own administration, for which the people pay; every district has its administration, still paid for by the people; next, every province, then the superior governments, the satrapies, the vice-royalties, which must be paid for more dearly as we ascend, and always at the cost of the unfortunate people; lastly comes the supreme administration, which overwhelms everything. So many additional burdens perpetually exhaust the subjects; and far from

being better governed by all these different orders, they are much worse governed than if they had but a single superior. Meanwhile, hardly any resources remain for cases of emergency.

Nor is this all. Not only has the government less vigor and activity

Nor is this all. Not only has the government less vigor and activity in enforcing observance of the laws, in putting a stop to vexations, in reforming abuses, and in forestalling seditious enterprises which may be entered upon in distant places, but the people have less affection for their chiefs whom they never see, for their country, which is in their eyes like the world, and for their fellow-citizens, most of whom are strangers to them. The same laws cannot be suitable to so many different provinces, which have different customs and different climates, and cannot tolerate the same form of government. Different laws beget only trouble and confusion among the nations which, living under the same chiefs and in constant communication, mingle or intermarry with one another, and, when subjected to other usages, never know whether their patrimony is really theirs.

Talents are hidden, virtues ignored, vices unpunished, in that multitude of men, unknown to one another, whom the seat of the supreme administration gathers together in one place. The chiefs, overwhelmed with business, see nothing themselves; clerks rule the State. In a word, the measures that must be taken to maintain the general authority, which so many officers at a distance wish to evade or impose upon, absorb all the public attention; no regard for the welfare of the people remains, and scarcely any for their defense in time of need; and thus a body too huge for its constitution sinks and perishes, crushed by its own weight.

On the other hand, the State must secure a certain foundation, that it may possess stability and resist the shocks which it will infallibly experience, as well as sustain the efforts which it will be forced to make in order to maintain itself; for all nations have a kind of centrifugal force, by which they continually act one against another, and tend to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their neighbors.

Hence we see that there are reasons for expansion and reasons for contraction; and it is not the least of a statesman's talents to find the proportion between the two which is most advantageous for the preservation of the State. We may say, in general, that the former, being only external and relative, ought to be subordinated to the others, which are internal and absolute. A healthy and strong constitution is the first thing to be sought; and we should rely more on the vigor that

springs from a good government than on the resources furnished by an extensive territory.

A body politic may be measured in two ways, viz., by the extent of its territory, and by the number of its people; and there is between these two modes of measurement a suitable relation according to which the State may be assigned its true dimensions. It is the men that constitute the State, and it is the soil that sustains the men. The due relation, then, is that the land should suffice for the maintenance of its inhabitants, and that there should be as many inhabitants as the land can sustain. In this proportion is found the maximum power of a given number of people; for if there is too much land, the care of it is burdensome, the cultivation inadequate, and the produce superfluous, and this is the proximate cause of defensive wars. If there is not enough land, the State is at the mercy of its neighbors for the additional quantity; and this is the proximate cause of offensive wars.

It is impossible to express numerically a fixed ratio between the extent of land and the number of men which are reciprocally sufficient, on account of the differences that are found in the quality of the soil, in its degrees of fertility, in the nature of its products, and in the influence of climate, as well as on account of those which we observe in the constitutions of the inhabitants, of whom some consume little in a fertile country, while others consume much on an unfruitful soil. Further, attention must be paid to the greater or less fecundity of the women, to the conditions of the country, whether more or less favorable to the population, and to the numbers which the legislator may hope to draw thither by his institutions; so that an opinion should be based not on what is seen, but on what is foreseen, while the actual state of the people should be less observed than that which it ought naturally to attain.

What nation, then, is adapted for legislation? That which is already united by some bond of interest, origin, or convention, but has not yet borne the real yoke of the laws; that which has neither customs nor superstitions firmly rooted; that which has no fear of being overwhelmed by a sudden invasion, but which, without entering into the disputes of its neighbors, can singlehanded resist either of them, or aid one in repelling the other; that in which every member can be known by all, and in which there is no necessity to lay on a man a greater burden than a man can bear; that which can subsist without other nations, and without which every other nation can subsist; that

which is neither rich nor poor and is self-sufficing; lastly, that which combines the stability of an old nation with the docility of a new one.

The Different Systems of Legislation

If we ask precisely wherein consists the greatest good of all, which ought to be the aim of every system of legislation, we shall find that it is summed up in two principal objects, *Liberty* and *Equality*, liberty, because any individual dependence is so much force withdrawn from the body of the State; equality, because liberty cannot subsist without it.

I have already said what civil liberty is. With regard to equality, we must not understand by this word that the degrees of power and wealth should be absolutely the same; but that, as to power, it should fall short of all violence, and never be exercised except by virtue of station and of the laws; while, as to wealth, no citizen should be rich enough to be able to buy another, and none poor enough to be forced to sell himself, which supposes, on the part of the great, moderation in property and influence, and, on the part of ordinary citizens, repression of avarice and covetousness.

If, then, you wish to give stability to the State, bring the two extremes as near together as possible; tolerate neither rich people nor beggars. These two conditions, naturally inseparable, are equally fatal to the general welfare. From the one class spring tyrants, from the other, the supporters of tyranny. It is always between these that the traffic in public liberty is carried on; the one buys and the other sells.

It is said that this equality is a chimera of speculation which cannot exist in practical affairs. But if the abuse is inevitable, does it follow that it is unnecessary even to regulate it? It is precisely because the force of circumstances is ever tending to destroy equality that the force of legislation should always tend to maintain it.

But these general objects of every good institution ought to be modified in each country by the relations which arise both from the local situation and from the character of the inhabitants; and it is with reference to these relations that we must assign to each nation a particular system of institutions, which shall be the best, not perhaps in itself, but for the State for which it is designed. For instance, if the soil is unfruitful and barren, or the country too confined for its inhabitants, turn your attention to arts and manufactures, and exchange their products for the provisions that you require. On the other hand,

if you occupy rich plains and fertile slopes, if, in a productive region, you are in need of inhabitants, bestow all your cares on agriculture, which multiplies men. If you occupy extensive and convenient coasts, cover the sea with vessels and foster commerce and navigation; you will have a short and brilliant existence.

In a word, besides the maxims common to all, each nation contains within itself some cause which influences it in a particular way, and renders its legislation suitable for it alone. Thus the Hebrews in ancient times, and the Arabs more recently, had religion as their chief object, the Athenians literature, Carthage and Tyre commerce, Rhodes navigation, Sparta war, Rome valor.

What renders the constitution of a State really solid and durable is the observance of expediency in such a way that natural relations and the laws always coincide, the latter only serving, as it were, to secure, support, and rectify the former. But if the Legislator, mistaken in his object, takes a principle different from that which springs from the nature of things; if the one tends to servitude, the other to liberty, the one to riches, the other to population, the one to peace, the other to conquests, we shall see the laws imperceptibly weakened and the constitution impaired; and the State will be ceaselessly agitated until it is destroyed or changed, and invincible Nature has resumed her sway.

Division of the Laws

In order that everything may be duly regulated and the best possible form given to the commonwealth, there are various relations to be considered. First, the action of the whole body acting on itself, that is, the relation of the whole to the whole, or of the sovereign to the State; and this relation is composed of that of the intermediate terms, as we shall see hereafter.

The laws governing this relation bear the name of political laws, and are also called fundamental laws, not without some reason if they are wise ones. If in every State there is only one good method of regulating it, the people which has discovered it ought to adhere to it. But if the established order is bad, why should we regard as fundamental laws which prevent it from being good? Besides, in any case, a nation is always at liberty to change its laws, even the best; for if it likes to injure itself, who has a right to prevent it from doing so?

The second relation is that of the members with one another, or

with the body as a whole; and this relation should, in respect of the first, be as small, and, in respect of the second, as great as possible; so that every citizen may be perfectly independent of all the rest, and in absolute dependence on the State.

We may consider a third kind of relation between the individual man and the law, viz., that of punishable disobedience; and this gives rise to the establishment of criminal laws, which at bottom are not so much a particular species of laws as the sanction of all the others.

To these three kinds of laws is added a fourth, the most important of all, which is graven neither on marble nor on brass, but in the hearts of the citizens; a law which creates the real constitution of the State, which acquires new strength daily, which, when other laws grow obsolete or pass away, revives them or supplies their place, preserves a people in the spirit of their institutions, and imperceptibly substitutes the force of habit for that of authority. I speak of manners, customs, and above all of opinion—a province unknown to our politicians, but one on which the success of all the rest depends; a province with which the great Legislator is occupied in private, while he appears to confine himself to particular regulations, that are merely the arching of the vault, of which manners, slower to develop, form at length the immovable keystone.

BOOK III

[Which treats of political laws, that is to say, of the form of government.]

Government in General

Lorentz Free Action has two causes concurring to produce it: the one moral, i.e., the will which determines the act; the other physical, i.e., the power which executes it. When I walk toward an object, I must first will to go to it; second, my feet must carry me to it. Should a paralytic wish to run, or an active man not wish to do so, both will remain where they are. The body politic has the same motive powers; in it, likewise, force and will are distinguished, the latter under the name of Legislative Power, the former under the name of Executive

372

Power. Nothing is, or ought to be, done in it without their co-operation.

We have seen that the legislative power belongs to the people, and can belong to it alone. On the other hand, it is easy to see from the principles already established, that the executive power cannot belong to the people generally as legislative or sovereign, because that power is exerted only in particular acts, which are not within the province of the law, nor consequently within that of the sovereign, all the acts of which must be laws.

The public force, then, requires a suitable agent to concentrate it and put it in action according to the directions of the general will, to effect in some manner in the public person what the union of soul and body effects in a man. This is, in the State, the function of the government, often wrongly confounded with the sovereign of which it is only the minister.

What, then, is the government? An intermediate body established between the subjects and the sovereign for their mutual correspondence, charged with the execution of the laws and with the maintenance of liberty both civil and political.

The members of this body are called magistrates or kings, that is, governors. Those therefore who maintain that the act by which a people submits to its chiefs is not a contract are quite right. It is absolutely nothing but a commission, an employment, in which, as simple officers of the sovereign, they exercise in its name the power of which it has made them depositaries, and which it can limit, modify, and resume when it pleases. The alienation of such a right, being incompatible with the nature of the social body, is contrary to the object of the association.

Consequently, I give the name Government or supreme administration to the legitimate exercise of the executive power, and that of Prince or magistrate to the man or body charged with that administration.

It is in the government that are found the intermediate powers, the relations of which constitute the relation of the whole to the whole, or of the sovereign to the State. The last relation can be represented by that of the extremes of a continued proportion, of which the mean proportional is the government. The government receives from the sovereign the commands which it gives to the people; and in order that the State may be in stable equilibrium, it is necessary, everything being balanced, that there should be equality between the product or

the power of the government taken by itself, and the product or the power of the citizens, who are sovereign in the one aspect and subjects in the other.

Further, we could not alter any of the three terms without at once destroying the proportion. If the sovereign wishes to govern, or if the magistrate wishes to legislate, or if the subjects refuse to obey, disorder succeeds order, force and will no longer act in concert, and the State being dissolved falls into despotism or anarchy. Lastly, as there is but one mean proportional between each relation, there is only one good government possible in a State; but as a thousand events may change the relations of a people, not only may different governments be good for different peoples, but for the same people at different times.

To try and give an idea of the different relations that may exist between these two extremes, I will take for an example the number of the people, as a relation most easy to express.

Let us suppose that the State is composed of ten thousand citizens. Each member of the State has as his share only one ten-thousandth part of the sovereign authority, although he is entirely subjected to it. If the nation consists of a hundred thousand men, the position of the subjects does not change, and each alike is subjected to the whole authority of the laws, while his vote reduced to one hundred-thousandth, has ten times less influence in their enactment. The proportional power of the sovereign increases in the ratio of the number of the citizens. Whence it follows that the more the State is enlarged, the more does liberty diminish.

Now, the less the particular wills correspond with the general will, that is, customs with laws, the more should the repressive power be increased. The government, then, in order to be effective, should be relatively stronger in proportion as the people are more numerous.

On the other hand, as the aggrandizement of the State gives the depositaries of the public authority more temptations and more opportunities to abuse their power, the more force should the government have to restrain the people, and the more should the sovereign have in its turn to restrain the government.

It follows from this double ratio that the continued proportion between the sovereign, the Prince, and the people is not an arbitrary idea, but a necessary consequence of the nature of the body politic. It follows, further, that one of the extremes, viz., the people, as subject, being fixed and represented by unity, whenever the double ratio

increases or diminishes, the single ratio increases or diminishes in like manner, and consequently the middle term is changed. This shows that there is no unique and absolute constitution of government, but that there may be as many governments different in nature as there are States different in size.

Without embarrassing ourselves with this multiplication of terms, let us be content to consider the government as a new body in the State, distinct from the people and from the sovereign, and intermediate between the two.

In order that the body of the government may have an existence, a real life to distinguish it from the body of the State; in order that all its members may be able to act in concert and fulfill the object for which it is instituted, a particular personality is necessary to it, a feeling common to its members, a force, a will of its own tending to its preservation. This individual existence supposes assemblies, councils, a power of deliberating and resolving, rights, titles, and privileges which belong to the Prince exclusively, and which render the position of the magistrate more honorable in proportion as it is more arduous. The difficulty lies in the method of disposing, within the whole, this subordinate whole, in such a way that it may not weaken the general constitution in strengthening its own; that its particular force, intended for its own preservation, may always be kept distinct from the public force, designed for the preservation of the State; and, in a word, that it may always be ready to sacrifice the government to the people, and not the people to the government.

The Principle Which Constitutes the Different Forms of Government

The body of the magistracy may be composed of a greater or less number of members. We said that the ratio of the sovereign to the subjects was so much greater as the people were more numerous; and, by an evident analogy, we can say the same of the government with regard to the magistrates.

Now, the total force of the government, being always that of the State, does not vary; whence it follows that the more it employs this force on its own members, the less remains for operating upon the whole people. Consequently, the more numerous the magistrates are, the weaker is the government. As this maxim is fundamental, let us endeavor to explain it more clearly.

We can distinguish in the person of the magistrate three wills essentially different: first, the will peculiar to the individual, which tends only to his personal advantage; secondly, the common will of the magistrates, which has reference solely to the advantage of the Prince, and which may be called the corporate will, being general in relation to the government, and particular in relation to the State of which the government forms part; in the third place, the will of the people, or the sovereign will, which is general both in relation to the State considered as the whole, and in relation to the government considered as part of the whole.

In a perfect system of legislation the particular or individual will should be inoperative; the corporate will proper to the government quite subordinate; and consequently the general or sovereign will always dominant, and the sole rule of all the rest.

On the other hand, according to the natural order, these different wills become more active in proportion as they are concentrated. Thus the general will is always the weakest, the corporate will has the second rank, and the particular will the first of all; so that in the government each member is, firstly, himself, next a magistrate, and then a citizen—a gradation directly opposed to that which the social order requires.

It is certain, moreover, that the dispatch of business is retarded in proportion as more people are charged with it; that, in laying too much stress on prudence, we leave too little to fortune; that opportunities are allowed to pass by, and that owing to excessive deliberation the fruits of deliberation are often lost.

I have just shown that the government is weakened in proportion to the multiplication of magistrates, and I have before demonstrated that the more numerous the people are, the more ought the repressive force to be increased. Whence it follows that the ratio between the magistrates and the government ought to be inversely as the ratio between the subjects and the sovereign; that is, the more the State is enlarged, the more should the government contract; so that the number of chiefs should diminish in proportion as the number of the people is increased.

But I speak here only of the relative force of the government, and not of its rectitude; for, on the other hand, the more numerous the magistracy is, the more does the corporate will approach the general will; whereas, under a single magistrate, this same corporate will is, as I have said, only a particular will. Thus, what is lost on one side

can be gained on the other, and the art of the Legislator consists of knowing how to fix the point where the force and will of the government, always in reciprocal proportion, are combined in the ratio most advantageous to the State.

Classification of Governments

We have seen why the different kinds or forms of government are distinguished by the number of members that compose them. It remains to be seen how this division is made.

The sovereign may, in the first place, commit the charge of the government to the whole people, or to the greater part of the people, in such a way that there may be more citizens who are magistrates than simple individual citizens. We call this form of government *Democracy*.

Or it may confine the government to a small number, so that there may be more ordinary citizens than magistrates; and this form bears the name of *Aristocracy*.

Lastly, it may concentrate the whole government in the hands of a single magistrate from whom all the rest derive their power. This third form is the most common, and is called *Monarchy*, or royal government.

We should remark that all these forms, or at least the first two, admit of degrees, and may indeed have a considerable range; for democracy may embrace the whole people, or be limited to a half. Aristocracy, in its turn, may restrict itself from a half of the people to the smallest number indeterminately. Royalty even is susceptible of some division. Sparta by its constitution always had two kings; and in the Roman Empire there were as many as eight Emperors at once without its being possible to say that the Empire was divided. Thus there is a point at which each form of government blends with the next; and we see that, under three denominations only, the government is really susceptible of as many different forms as the State has citizens.

What is more, this same government being in certain respects capable of subdivision into other parts, one administered in one way, another in another, there may result from combinations of these three forms a multitude of mixed forms, each of which can be multiplied by all the simple forms.

In all ages there has been much discussion about the best form of

government, without consideration of the fact that each of them is the best in certain cases, and the worst in others.

If, in the different States, the number of the supreme magistrates should be in inverse ratio to that of the citizens, it follows that, in general, democratic government is suitable to small States, aristocracy to those of moderate size, and monarchy to large ones. This rule follows immediately from the principle. But how is it possible to estimate the multitude of circumstances which may furnish exceptions?

Democracy

It is not expedient that he who makes the laws should execute them, nor that the body of the people should divert its attention from general considerations in order to bestow it on particular objects. Nothing is more dangerous than the influence of private interests on public affairs; and the abuse of the laws by the government is a less evil than the corruption of the legislator, which is the infallible result of the pursuit of private interests.

Taking the term in its strict sense, there never has existed, and never will exist, any true democracy. It is contrary to the natural order that the majority should govern and that the minority should be governed. It is impossible to imagine that the people should remain in perpetual assembly to attend to public affairs, and it is easily apparent that commissions could not be established for that purpose without the form of administration being changed.

In fact, I think I can lay down as a principle that when the functions of government are shared among several magistracies, the least numerous acquire, sooner or later, the greatest authority, if only on account of the facility in transacting business which naturally leads them on to that.

Moreover, how many things difficult to combine does not this government presuppose! First, a very small State, in which the people may be readily assembled, and in which every citizen can easily know all the rest; secondly, great simplicity of manners, which prevents a multiplicity of affairs and thorny discussions; next, considerable equality in rank and fortune, without which equality in rights and authority could not long subsist; lastly, little or no luxury, for luxury is either the effect of wealth or renders it necessary; it corrupts both the rich and the poor, the former by possession, the latter by covetousness; it betrays the country to effeminacy and vanity; it deprives the

State of all its citizens in order to subject them one to another, and all to opinion.

Let us add that there is no government so subject to civil wars and internal agitation as the democratic or popular, because there is none which tends so strongly and so constantly to change its form, none which demands more vigilance and courage to be maintained in its own form. It is especially in this constitution that the citizen should arm himself with strength and steadfastness, and say every day of his life from the bottom of his heart what a virtuous Palatine said in the Diet of Poland: Malo periculosam libertatem quam quietum servitium. (I prefer liberty with danger to peace with slavery.)

If there were a nation of gods, it would be governed democratically. So perfect a government is unsuited to men.

Aristocracy

We have here two moral persons quite distinct, viz., the government and the sovereign; and consequently two general wills, the one having reference to all the citizens, the other only to the members of the administration. Thus, although the government can regulate its internal policy as it pleases, it can never speak to the people except in the name of the sovereign, that is, in the name of the people themselves. This must never be forgotten.

The earliest societies were aristocratically governed. The heads of families deliberated among themselves about public affairs. The young men yielded readily to the authority of experience. Hence the names priests, elders, senate.

But in proportion as the inequality due to institutions prevailed over natural inequality, wealth or power was preferred to age, and aristocracy became elective. Finally, the power transmitted with the father's property to the children, rendering the families patrician, made the government hereditary and there were senators only twenty years old.

There are, then, three kinds of aristocracy—natural, elective, and hereditary. The first is only suitable for simple nations; the third is the worst of all governments. The second is the best; it is aristocracy properly so-called.

It is the best and most natural order of things that the wisest should govern the multitude, when we are sure that they will govern it for its advantage and not for their own. We should not uselessly multiply

means, nor do with twenty thousand men what a hundred chosen men can do still better.

If aristocracy requires a few virtues less than popular government, it requires also others that are peculiarly its own, such as moderation among the rich and contentment among the poor; for a rigorous equality would seem to be out of place in it, and was not even observed in Sparta.

Besides, if this form of government comports with a certain inequality of fortune, it is expedient in general that the administration of public affairs should be intrusted to those that are best able to devote their whole time to it, but not, as Aristotle maintains, that the rich should always be preferred. On the contrary, it is important that an opposite choice should sometimes teach the people that there are, in men's personal merits, reasons for preference more important than wealth.

Monarchy

We have hitherto considered the Prince as a moral and collective person united by the force of the laws, and as the depositary of the executive power in the State. We have now to consider this power concentrated in the hands of a natural person, of a real man, who alone has a right to dispose of it according to the laws. He is what is called a *Monarch* or a king.

Quite the reverse of the other forms of administration, in which a collective being represents an individual, in this one an individual represents a collective being; so that the moral unity that constitutes it is at the same time a physical unity, in which all the powers that the law combines in the other with so much effort are combined naturally.

Thus the will of the people, the will of the Prince, the public force of the State, and the particular force of the government, all obey the same motive power; all the springs of the machine are in the same hand, everything works for the same end. There are no opposite movements that counteract one another, and no kind of constitution can be imagined in which a more considerable action is produced with less effort. Archimedes, quietly seated on the shore, and launching without difficulty a large vessel, represents to me a skillful monarch, governing from his cabinet his vast States, and, while he appears motionless, setting everything in motion.

But if there is no government which has more vigor, there is none in which the particular will has more sway and more easily governs

others. Everything works for the same end, it is true; but this end is not the public welfare, and the very power of the administration turns continually to the prejudice of the State.

Kings wish to be absolute, and from afar men cry to them that the best way to become so is to make themselves beloved by their people. This maxim is very fine, and also very true in certain respects; unfortunately it will always be ridiculed in courts. Power which springs from the affections of the people is doubtless the greatest, but it is precarious and conditional; princes will never be satisfied with it. The best kings wish to have the power of being wicked if they please, without ceasing to be masters. A political preacher will tell them in vain that, the strength of the people being their own, it is their greatest interest that the people should be flourishing, numerous, and formidable. They know very well that that is not true.

Their personal interest is, in the first place, that the people should be weak and miserable, and should never be able to resist them. Supposing all the subjects always perfectly submissive, I admit that it would then be the prince's interest that the people should be powerful, in order that this power, being his own, might render him formidable to his neighbors; but as this interest is only secondary and subordinate, and as the two suppositions are incompatible, it is natural that princes should always give preference to the maxim which is most immediately useful to them. It is this that Samuel strongly represented to the Hebrews; it is this that Machiavelli clearly demonstrated. While pretending to give lessons to kings, he gave great ones to peoples. The *Prince* of Machiavelli is the book of republicans.

We have found, by general considerations, that monarchy is suited only to large States; and we shall find this again by examining monarchy itself. The more numerous the public administrative body is, the more does the ratio of the Prince to the subjects diminish and approach equality, so that this ratio is unity or equality, even in a democracy. This same ratio increases in proportion as the government contracts, and is at its maximum when the government is in the hands of a single person. Then the distance between the Prince and the people is too great, and the State lacks cohesion.

But if it is difficult for a great State to be well governed, it is much more so for it to be well governed by a single man; and everyone knows what happens when the king appoints deputies.

One essential and inevitable defect, which will always render a monarchical government inferior to a republican one, is that in the

latter the public voice hardly ever raises to the highest posts any but enlightened and capable men, who fill them honorably; whereas those who succeed in monarchies are most frequently only petty mischief-makers, petty knaves, petty intriguers, whose petty talents, which enable them to attain high posts in courts, only serve to show the public their ineptitude as soon as they have attained them. The people are much less mistaken about their choice than the Prince is; and a man of real merit is almost as rare in a royal ministry as a fool at the head of a republican government. Therefore, when by some fortunate chance one of these born rulers takes the helm of affairs in a monarchy almost wrecked by such a fine set of ministers, it is quite astonishing what resources he finds, and his accession to power forms an epoch in a country.

In order that a monarchical State might be well governed, it would be necessary that its greatness or extent should be proportioned to the abilities of him that governs. It is easier to conquer than to rule. With a sufficient lever, the world may be moved by a finger; but to support it the shoulders of Hercules are required. However small a State may be, the Prince is almost always too small for it. When, on the contrary, it happens that the State is too small for its chief, which is very rare, it is still badly governed, because the chief, always pursuing his own great designs, forgets the interests of the people, and renders them no less unhappy by the abuse of his transcendent abilities, than an inferior chief by his lack of talent.

All things conspire to deprive of justice and a reason a man brought up to govern others. Much trouble is taken, so it is said, to teach young princes the art of reigning; this education does not appear to profit them. It would be better to begin by teaching them the art of obeying. The greatest kings that history has celebrated were not trained to rule; that is a science which men are never less masters of than after excessive study of it, and it is better acquired by obeying than by ruling.

A result of this want of cohesion is the instability of royal government, which, being regulated sometimes on one plan, sometimes on another, according to the character of the reigning Prince or that of the persons who reign for him, cannot long pursue a fixed aim or a consistent course of conduct. a variableness which always makes the State fluctuate between maxim and maxim, project and project, and which does not exist in other governments, where the Prince is always the same.

From this same want of cohesion is obtained the solution of a sophism very familiar to royal politicians; this is not only to compare civil government with domestic government, and the Prince with the father of a family, but, further, to ascribe freely to this magistrate all the virtues which he might have occasion for, and always to suppose that the Prince is what he ought to be—on which supposition royal government is manifestly preferable to every other, because it is incontestably the strongest, and because it only lacks a corporate will more conformable to the general will to be also the best.

But if, according to Plato, a king by nature is so rare a personage, how many times will nature and fortune conspire to crown him? And if the royal education necessarily corrupts those who receive it, what should be expected from a succession of men trained to rule? It is, then, voluntary self-deception to confuse royal government with that of a good king. To see what this government is in itself, we must consider it under incapable or wicked princes; for such will come to the throne, or the throne will make them such.

These difficulties have not escaped our authors, but they have not been embarrassed by them. The remedy, they say, is to obey without murmuring; God gives bad kings in his wrath, and we must endure them as chastisements of heaven. Such talk is doubtless edifying, but I am inclined to think it would be more appropriate in a pulpit than in a book on politics. What should we say of a physician who promises miracles, and whose whole art consists in exhorting the sick man to be patient? We know well that when we have a bad government it must be endured; the question is how to find a good one.

Mixed Governments

Properly speaking, there is no simple government. A single chief must have subordinate magistrates; a popular government must have a head. Thus, in the partition of the executive power, there is always a gradation from the greater number to the less, with this difference, that sometimes the majority depends on the minority, and sometimes the minority on the majority.

Sometimes there is an equal division, either when the constituent parts are in mutual dependence, as in the government of England; or when the authority of each part is independent, but imperfect, as in Poland. This latter form is bad, because there is no unity in the government, and the State lacks cohesion.

That Every Form of Government Is Not Fit for Every Country

Liberty, not being a fruit of all climates, is not within the reach of all peoples. The more we consider this principle established by Montesquieu, the more do we perceive its truth; the more it is contested, the greater opportunity is given to establish it by new proofs.

In all the governments of the world, the public person consumes, but produces nothing. Whence, then, comes the substance it consumes? From the labor of its members. It is the superfluity of individuals that supplies the necessaries of the public. Hence it follows that the civil State can subsist only so long as men's labor produces more than they need.

Now this excess is not the same in all countries of the world. In several it is considerable, in others moderate, in others nothing, in others a minus quantity. This proportion depends on the fertility due to climate, on the kind of labor which the soil requires, on the nature of its products, on the physical strength of its inhabitants, on the greater or less consumption that is necessary to them, and on several other like proportions of which it is composed.

On the other hand, all governments are not of the same nature. There are some more or less wasteful; and the differences are based on this other principle, that the further the public contributions are removed from their source, the more burdensome they are. We must not measure this burden by the amount of the imposts, but by the distance they have to traverse in order to return to the hands from which they have come. When this circulation is prompt and well-established, it matters not whether little or much is paid; the people are always rich, and the finances are always prosperous. On the other hand, however little the people may contribute, if this little does not revert to them, they are soon exhausted by constantly giving; the State is never rich and the people are always in beggary.

It follows from this that the more the distance between the people and the government is increased, the more burdensome do the tributes become. Therefore, in a democracy the people are least encumbered, in an aristocracy they are more so, and in a monarchy they bear the greatest weight. Monarchy, then, is suited only to wealthy nations; aristocracy, to States moderate both in wealth and size; democracy, to small and poor States.

Indeed, the more we reflect on it, the more do we find in this the difference between free and monarchical States. In the first, everything is used for the common advantage. In the others, public and private resources are reciprocal, and the former are increased by the diminution of the latter. Lastly, instead of governing subjects in order to make them happy, despotism renders them miserable in order to govern them.

There are, then, in every climate natural causes by which we can assign the form of government which is adapted to the nature of the climate, and even say what kind of inhabitants the country should have.

Unfruitful and barren places, where the produce does not repay the labor, ought to remain uncultivated and deserted, or should only be peopled by savages. Places where men's toil yields only bare necessaries ought to be inhabited by barbarous nations; in them any polity would be an impossibility. Places where the excess of the produce over the labor is moderate are suitable for free nations. Those in which abundant and fertile soil yields much produce for little labor are willing to be governed monarchically, in order that the superfluity of the subjects may be consumed by the luxuries of the Prince; for it is better that this excess should be absorbed by the government than squandered by private persons. There are exceptions, I know; but these exceptions themselves confirm the rule, in that, sooner or later, they produce revolutions which restore things to their natural order.

We should always distinguish general laws from the particular causes which may modify their effects. If the whole south should be covered with republics, and the whole north with despotic States, it would not be less true that, through the influence of climate, despotism is suitable to warm countries, barbarism to cold countries, and a good polity to intermediate regions. I see, however, that while the principle is admitted, its application may be disputed; it will be said that some cold countries are very fertile, and some southern ones very unfruitful. It is necessary, as I have already said, to reckon those connected with labor, resources, consumption, etc.

Let us suppose that the produce of two districts equal in area is in the ratio of five to ten. If the inhabitants of the former consume four and those of the latter nine parts, the surplus produce of the first will be one-fifth, and that of the second one-tenth. The ratio between these two surpluses being then inversely as that of the produce of

each, the district which yields only five will give a surplus double that of the district which produces ten.

Consider, besides this, that the same number of men consume much less in warm countries. The climate demands that people should be temperate in order to be healthy; Europeans who want to live as at home all die of dysentery and dyspepsia. "We are," says Chardin, "carnivorous beasts, wolves, in comparison with Asiatics. Some attribute the temperance of the Persians to the fact that their country is scantily cultivated; I believe, on the contrary, that their country is not very abundant in provisions because the inhabitants need very little. If their frugality resulted from the poverty of the country, it would be only the poor who would eat little, whereas it is the people generally; and more or less would be consumed in each province, according to the fertility of the country, whereas the same abstemiousness is found throughout the kingdom."

The nearer we approach the Equator, the less do the people live upon. They eat scarcely any meat; rice, maize, cuzcus, millet, cassava, are their ordinary foods. There are in India millions of men whose diet does not cost a half-penny a day. We see even in Europe palpable differences in appetite between northern and southern nations. A Spaniard will live for eight days on a German's dinner. In countries where men are most voracious luxury is directed to matters of consumption; in England it is displayed in a table loaded with meats; in Italy you are regaled with sugar and flowers.

Again, luxury in dress presents similar differences. In climates where the changes of the seasons are sudden and violent, garments are better and simpler; in those where people dress only for ornament, splendor is more sought after than utility, for clothes themselves are a luxury. At Naples you will see men every day walking to Posilippo with gold-embroidered coats, and no stockings. It is the same with regard to buildings; everything is sacrificed to magnificence when there is nothing to fear from injury by the atmosphere. In Paris and in London people must be warmly and comfortably housed; in Madrid they have superb drawing-rooms, but no windows that shut, while they sleep in mere closets.

The foods are much more substantial and nutritious in warm countries; this is a third difference which cannot fail to influence the second. Why do people eat so many vegetables in Italy? Because they are good, nourishing, and of excellent flavor.

It is found by experience that the wheats of Barbary, inferior in other respects to those of France, yield much more flour, and that those of France, in their turn, yield more than the wheats of the north. Whence we may infer that a similar gradation is observable generally, in the same direction, from the Equator to the Pole.

To all these different considerations I may add one which springs from, and strengthens, them; it is that warm countries have less need of inhabitants than cold countries, but would be able to maintain a greater number; hence a double surplus is produced, always to the advantage of despotism. The greater the surface occupied by the same number of inhabitants, the more difficult do rebellions become, because measures cannot be concerted promptly and secretly, and because it is always easy for the government to discover the plans and cut off communications. But the more closely packed a numerous population is, the less power has a government to usurp the sovereignty; the chiefs deliberate as securely in their cabinets as the Prince in his council, and the multitude assemble in the squares as quickly as the troops in their quarters. The advantage, then, of a tyrannical government lies in this, that it acts at great distances. By help of the points of support which it procures, its power increases with the distance, like that of levers. That of the people, on the other hand, acts only when concentrated; it evaporates and disappears as it extends, like the effect of powder scattered on the ground, which takes fire only grain by grain. The least populous countries are thus the best adapted for tyranny; wild beasts reign only in deserts.

The Marks of a Good Government

When, then, it is asked absolutely which is the best government, an insoluble and likewise indeterminate question is propounded; or, if you will, it has as many correct solutions as there are possible combinations in the absolute and relative positions of the nations.

But if it were asked by what sign it can be known whether a given people is well or ill governed, that would be a different matter, and the question of fact might be determined.

It is however, not settled, because everyone wishes to decide it in his own way. Subjects extol the public tranquillity, citizens the liberty of individuals; the former prefer security of possessions, the latter, that of persons; the former are of opinion that the best government is the most severe, the latter maintain that it is the mildest.

The one party are satisfied when money circulates, the other party demand that the people should have bread. Even though there should be agreement on these and other similar points, would further progress be made? Since moral quantities lack a precise mode of measurement, even if people were in accord about the sign, how could they be so about the valuation of it?

For my part, I am always astonished that people fail to recognize a sign so simple. What is the object of political association? It is the preservation and prosperity of its members. And what is the surest sign that they are preserved and prosperous? It is their number and population. Do not, then, go and seek elsewhere for this sign so much discussed. All other things being equal, the government under which, without external aids, without naturalizations, and without colonies, the citizens increase and multiply most, is infallibly the best. That under which a people diminishes and decays is the worst.

On the same principle must be judged the centuries which deserve preference in respect of the prosperity of the human race. Those in which literature and art were seen to flourish have been too much admired.

The Abuse of the Government and Its Tendency to Degenerate

As the particular will acts incessantly against the general will, so the government makes a continual effort against the sovereignty. The

more this effort is increased, the more is the constitution altered; and as there is here no other corporate will which, by resisting that of the Prince, may produce equilibrium with it, it must happen sooner or later that the Prince at length oppresses the sovereign or violates the social treaty. Therein is the inherent and inevitable vice, which, from the birth of the body politic, tends without intermission to destroy it, just as old age and death at length destroy the human body.

There are two general ways by which a government degenerates: when it contracts, or when the State is dissolved.

Whatever they may say, when, notwithstanding its brilliancy, a country is being depopulated, it is untrue that all goes well, and it is not enough that a poet should have an income of 100,000 livres for his epoch to be the best of all. The apparent repose and tranquillity of the chief men must be regarded less than the welfare of nations as a whole. Riots and civil wars greatly startle the chief men; but they do not produce the real misfortunes of nations, which may even be abated, while it is being disputed who shall tyrannize over then. It is from their permanent condition that their real prosperity or calamities spring. When all is left crushed under the yoke, it is then that everything perishes. It is then that the chief men, destroying them at their leisure, ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant. (When they made a desert, they called it peace.—Tacitus)

The government contracts when it passes from the majority to the minority, that is, from democracy to aristocracy, and from aristocracy to royalty. That is its natural tendency. If it retrograded from the minority to the majority, it might be said to relax; but this inverse progress is impossible.

The dissolution of the State may occur in two ways.

Firstly, when the Prince no longer administers the State in accordance with the laws and effects a usurpation of the sovereign power. Then a remarkable change takes place—the State, and not the government, contracts; I mean that the State dissolves, and that another is formed within it, which is composed only of the members of the government, and which is to the rest of the people nothing more than their master and their tyrant. So that as soon as the government usurps the sovereignty, the social compact is broken, and all the ordinary citizens, rightfully regaining their natural liberty, are forced, but not morally bound, to obey.

The same thing occurs also when the members of the government usurp separately the power which they ought to exercise only collec-

tively; which is no less a violation of the laws, and occasions still greater disorder. Then there are, so to speak, as many Princes as magistrates; and the State, not less divided than the government, perishes or changes its form.

When the State is broken up, the abuse of the government, whatever it may be, takes the common name of ANARCHY. To distinguish, democracy degenerates into OCHLOCRACY, aristocracy into OLIGARCHY, that royalty into TYRANNY.

The Dissolution of the Body Politic

Such is the natural and inevitable tendency of the best constituted governments. If Sparta and Rome have perished, what State can hope to endure for ever? If we wish to form a durable constitution, let us, then, not dream of making it eternal. In order to succeed we must not attempt the impossible, nor flatter ourselves that we are giving to the work of men a stability which human things do not admit of.

The body politic, as well as the human body, begins to die from its birth, and bears in itself the causes of its own destruction. But both may have a constitution more or less robust, and fitted to preserve them a longer or shorter time. The constitution of man is the work of nature; that of the State is the work of art. It does not rest with men to prolong their lives; it does rest with them to prolong that of the State as far as possible, by giving it the best constitution practicable. The best constituted will come to an end, but not so soon as another, unless some unforeseen accident brings about its premature destruction.

The principle of political life is in the sovereign authority. The legislative power is the heart of the State; the executive power is its brain, giving movement to all the parts. The brain may be paralyzed and yet the individual may live. A man remains an imbecile and lives; but so soon as the heart ceases its functions, the animal dies.

It is not by laws that the State subsists, but by the legislative power. The law of yesterday is not binding to-day; but tacit consent is presumed from silence, and the sovereign is supposed to confirm continually the laws which it does not abrogate when able to do so. Whatever it has once declared that it wills, it wills always, unless the declaration is revoked.

Why, then, do people show so much respect for ancient laws? It is on account of their antiquity. We must believe that it is only the excellence of the ancient laws which has enabled them to be so long

preserved; unless the sovereign has recognized them as constantly salutary, it would have revoked them a thousand times. That is why, far from being weakened, the laws are ever acquiring fresh vigor in every well-constituted State; the prejudice in favor of antiquity renders them more venerable every day; while, wherever laws are weakened as they grow old, this fact proves that there is no longer any legislative power, and that the State no longer lives.

How the Sovereign Authority Is Maintained

The sovereign, having no other force than the legislative power, acts only through the laws; and the laws being nothing but authentic acts of the general will, the sovereign can act only when the people are assembled. The people assembled, it will be said: what a chimera! It is a chimera to-day; but it was not so two thousand years ago. Have men changed their nature?

The limits of the possible in moral things are less narrow than we think; it is our weaknesses, our vices, our prejudices, that contract them. Sordid souls do not believe in great men. Vile slaves smile with a mocking air at the word *liberty*.

From what has been done let us consider what can be done. I shall not speak of the ancient republics of Greece; but the Roman Republic was, it seems to me, a great State, and the city of Rome a great city. The last census in Rome showed that there were 400,000 citizens bearing arms, and the last enumeration of the Empire showed more than 4,000,000 citizens, without reckoning subjects, foreigners, women, children, and slaves.

What a difficulty, we might suppose, there would be in assembling frequently the enormous population of the capital and its environs. Yet few weeks passed without the Roman people being assembled, even several times. Not only did they exercise the rights of sovereignty, but a part of the functions of government. They discussed certain affairs and judged certain causes, and in the public assembly the whole people were almost as often magistrates as citizens.

It is not sufficient that the assembled people should have once fixed the constitution of the State by giving their sanction to a body of laws. It is not sufficient that they should have established a perpetual government, or that they should have once for all provided for the election of magistrates. Besides the extraordinary assemblies which unforeseen events may require, it is necessary that there should be fixed

and periodical ones which nothing can abolish or prorogue; so that, on the appointed day, the people are rightfully convoked by the law, without needing for that purpose any formal summons.

But, excepting these assemblies which are lawful by their date alone, every assembly of the people that has not been convoked by the magistrates appointed for that duty and according to the prescribed forms, ought to be regarded as unlawful and all that is done in it as invalid, because even the order to assemble ought to emanate from the law.

As soon as the people are lawfully assembled as a sovereign body, the whole jurisdiction of the government ceases, the executive power is suspended, and the person of the meanest citizen is as sacred and inviolable as that of the first magistrate, because where the represented are, there is no longer any representative. Most of the tumults that arose in Rome in the *comitia* proceeded from ignorance or neglect of this rule. The consuls were then only presidents of the people and the tribunes simple orators; the Senate had no power at all.

These assemblies of the people, which are the shield of the body politic and the curb of the government, have in all ages been the terror of the chief men; hence such men are never wanting in solicitude, objections, obstacles, and promises, in the endeavor to make the citizens disgusted with the assemblies. When the latter are avaricious, cowardly, pusillanimous, and more desirous of repose than of freedom, they do not long hold out against the repeated efforts of the government; and thus, as the resisting force constantly increases, the sovereign authority at last disappears, and most of the States decay and perish before their time.

But between the sovereign authority and the arbitrary government there is sometimes introduced an intermediate power of which I must speak.

Deputies or Representatives

So soon as the service of the State ceases to be the principal business of the citizens, and they prefer to render aid with their purses rather than their persons, the State is already on the brink of ruin. Is it necessary to march to battle, they pay troops and remain at home. Is it necessary to go to the council, they elect deputies and remain at home. As a result of indolence and wealth, they at length have soldiers to enslave their country and representatives to sell it.

It is the bustle of commerce and of the arts, it is the greedy pursuit of gain, it is effeminacy and love of comforts, that commute personal services for money. Men sacrifice a portion of their profit in order to increase it at their ease. Give money, and soon you will have chains. In a country that is really free, the citizens do everything with their hands and nothing with money: far from paying for exemption from their duties, they would pay to perform them themselves. I am far removed from ordinary ideas; I believe that statute labor (les corvées) is less repugnant to liberty than taxation.

The better constituted a State is, the more do public affairs outweigh private ones in the minds of the citizens.

In a well-conducted city-state everyone hastens to the assemblies: while under a bad government no one cares to move a step in order to attend them, because no one takes an interest in the proceedings, since it is foreseen that the general will will not prevail; and so at last private concerns become all-absorbing. Good laws pave the way for better ones; bad laws lead to worse ones. As soon as anyone says of the affairs of the State, "Of what importance are they to me?" we must consider that the State is lost.

The decline of patriotism, the active pursuit of private interests, the vast size of States, conquests, and the abuses of government, have suggested the plan of deputies or representatives of the people in the assemblies of the nation. It is this which in certain countries they dare to call the third estate. Thus the private interest of two orders is put in the first and second rank, the public interest only in the third.

Sovereignty cannot be represented for the same reason that it cannot be alienated. It consists essentially in the general will, and the will cannot be represented; it is the same or it is different; there is no medium. The deputies of the people, then, are not and cannot be its representatives. They are only its commissioners and can conclude nothing definitely. Every law which the people in person have not ratified is invalid; it is not a law. The English nation thinks that it is free, but is greatly mistaken, for it is so only during the election of members of Parliament. As soon as they are elected, it is enslaved and counts for nothing. The use which it makes of the brief moments of freedom renders the loss of liberty well-deserved.

The idea of representatives is modern. It comes to us from feudal government, that absurd and iniquitous government, under which mankind is degraded and the name of man dishonored. In the republics, and even in the monarchies, of antiquity, the people never had

representatives; they did not know the word. It is very singular that in Rome, where the tribunes were so sacred, it was not even imagined that they could usurp the functions of the people, and in the midst of so great a multitude, they never attempted to pass of their own accord a single *plebiscitum*.

To explain, however, in what manner the tribunes sometimes represented it, it is sufficient to understand how the government represents the sovereign. The law being nothing but the declaration of the general will, it is clear that in their legislative capacity the people cannot be represented; but they can and should be represented in the executive power, which is only force applied to law. It is certain that the tribunes, having no share in the executive power, could never represent the Roman people by right of their office, but only by encroaching on the rights of the Senate.

Among the Greeks, whatever the people had to do, they did themselves; they were constantly assembled in the public place. They lived in a mild climate and they were not avaricious; slaves performed the manual labor; the people's great business was liberty. Not having the same advantages, how are you to preserve the same rights? Your more rigorous climates give you more wants. For six months in a year the public place is untenable, and your hoarse voices cannot be heard in the open air. You care more for gain than for liberty, and you fear slavery far less than you do misery.

What! is liberty maintained only with the help of slavery? Perhaps; extremes meet. Everything which is not according to nature has its inconveniences, and civil society more than all the rest. There are circumstances so unfortunate that people can preserve their freedom only at the expense of that of others, and the citizen cannot be completely free except when the slave is enslaved to the utmost. Such was the position of Sparta. As for you, modern nations, you have no slaves, but you are slaves. You pay for their freedom with your own. In vain do you boast of this preference; I find in it more of cowardice than of humanity.

I do not mean by all this that slaves are necessary and that the right of slavery is lawful, since I have proved the contrary; I only mention the reasons why modern nations who believe themselves free have representatives, and why ancient nations had none. Be that as it may, as soon as a nation appoints representatives, it is no longer free; it no longer exists.

After very careful consideration I do not see that it is possible henceforward for the sovereign to preserve among us the exercise of its rights unless the States is very small. But if it is very small, will it not be subjugated? No; I shall show hereafter how the external power of a great nation can be combined with the convenient polity and good order of a small State.

That the Institution of the Government Is Not a Contract

The legislative power being once well established, the question is to establish also the executive power; for this latter, which operates only by particular acts, not being of the essence of the other, is naturally separated from it. If it were possible that the sovereign, considered as such, should have the executive power, law and fact would be so confounded that it could no longer be known what is law and what is not; and the body politic, thus perverted, would soon become a prey to the violence against which it was instituted.

The citizens being all equal by the social contract, all can prescribe what all ought to do, while no one has a right to demand that another should do what he will not do himself. Now, it is properly this right, indispensable to make the body politic live and move, which the sovereign gives to the Prince in establishing the government.

Several have pretended that the instrument in this establishment is a contract between the people and the chiefs whom they set over themselves—a contract by which it is stipulated between the two parties on what conditions the one binds itself to rule, the other to obey. It will be agreed, I am sure, that this is a strange method of contracting. But let us see whether such a position is tenable.

First, the supreme authority can no more be modified than alienated; to limit it is to destroy it. It is absurd and contradictory that the sovereign should acknowledge a superior.

Further, it is evident that this contract of the people with such or such persons is a particular act; whence it follows that the contract cannot be a law nor an act of sovereignty, and that consequently it is unlawful.

Moreover, we see that the contracting parties themselves would be under the law of nature alone, and without any security for the performance of their reciprocal engagements, which is in every way repugnant to the civil state. He who possesses the power being always

capable of executing it, we might as well give the name contract to the act of a man who should say to another: "I give you all my property, on condition that you restore me what you please."

There is but one contract in the State—that of association; and this of itself excludes any other. No public contract can be conceived which would not be a violation of the first.

The Institution of the Government

Under what general notion, then, must be included the act by which the government is instituted? I shall observe first that this act is complex, or composed of two others, viz., the establishment of the [fundamental] law and its execution.

By the first, the sovereign determines that there shall be a governing body established in such or such a form; and it is clear that this act is a [constitutional] law.

By the second, the people nominate the chiefs who will be intrusted with the government when established. Now, this nomination being a particular act, is not a second [basic] law, but only a consequence of the first, and a function of the government.

The difficulty is to understand how there can be an act of government before the government exists, and how the people, who are only sovereign or subjects, can, in certain circumstances, become the Prince or the magistrates. This is effected by a sudden conversion of sovereignty into democracy in such a manner that, without any perceptible change, and merely by a new relation of all to all, the citizens, having become magistrates, pass from general acts to particular acts, and from the law to the execution of it.

This change of relation is not a subtlety of speculation without example in practice; it occurs every day in the Parliament of England, in which the Lower House on certain occasions resolves itself into Grand Committee [committee of the whole] in order to discuss business better, and thus becomes a simple commission instead of the sovereign court that it was the moment before. In this way it afterwards reports to itself, as the House of Commons, what it has just decided in Grand Committee.

Such is the advantage peculiar to a democratic government, that it can be established in fact by a simple act of the general will; and after this, the provisional government remains in power, should that be the form adopted, or establishes in the name of the sovereign the govern-

ment prescribed by the law; and thus everything is according to rule. It is impossible to institute a legitimate government in any other way.

Means of Preventing Usurpations of the Government

From these explanations it follows that the act which institutes the government is not a contract, but a [fundamental] law; that the depositaries of the executive power are not the masters of the people, but its officers; that the people can appoint them and dismiss them at pleasure; that for them it is not a question of contracting, but of obeying; and that in undertaking the functions which the State imposes on them, they simply fulfill their duty as citizens, without having in any way a right to discuss the conditions.

When, therefore, it happens that the people institute a hereditary government, whether monarchical in a family or aristocratic in one order of citizens, it is not an [irrevocable] engagement that they make but a provisional form which they give to the administration, until they please to regulate it differently.

It is true that such changes are always dangerous, and that the established government must never be touched except when it becomes incompatible with the public good; but this circumspection is a maxim of policy, not a rule of right; and the State is no more bound to leave the civil authority to its chief men than the military authority to its generals.

Moreover, it is true that in such a case all the formalities requisite to distinguish a regular and lawful act from a seditious tumult, and the will of a whole people from the clamors of a faction, cannot be too carefully observed. From this obligation also the Prince derives a great advantage in preserving its power in spite of the people, without their being able to say that it has usurped the power; for while appearing to exercise nothing but its rights, it may very easily extend them, and, under pretext of maintaining the public peace, obstruct the assemblies designed to re-establish good order.

It is in this way that the Decemvirs, having at first been elected for one year, and then kept in office for another year, attempted to retain their power in perpetuity by not longer permitting the *comitia* to assemble; and it is by this easy method that all the governments in the world, when once invested with the public force, usurp sooner or later the sovereign authority.

The periodical assemblies of which I have spoken before are fitted

to prevent or postpone this evil, especially when they need no formal convocation; for then the Prince cannot interfere with them, without openly proclaiming itself a violator of the laws and an enemy of the State.

These assemblies, which have as their object the maintenance of the social treaty, ought always to be opened with two propositions, which no one should be able to suppress, and which should pass separately by vote.

The first: "Whether it pleases the sovereign to maintain the present form of government."

The second: "Whether it pleases the people to leave the administration to those at present intrusted with it."

I presuppose here what I believe that I have proved, viz., that there is in the State no fundamental law which cannot be revoked, not even the Social Contract; for if all the citizens assembled in order to break this compact by a solemn agreement, no one can doubt that it would be quite legitimately broken. [Hence, according to Rousseau, no constitution can irrevocably bind the people that created it.]

BOOK IV

[Which treats further of political laws and sets forth the means of strengthening the constitution of the State.]

That the General Will Is Indestructible

So LONG as a number of men in combination are considered as a single body, they have but one will, which relates to the common preservation and to the general well-being. In such a case all the forces of the State are vigorous and simple, and its principles are clear and luminous; it has no confused and conflicting interests. The common good is everywhere plainly manifest and only good sense is required to perceive it. Peace, union, and equality are foes to political subtleties. Upright and simple-minded men are hard to deceive because of their simplicity. Allurements and refined pretexts do not impose upon them. They are not even cunning enough to be dupes. When, in the

happiest nation in the world [Rousseau's native Switzerland], we see troops of peasants regulating the affairs of the State under an oak and always acting wisely, can we refrain from despising the refinements of other nations, who make themselves illustrious and wretched with so much art and mystery?

A State thus governed needs very few laws; and in so far as it becomes necessary to promulgate new ones, this necessity is universally recognized. The first man to propose them only gives expression to what all have previously felt, and neither factions nor eloquence will be needed to pass into law what everyone has already resolved to do, so soon as he is sure that the rest will act as he does.

But when the social bond begins to be relaxed and the State weakened, when private interests begin to make themselves felt and small associations to exercise an influence on the State, the common interest is injuriously affected and finds adversaries. Unanimity no longer reigns in the voting. The general will is no longer the will of all. Opposition and disputes arise, and the best counsel does not pass uncontested.

Lastly, when the State, on the verge of ruin, no longer subsists except in a vain and illusory form, when the social bond is broken in all hearts, when the basest interest shelters itself impudently under the sacred name of the public welfare, the general will becomes dumb. All, under the guidance of secret motives, no more express their opinions as citizens than if the State had never existed; and, under the name of laws, they deceitfully pass unjust decrees which have only private interest as their end.

Voting

We see from the previous chapter that the manner in which public affairs are managed may give a sufficiently trustworthy indication of the character and health of the body politic. The more that harmony reigns in the assemblies, that is, the more the voting approaches unanimity, the more also is the general will predominant; but long discussions, dissensions, and uproar proclaim the ascendency of private interests and the decline of the State.

At the other extremity of the circle unanimity returns; that is, when the citizens, fallen into slavery, have no longer either liberty or will. Then fear and flattery change votes into acclamations; men no longer deliberate, but adore or curse. Such was the disgraceful mode of

speaking in the Senate under the Emperors. Sometimes it was done with ridiculous precautions. Tacitus observes that under Otho the senators, in overwhelming Vitellius with execrations, affected to make at the same time a frightful noise, in order that, if he happened to become master, he might not know what each of them had said.

There is but one law which by its nature requires unanimous consent, that is, the Social Contract itself; for civil association is the most voluntary act in the world. Every man being born free and master of himself, no one can, under any pretext whatever; enslave him without his assent. To decide that the son of a slave is born a slave is to decide that he is not born a man.

If, then, at the time of the social compact, there are opponents of it, their opposition does not invalidate the contract, but only prevents them from being included in it; they are foreigners among citizens. When the State is established, consent lies in residence; to dwell in the territory is to submit to the sovereignty.

Excepting this original contract, the vote of the majority always binds all the rest, this being a result of the contract itself. The citizen consents to all the laws, even to those which are passed in spite of him, and even to those which punish him when he dares to violate any of them. The unvarying will of all the members of the State is the general will; it is through that that they are citizens and free. When a law is proposed in the assembly of the people, what is asked of them is not exactly whether they approve the proposition or reject it, but whether it is conformable or not to the general will, which is their own; each one in giving his vote expresses his opinion thereupon; and from the counting of the votes is obtained the declaration of the general will. When, therefore, the opinion opposed to my own prevails, that simply shows that I was mistaken, and that what I considered to be the general will was not so.

This supposes, it is true, that all the marks of the general will are still in the majority; when they cease to be so, whatever side we take, there is no longer any liberty.

In showing before how particular wills were substituted for general wills in public resolutions, I have sufficiently indicated the means practicable for preventing this abuse. With regard to the proportional number of votes for declaring this will, I have also laid down the principles according to which it may be determined. Between unanimity and equality there are many unequal divisions, at each of which this

number can be fixed according to the condition and requirements of the body politic.

Two general principles may serve to regulate these proportions: the one, that the more important and weighty the resolutions, the nearer should the opinion which prevails approach unanimity; the other, that the greater the despatch requisite in the matter under discussion, the more should we restrict the prescribed difference in the division of opinions. In resolutions which must be come to immediately the majority of a single vote should suffice. The first of these principles appears more suitable to laws, the second to affairs. Be that as it may, it is by their combination that are established the best proportions which can be assigned for the decision of a majority.

Elections

With regard to the elections of the Prince and the magistrates, there are two modes of procedure: choice and lot. Both have been employed in different republics, and a very complicated mixture of the two is seen even now in the election of the Doge of Venice.

"Election by lot," says Montesquieu, "is of the nature of democracy." I agree, but how is it so? "The lot," he continues, "is a mode of election which mortifies no one; it leaves every citizen a reasonable hope of serving his country." But these are not the reasons.

If we are mindful that the election of the chiefs is a function of government and not of sovereignty, we shall see why the method of election by lot is more in the nature of democracy, in which the administration is by so much the better as its acts are less multiplied.

In every true democracy, the magistracy is not a boon but an onerous charge, which cannot fairly be imposed on one individual rather than on another. The law alone can impose this burden on the person upon whom the lot falls.

Elections by lot would have few drawbacks in an ideal democracy, in which, all being equal, as well in character and ability as in sentiments and fortune, the choice would become almost indifferent. But I have already said that there is no perfect democracy.

When choice and lot are combined, the first should be employed to fill the posts that require peculiar talents, such as military appointments; the other is suitable for those in which good sense, justice and integrity are sufficient, such as judicial offices, because, in a well-

constituted State, these qualities are common to all the citizens. Neither lot nor voting has any place in a monarchical government. The monarch being by right sole Prince and sole magistrate, the choice of his lieutenants belongs to him alone.

It would remain for me to speak of the method for recording and collecting votes in the assembly of the people; but perhaps the history of the Roman policy in that respect will explain more clearly all the principles which I might be able to establish.

[There follow twenty pages describing the organization of the Roman citizenry into thirty-five tribes, each originally made up of ten curiae divided in turn into ten decuriae with each tribe furnishing a century of equites or knights as militia; i.e., one fully armed warrior per decuria. The citizenry met at stated intervals and on special occasions in Comitia (or commission, or town-meeting) to enact laws, elect officials, judge cases, etc. Since voting was not direct but was by tribes, centuries, and curiae, decisions were often manipulated by the aristocracy until the proletarians or common citizens succeeded in establishing tribunes of the people with veto power over acts by Comitia, Senate, or Consul. Rousseau comments: "The tribunate, wisely moderated, is the strongest possible support of a good constitution. However, if its power ever becomes too great, it can upset the whole State. . . . It degenerates into tyranny when it usurps the executive power, of which it is only the moderator, and when it tries to dispense with the laws which it should defend."

Rousseau approves the Roman practice of resorting to a temporary dictatorship in time of emergency, but warns: "In whatever way this important commission may be conferred, it is important to fix its duration at a very short term which can never be prolonged. In the crises which cause it to be established, the State is soon destroyed or saved; and, the urgent need having passed away, the dictatorship becomes tyrannical or useless. In Rome the dictators held office for six months only, and the majority abdicated before the end of the term."

Rousseau also commends the Roman institution of censorship, which was not concerned with suppressing subversive propaganda or pornographic literature but with maintaining the basic morals, personal and financial, of senators and others of the governing class.]

The Censorship

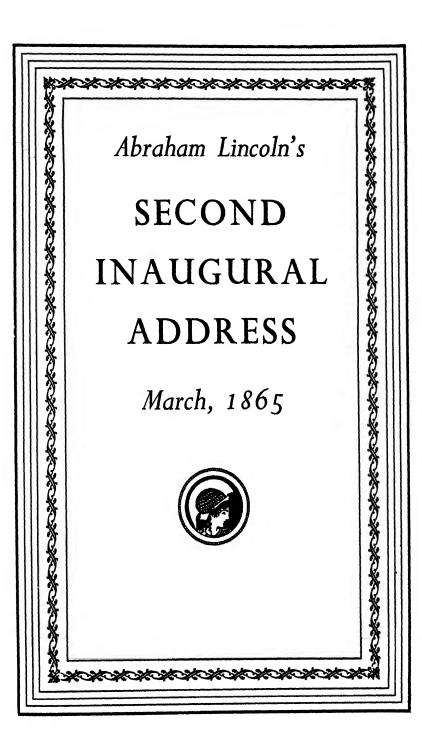
Just as the declaration of the general will is made by the law, the declaration of public opinion is made by the censorship. Public opinion is a kind of law of which the censor is minister.

It is useless to distinguish the character of a nation from the objects of its esteem, for all these things depend on the same principle and are necessarily intermixed. In all the nations of the world it is not nature but opinion which decides the choice of their pleasures. Reform men's opinions and their manners will be purified of themselves. People always like what is becoming or what they judge to be so; but it is in this judgment that they make mistakes; the question, then, is to guide their judgment.

The censorship supports morality by preventing opinions from being corrupted, by preserving their integrity through wise applications, sometimes even by fixing them when they are still uncertain. The use of seconds in duels, carried to a mad extreme in the kingdom of France, was abolished by these simple words in an edict of the king: "As for those who have the cowardice to appoint seconds.' This judgment, anticipating that of the public, immediately decided it. But when the same edicts wanted to declare that it was also cowardice to fight a duel, which is very true, but contrary to common opinion, the public ridiculed this decision, on which its judgment was already formed.

Conclusion

After laying down the principles of political right and attempting to establish the State on its foundations, it would remain to strengthen it in its external relations; which would comprise the law of nations, commerce, the right of war and conquests, public rights, alliances, negotiations, treaties, etc. But all this forms a new subject too vast for my limited scope. I ought to have confined myself to a narrower sphere.

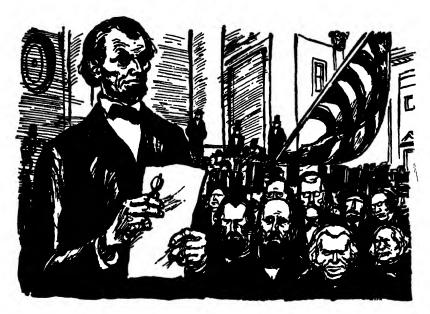


HOME COURSE APPRECIATION

ARCH 4, 1865 WAS A COLD, SOMBER, RAINY DAY in Washington, D. C. Mud was everywhere under foot, and people who ventured into the streets were quickly bedraggled and wet. Nevertheless, vast throngs of men and women had pressed into the plaza on the east of the Capitol—"a sea of heads . . . as far as the eye could reach, and breaking in waves along its outer edges among the budding foliage of the grounds beyond." Suddenly, an instant of silence, the silence of recognition, swept across the crowd—and then a frenzied outburst of cheering. Abraham Lincoln was on the inaugural platform.

The preliminaries inside the Senate wing had been interminable. The newly-elected Vice-President, having been ill, had taken some liquor to bolster himself for the ordeal; it was evident that he was not altogether sober. His speech became a jumbled, embarrassing harangue, and he all but succeeded in turning his solemn oath into a burlesque. There followed then the swearing-in of newly-elected Senators. Meanwhile, outside, the huge crowd was patient; in the inclement air there hovered a sense of greatness, of the providential miracle of the right man in a weary and confused time.

Abraham Lincoln was the first President to be re-elected in the thirty-two years since Andrew Jackson's re-election in 1832. The campaign was bitter. Few public figures have ever been so viciously attacked as Lincoln was; no form or degree of vituperation seemed too low. The long war had been a great drain on the nation's resources,



here was a man to heed."

and the casualties were appalling. Politicians, newspapers, greedy industrialists, war profiteers, everybody with an axe to grind let fly at him—"an ignorant Western boor," as one New York editor wrote. Lincoln sadly observed that he was not a vindictive man, and yet, with the exception of his election to Congress, every contest in which he ran was marked by extreme bitterness and rancor. For a while it seemed doubtful that Lincoln could win a second time, and he himself had made plans for cooperation with the President who might succeed him.

But on the eve of his re-election, and immediately thereafter, the armies of the North were triumphing everywhere, and an early end to the carnage seemed possible. Now, more than ever, the country needed a great man to guide the crippled nation back to unity and strength. Lincoln's simplicity and plainness, his moderation and fairness, the compassion for the sufferings of others which enfolded them in his great, warm, human love were clear even to his enemies. There was about him something dedicated and transcendent which arrested even his severest critics.

His victory at the polls was decisive. He received a popular ma-

jority of 400,000, and 212 of the 233 electoral votes. And now he was to take the Presidential oath a second time.

As he rose and stepped to the front of the platform, the crowd again broke into wild shouting and applause. At that moment the sun which had been hidden all day "burst forth in its unclouded meridian splender, and flooded the spectacle with glory and with light. Every heart beat quicker at the unexpected omen. . . ."

Sixteen months earlier, Lincoln's most famous speech, the address at Gettysburg, had taken his audience unawares. Reaction to it had been delayed, for the people in that age of swollen rhetoric were unaccustomed to hearing plain words express lofty ideas. But the Americans who had re-elected him, and indeed the whole world, knew at last that here was a man to heed. This time the vast audience listened with rapt attention, enthralled by the Biblical magnificence of the language and the abounding humanity of one of the greatest speeches of all time.

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Lincoln himself said of his Second Inaugural Address: "I expect [it] to wear as well as—perhaps better than—anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there is a difference between the Almighty and them."



FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:

At this second, appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of the course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth concerning every point and place of the great contest which still absorbs attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself. It is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With a high hope for the future, no prediction in that regard is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it. All sought to avoid it. While the Inaugural Address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to serving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the Southern part of

it. These slaves contributed a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

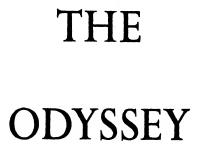
Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that, the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astonishing. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God. Each invokes His aid against the other.

It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offense come; but woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as was due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern that there is any departure from those divine attributes which believers in the living God always ascribe to Him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if it be God's will that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.



by Homer

REVISED FROM THE TRANSLATION OF George H. Palmer

A CONDENSATION



Note: Summarles of various omitted passages appear italicized and in brackets throughout the text.

HOME COURSE APPRECIATION



N ANCIENT GREECE professional storytellers traveled through the country reciting stories of war and adventure. Legend has it that Homer—blind, old, poor, and wandering from place to place—was such a traveling poet. Perhaps there was such a man. Few, if any, facts about his life have been established. Even the Greeks themselves knew little about him. One writer—assuming that anyone who described the battles of Troy so vividly must have seen them for himself—placed him in the twelfth century B.C., whereas another, perhaps more accurately, put him in the ninth.

In any case, the Greeks regarded Homer as their first and greatest poet. By the fifth century B.C. The Iliad and The Odyssey, the two poems attributed to Homer, were the basis of Greek formal education and cultural life. They supplied the Greeks with knowledge and wisdom, gave them rules for moral behavior, furnished arguments to settle disputes and precedents to support territorial claims. Homer was the source of inspiration for all poets, the model for all accomplishment in literature. Professionals toured the cities reciting his poems and providing expositions; and recitals from Homer, state-controlled, were a part of the periodic festivals in Athens.

THE "HOMERIC QUESTION"

For more than two thousand years Homer has been recognized as the first truly great literary figure of Western civilization. His stature has not been diminished by the passage of centuries even though we do not know whether there actually was such a man. But attempts to find who the author was, and whether *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* are the work of one poetic genius or of many, have given rise to what is called the "Homeric Question."

Numerous reasons have been advanced to sustain the argument that the poems are the result of multiple authorship. It has been maintained that Greek was not written before 700 B.C.; that Homer lived about

850 B.C.; that the poems are too long to have been transmitted orally; and that they are too full of contradictions and inconsistencies to be the work of a single individual. Those who advance these theories believe that in the middle of the sixth century B.C.—between about 560 and 528 B.C.—traditional poems were gathered together and unified by a group of scholars. It has even been suggested that *The Iliad* is actually eighteen separate poems, each by a different author. Others hold that a small, original core is by Homer, the inconsistent parts being later additions.

The most widely accepted current opinion is that Homer used many sources, consolidated them, and reworked them into two great poems. It is very likely that there were some later additions. The differences in style and language between the two poems are explained by the belief that *The Odyssey* was composed much later than *The Iliad*; the discrepancies in tone and language within the poems themselves are believed to be due to Homer's having varied the language and mood to suit the particular event he was narrating, or to accommodate the type of audience he was addressing. Oral transmission of the poems is now considered quite possible, but it is likely that they were not put into writing later than the middle of the sixth century B.C.

THE ILIAD

Because homer could assume that the background events were known to his audience, he never bothered to "fill in." He began his story at the point which interested him. The adventures related in *The Odyssey*, however, are preceded and prepared for by the much earlier action of *The Iliad*. Consequently it will be helpful if we review briefly the subject and theme of *The Iliad*, as well as some of the story that precedes that poem.

One day, while Paris, the handsome young son of Priam, King of Troy, is tending sheep on Mount Ida, he is asked to judge among the three great goddesses—Hera, Aphrodite, and Athena—each of whom claims a golden apple marked "For the Fairest." He awards the apple to Aphrodite after she promises him as a wife the fairest woman on earth. On a visit to Sparta, with Aphrodite's aid Paris prevails upon the beautiful Helen, the wife of King Menelaus, to leave her husband and child and go with him to Troy. Menelaus and Odysseus, King of Ithaca, go to Troy and formally request the return of Helen. But their petition is refused. Thereupon Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus and King of Mycenae and Argos, summons all the leading princes of Greece, as well as the great warrior Achilles, to join in an armed

expedition against the city of Troy. Under the command of Agamemnon they sail for Troy in an armada of a thousand ships, and for ten years besiege the city.

In The Iliad, Homer does not tell this part of the story, nor does he describe the ten-year siege or the eventual fall of Troy. The action of the poem is concerned only with some events during the last few weeks of the last year of the war. Homer is not concerned with the history of the war, but with the characters of men.

THE TRAGIC THEME

"O Goddess! sing the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son; sing the deadly wrath that brought woes numberless upon the Greeks, and sent to Hades many a valiant soul, and left their bodies a prey to dogs and birds; and the will of Zeus was fulfilled—on the day when they first quarreled, Agamemnon, king of men, and great Achilles."

In these first few lines Homer sets the tragic theme of his poem. He will sing in *The Iliad* of "wicked arrogance" and "deadly wrath," of great men of noble character whose fatal flaws bring disaster upon themselves and others. He will tell of men who are great, but human and imperfect, of brave men who succumb to the anger of pride.

But to relate the actions of heroes, he must also depict the arena in which they perform. And so, with majesty and grandeur Homer describes battle scenes, gives a precise roster of the slain with details of their ancestry, notes where the spear went into the body and, at times, just where it came out. He shows us the forging of shields, soldiers at their banquets, old Priam comforting Helen, warriors parting from their wives and children as they leave for battle.

THE ODYSSEY

HOMER EXPECTS US TO KNOW ALL THIS when he starts *The Odyssey*. So again, with no preamble, he just begins. He assumes we know that during the Trojan War Athena and Poseidon, ruler of the sea, had been the greatest allies of the Greeks, but that when Troy fell their attitude had changed. In the madness of victory, the Greeks had forgotten what was due the gods; they had even desecrated Athena's temple. In punishment, the goddess and Poseidon, filled with wrath, decided to give the Greeks a bitter homecoming.

When The Odyssey opens, nine years have passed since the end of the Trojan War, and nineteen since Odysseus had sailed for Troy from his native island of Ithaca. All the other warriors are either dead or they have returned home and re-established themselves after much hardship. Only Odysseus has not returned. By now, except for Poseidon, every god feels sorry for him, Athena most of all. *The Odyssey* begins, then, with a council of the gods. Poseidon has gone off to Ethiopia; if all the gods decide now upon a certain course, he alone cannot stand against them. The gods decide that Odysseus has suffered long enough, and they arrange to bring him home.

THE DESIGN OF THE ODYSSEY

Homer's problem in *The Odyssey* is to get Odysseus home, to have him meet his son and rejoin his wife, to drive, her suitors out of his lands, and also to tell us the adventures Odysseus has experienced in the nine years since he left Troy for home. Homer solved his problem with a skill that has never been excelled, and rarely equalled.

He always begins by choosing a central theme, stating it, and then around this theme, massing all the relevant material. This was comparatively easy in *The Iliad* where he was concerned with only a few weeks of action occurring at one place. But in *The Odyssey* he had, somehow, to cover nine years. The obvious way would have been to begin at the beginning and then work through the events in chronological order. But Homer does not string his episodes one after the other like so many beads upon a string. The architecture of *The Odyssey* is remarkably complex; yet in the end it seems to be the only way the story could have been told.

He begins by stating his theme: "Speak to me, Muse, of the adventurous man who wandered long after he sacked the sacred citadel of Troy. Many the men whose towns he sought, whose ways he learned, and many a pang he bore in his own breast at sea while struggling with his life and his men's safe return."

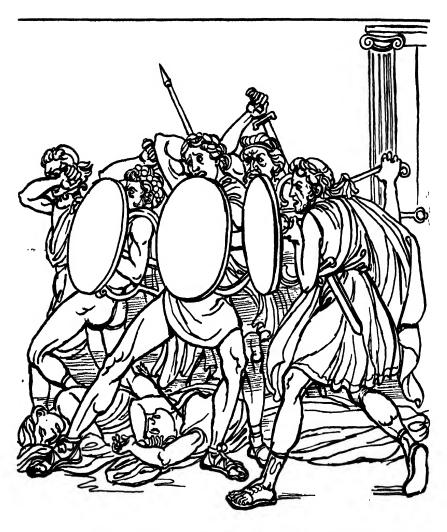
We know now what the story is about: a man, a hero, who has suffered much, who has wandered much, and who has struggled to preserve his own life and the life of others. And then Homer begins, literally, to weave his story.

He divides his story into three main strands: Telemachus' search for Odysseus; the wanderings of Odysseus; and Penelope's troubles with the suitors. He sets out his threads, drops one, picks up another, drops that, goes back to the first—until at the end, all three are artistically woven together to form the conclusion of the poem in Odysseus' successful return and his reunion with his wife.

The first few books set the stage for Odysseus' return to his native island. Then we accompany him on his last great adventure: he is shipwrecked, but finally, with the help of the gods, lands on the coast



of Phaeacia, where he is received with kindness at the Court of King Alcinous. Here we encounter a piece of ancient etiquette that Homer uses skillfully in heightening the suspense of the story. According to the rules of primitive hospitality, a stranger must not be pressed to give his name and history until a polite interval of time has passed, which may be either hours, days, or weeks, during which he is enter-



we know there is only one man who can bend Odysseus' bow . . ."

tained by his hosts. Homer uses this interval to whet our appetite for the time when Odysseus finally begins to relate his adventures. This is the most famous part of *The Odyssey*, and this method, which we now know as the "flashback," enables Homer to bring his story up to date. Thus, in a highly compressed fashion, but in a remarkable and vivid personal narrative, Homer covers nine years of wandering.

This method of telling a story by introducing a retrospective narrative at appropriate moments is one of the greatest artistic inventions. But Homer uses still another method of suspense: the prospective narration, in which he partially reveals what is to come. He does this, for example, during Odysseus' descent into Hades where he consults the spirit of the holy man of Thebes. Here we learn the events which lie hidden in the future. Homer maintains the suspense to the very end: we know there is only one man who can bend Odysseus' bow, and we know he is right there to bend it, but Homer puts us through a great deal before we can see the feat realized. Such devices not only heighten the suspense and interest of the story; they indicate as well the maturity and magnificent accomplishment of Homer's art.

HOW "THE ILIAD" AND "THE ODYSSEY" DIFFER

Longinus, one of the finest ancient critics, who lived in the third century A.D., observed that in *The Odyssey*, Homer could be likened to a setting sun whose grandeur remains without its intensity. He was trying to prove that when even a great genius declines old age asserts itself in a love of marvelous tales. This may very well be true; but when viewed from the more objective standpoint of history, the difference in mood between *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* is due to their varying subject matter.

Both poems are epics; that is, they deal with the adventures of a hero or group of heroes. Such poems reflect a society's own view of itself, because they incorporate the tales and legends that had been cherished through generations. The moods of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* differ because they deal with different times in the history of the early Greeks.

The Iliad is full of combat and action, of heroic deeds and noble men, and can almost be read to the accompaniment of a martial rhythm. It sings of the time when the Greeks were victorious conquerors. The Odyssey, by contrast, is restrained. It tells of true sons and patient wives, and of justice triumphant. It is the story, in short, of the hardships endured by the Greeks during their wanderings over the sea, and their struggles to establish themselves. It has, in fact, contributed a word to our language—odyssey: "a long wandering or series of travels."

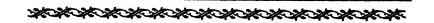
In *The Odyssey*, we move off the battlefield and onto the sea, into the extreme limits of this ancient Greek world. We voyage round the western coast of Asia Minor, through the Greek islands, where we meet multitudinous perils—Circe, the Sirens, the Cave of the Winds;

on further to the far land of the Lotus-eaters; round the perilous shores of southern Italy, and through the treacherous passage between Scylla and Charybdis. We land in neat seaports, visit kings in their palaces, see well-tended orchards and rich gardens. This is the period when the Greeks are changing from an agricultural people to a trading people and *The Odyssey* is filled with both sailing and navigation, vineyards and farms.

Even the character of the gods undergoes a change in *The Odyssey*. In *The Iliad* mortal men are faced with furiously active gods—a noisy, quarrelsome bunch who constantly interfere, mislead, work at cross-purposes. In *The Odyssey* the gods—except for Poseidon who enjoys his one great last blow—either refrain from interference altogether, or are helpful. Odysseus' obstacles are, after all, mortal, or at worst, the lesser gods.

THE CHARACTER OF ODYSSEUS

Throughout the ILIAD, Odysseus had one purpose: to see that the expedition against Troy succeeded. In *The Odyssey* he is dominated by a single purpose again: to get home, to put his house and kingdom in order. To do these things he has had to be crafty, resourceful, daring, even merciless. Odysseus' character differs sharply from that of the other heroes, and perhaps this is why he, of all the warriors, must suffer longest. Achilles had been an intelligent man, but his passions gained control over his reason. Odysseus is a strongly emotional man, but his intellect rules his passion. Odysseus is not as noble as Agamemnon had been, nor as brave as Achilles. But they had flaws which made them act erratically; Odysseus is neither as glamorous nor as grand as the other warriors, but he uses the intelligence he has been given, and for this, he alone survives.



BOOK I

The Council of the Gods and the Summons to Telemachus

SPEAK TO ME, Muse, of the adventurous man who wandered long after he sacked the sacred citadel of Troy. Many the men whose towns he saw, whose ways he learned; and many a pang he bore in his own breast at sea while struggling for his life and his men's safe return. Yet even so, for all his zeal, he did not save his men; for through their own perversity they perished—fools! who devoured the kine of the Sun god Hyperion. Because of this he took away the day of their return.

Now all the others who had escaped destruction at Troy, or on the homeward journey, were at home, safe both from war and sea. Him only, longing for his home and wife, the nymph Calypso, a heavenly goddess, held in her hollow grotto, desiring him to be her husband. The gods all felt compassion for him except Poseidon, who ceaselessly raged at godlike Odysseus.

But Poseidon now was with the far-off Ethiopians, remotest of mankind, who form two tribes, one at the setting of the Exalted Sun, one at his rising; awaiting there a sacrifice of bulls and rams. So sitting at the feast he took his pleasure. The other gods, meanwhile, were gathered in the halls of Zeus upon Olympus.

Up spoke the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "Father Zeus, son of Kronos. My heart is distressed for wise Odysseus, hapless man, who, long cut off from friends, is meeting hardship upon a sea-girt island, in the middle of the sea. There a goddess dwells, daughter of wizard Atlas who knows the depths of every sea and through his power holds the tall pillars which keep earth and sky asunder. It is his daughter

who detains this hapless, sorrowing man, ever with tender and insistent words enticing him to forgetfulness of Ithaca. And still Odysseus, through longing to see the smoke spring from his land, desires to die. Nevertheless, your heart turns not, Olympian one. Did not Odysseus seek your favor beside the Argive ships and offer sacrifice upon the plain of Troy? Why then are you so angry at him, Zeus?"

Then answered her cloud-gathering Zeus: "My child, what word has passed the barrier of your teeth? How could I possibly forget princely Odysseus, who is beyond all mortal men in wisdom, beyond them too in giving honor to the immortal gods, who hold the open sky? But Poseidon, the girder of the land, is ceaselessly enraged because Odysseus blinded the Cyclops, god-like Polyphemus, who of all Cyclops has the greatest power. And since that day the earth-shaking Poseidon does not indeed destroy Odysseus, but ever drives him wandering from his land. Come then, let us all here plan for his returning home. So shall Poseidon lay aside his anger, unable, in defiance of us all, to strive with the immortal gods alone."

Then answered him the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "Father Zeus, son of Kronos, most high above all rulers, if it now please the blessed gods that wise Odysseus shall return to his own home, let us send Hermes forth to the island of Ogygia, straightway to tell the fair-haired nymph our steadfast purpose, that hardy Odysseus shall set forth upon his homeward way. I in the meanwhile go to Ithaca, to rouse his son and put vigor in his breast; that, summoning to an assembly the long-haired Achaeans, he may denounce the company of suitors, men who continually butcher his flocks and crook-horned oxen. And I will send him to Sparta and to sandy Pylos, to try to learn of his dear father's coming, and so to win a good repute among men."

Saying this, under her feet she bound her beautiful sandals, made of gold, which carry her over the flood and over the boundless land swift as a breath of wind. She went dashing down the ridges of Olympus and in the land of Ithaca stood at Odysseus' gate, on the threshold of his court. Holding in hand her brazen spear, she appeared in the guise of Mentes, the Taphian leader. Here then she found the haughty suitors. They were amusing themselves with games of draughts before the palace door, seated on hides of oxen which they themselves had slain. Their pages and busy servants were near; some mixing wine and water in the bowls, others with porous sponges washing and laying tables, while others still carved abundant meat.

By far the first to see Athene was princely Telemachus. For he was

sitting with the suitors, sad at heart, picturing in mind his noble father—how he might come from somewhere, make a scattering of the suitors, take to himself his honors, and be master of his own. While he sat among the suitors, thinking thus, Athene met his eye. Straight to the door he went, at heart ashamed to have a stranger stand so long before his gate. So drawing near and grasping her right hand, he took her brazen spear, and speaking in winged words he said: "Hail, stranger, here with us you shall be welcome; and by and by when you have tasted food, you shall make known your needs."

Saying this, he led the way, and Pallas Athene followed. When they had come within the lofty hall, he carried the spear to a tall pillar and set it in a well-worn rack, where also stood many a spear of hardy Odysseus. Athene herself he led to a chair and seated her, spreading a linen cloth beneath. Good was the chair and richly wrought; upon its lower part there was a rest for feet. Beside it, for himself, he set a sumptuous seat apart from all the suitors, for fear the stranger, meeting rude men and worried by their noise, might lose his taste for food; then, too, that he might ask him about his absent father. Now water for the hands a servant brought in a beautiful pitcher made of gold, and poured it into a silver basin for their washing, and spread a polished table by their side. And the grave housekeeper brought bread and placed before them, setting out food of many a kind, freely giving of her store. The carver, too, took platters of meat, and placed before them meat of all kinds, and set their golden goblets ready; while a page, pouring wine, passed to and fro between them.

And now the haughty suitors entered. These soon took seats in order, on couches and on chairs. Pages poured water on their hands, maids heaped bread in baskets, and young men brimmed the bowls with drink; and on the food spread out before them they laid hands. So after they had satisfied their desire for drink and food, then their thoughts turned to other things, to song and dance; for these bedeck a feast. A page put a beautiful harp into the hands of the bard, Phemius, who sang against his will among the suitors; and touching the harp, he raised his voice and sang a beautiful song. Then said Telemachus to clear-eyed Athene, his head bent close, that others might not hear:

"Good stranger, will you feel offense at what I say? These things are all their care—the harp and song,—an easy care when, incurring no expense, they eat the substance of a man whose white bones now are rotting in the rain, if lying on the land, or in the sea the waters roll

them round. Yet were they once to see him coming home to Ithaca, they all would pray rather for speed of foot than stores of gold and clothing. But he, instead, by some hard fate is gone, and naught remains to us of comfort—no, not if any man on earth shall say he still will come. Passed is his day of coming. But now tell this to me, who are you? Of what people? Where is your town and kindred? On what ship did you come? And how did sailors bring you to Ithaca? Whom did they call themselves? For I am sure you did not come on foot. And tell me truly this, that I may know full well if for the first time now you visit here, or are you my father's friend? For many foreigners once sought our home; because Odysseus' also was a rover among men."

Then said to him the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "Well, I will very plainly tell you all: Mentes I call myself, and I am lord of the oarloving Taphians. I have put in here, with ship and crew, when sailing over the wine-dark sea to men of a strange speech, to Temesê, for bronze. I carry glittering iron. My ship lies just off the fields outside the town, within the bay of Reithron under woody Neïon. Hereditary friends we count ourselves from early days, as you may learn if you will go and ask old lord Laërtes, who, people say, comes to the town no more, but far out in the country suffers hardship, an aged woman his attendant, who supplies him food and drink whenever weariness weighs down his knees, as he creeps about his slope of garden ground. I came, for I was told your father was at home. But, as I see, the gods delay his journey; for surely nowhere yet on earth has royal Odysseus died; living, he lingers somewhere still on the wide sea, upon some sea-girt island, and cruel men detain him-some savage folk, who hold him there against his will. I will prophesy such things as the immortals bring to mind, things which I think will happen; although I am no prophet and have no skill in birds. Not long shall he be absent from his own dear land, though iron fetters bind him. Some means he will devise to come away; for many a resource has he. But now, tell this to me, if you indeed—so tall—are the true son of Odysseus. In head and beautiful eyes you surely are much like him. So often we were together before he embarked for Troy, where others too, the bravest of the Greeks, went in their hollow ships. But since that day I have not seen Odysseus, nor he me."

Then answered her discreet Telemachus: "Yes, stranger, I will plainly tell you all. My mother says I am his child; I myself do not know; for no one ever yet knew his own parentage. Yet would I were

the son of some blest man on whom old age had come amongst his own possessions. But now, the man born most ill-fated of all human kind—of him they say I come, since this you ask me."

Then said to him the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "Surely the gods meant that your house should not lack future fame, when to such son as you Penelope gave birth. Nevertheless tell this to me, what is this feast? What company is this? And what is your part here? Some drinking bout or wedding? It surely is no festival at common cost. So rude they seem, and wanton, carousing about the hall. A man of sense must be indignant who comes and sees such outrage."

Then answered her discreet Telemachus: "Stranger-since now you ask of this and question me-in former days this house was sure to be wealthy and esteemed, so long as he was here; but the hard-hearted gods then changed their minds and shut him from our knowledge more than all men beside. For were he dead, I should not feel such grief, if he had fallen among comrades in the Trojan land, or in the arms of friends when the skein of war was wound. Then would the whole Achaean host have made his grave, and for his son in after days a great name had been gained. Now, silently the storm winds have swept him off. Gone is he, past all sight and hearing, and sighs and sorrows he has left to me. Yet I do not grieve and mourn for him alone; for the gods have brought me other sore distress. All the nobles who bear sway among the islands—Doulichion, Same, and woody Zacynthos-and they who have the power in rocky Ithaca, all woo my mother and despoil my home. She neither declines their hated suit nor has she power to end it; while they with feasting impoverish my home and soon will bring me also to destruction."

Stirred into anger, Pallas Athene spoke: "Alas! in truth you greatly need absent Odysseus, to lay hands on the shameless suitors. What if he came even now and here before his house stood at the outer gate, with helmet, shield, and his two spears—just as when I saw him first at my own home. If as he was that day Odysseus now might meet the suitors, they all would find quick turns of fate and bitter rites of marriage. Still, in the gods' lap it lies to say if he shall come and wreak revenge within his halls; but yours it is to plan to thrust the suitors from your door. Give me your ear and heed my words. Tomorrow, summoning to an assembly the Greek lords, announce your will to all and call the gods to witness! Bid the suitors all disperse, each to his home. And for your mother, if her heart inclines to marriage, let her return to her strong father's hall. They there shall make the wedding

and provide the many gifts which should accompany a well-loved child. Then for yourself I offer sound advice, if you will hearken. Man the best ship you have with twenty oarsmen, and go and gather news of your long-absent father. Perhaps some man may tell you, or you may catch a rumor sent from Zeus. First go to Pylos, and question royal Nestor. Then on to Sparta, to fair-haired Menelaus; for he returned from Troy last of all the mailed Achaeans. And if you hear your father is alive and coming home, then, worn as you are, you might endure for one year more. But if you hear that he is dead, you shall at once return to your own native land, and pile his mound and pay the funeral rites, full many, as are due, and you shall give your mother to a husband. Moreover, after you have ended this and finished all, within your mind and heart consider next how you may slay the suitors in your halls, whether by stratagem or open force. You must act the man, because you are no longer now the child you were. Have you not heard what fame royal Orestes gained with all mankind, because he slew the slayer, wily Aegisthus, who had slain his famous father? You too, my friend—for certainly I find you fair and tall—be strong, that men hereafter born may speak your praise. Now I will go to my swift ship and to my comrades, who chafe at waiting. Rely upon yourself. Heed what I say."

Saying this, clear-eyed Athene rose and was gone, much as a bird—a sea-hawk—takes its flight. Into his heart she had brought strength and courage, turning his thoughts upon his father more even than before. As he marked this in his mind, an awe came over him; he knew a god had been with him. Straightway he sought the suitors, godlike himself.

To them the famous bard Phemius was singing, while they in silence sat and listened. He sang of the return of the Greeks, the sad return, which Pallas Athene had decreed for them on leaving Troy.

Now in her upper chamber, this wondrous song fell upon the ears of wise Penelope, daughter of Icarus. She wept for Odysseus, her dear husband, till on her lids clear-eyed Athene caused a sweet sleep to fall.

But the suitors broke into uproar up and down the dusky hall and each prayed to have her for his own. But thus discreet Telemachus began to speak: "You suitors of my mother, overbearing in your pride, let us enjoy our feast and have no brawling now. For a pleasant thing it is to hear a bard like this, one who is like the gods in voice. But in the morning let us all take seats in the assembly, where I shall ask you

straight to quit my halls. Seek other tables and eat what is your own, changing from house to house! Or if it seems to you more profitable and better to ruin the living of one man without amends, go wasting on! But I will call upon the gods that live forever and pray that Zeus may grant me vengeance. Then beyond all amends, here in this house you shall yourselves be ruined."

He spoke, and all marveled because Telemachus had spoken boldly. Then spoke Antinoüs: "Telemachus, surely the gods themselves are training you to be a man of lofty tongue and a bold speaker. But may the son of Kronos never make you king in sea-girt Ithaca, although it is by birth your heritage!"

Then answered him discreet Telemachus: "Antinoüs, will you feel offense at what I say? This I would gladly take, if Zeus would grant it. Do you suppose the kingship is the worst fate in the world? Why, it is no bad thing to be a king! The house of a king grows rich and he himself is honored. Still, as to kings of the Achaeans, here in sea-girt Ithaca are many others young and old, some one of whom may take the place, since royal Odysseus now is dead. But I myself will be the lord of our own house and of the slaves which royal Odysseus won for me."

Then answered him Eurymachus: "Telemachus, in the gods' lap it lies to say which one shall be king in sea-girt Ithaca. Your substance may you keep and of your house be lord; may the man never come who, heedless of your will, shall strip you of that substance while men shall dwell in Ithaca. But, good sir, I would ask about this stranger—whence the man comes, and of what land he calls himself. Where are his kinsmen and his native fields? Does he bring tidings of your father's coming, or has he come with hope of his own gains? How hastily he went! Not waiting to be known! And yet he seemed no low-born fellow."

Then answered him discreet Telemachus: "Eurymachus, as for my father's coming, that is at an end. News I trust no longer, let it come whence it may. Nor do I care for divinations, such as my mother seeks, summoning a fortune-teller to the hall. This stranger is my father's friend, a man of Taphos; Mentes he calls himself, and he is lord of the oar-loving Taphians."

So spoke Telemachus, but in his mind he knew the immortal goddess. Meanwhile the suitors turned merrily to dancing and song, and waited for the evening to come on. And on their merriment dark evening came. So then each went to his rest.

BOOKS II-IV

[Telemachus followed Athena's advice and with her help sailed off to Pylos to inquire of Nestor about his father's fate. Nestor could offer Telemachus no information about Odysseus and suggested that he go to Sparta to see if Menelaus could help. Menelaus told him of a report he had received from the god Proteus that Odysseus was still alive and stranded on Calypso's island. Meanwhile at Ithaca the suitors were making plans to intercept Telemachus' boat on its return voyage and to murder him.]

BOOK V

The Raft of Odysseus

DAWN FROM HER COUCH by high Tithonus rose to bring light to immortals and to men; and now the gods sat down to council. With them was Zeus, who thunders from on high, whose power is over all; and to them Athene, ever mindful of Odysseus, told of his many woes; for she was troubled by his stay at the grotto of the nymph.

"Father Zeus, and all you blessed gods that live forever, never again let a sceptered king in all sincerity be kind and gentle, nor let him in his mind respect justice. Let him instead ever be stern and work unjust deeds; since none remembers princely Odysseus among the people whom he ruled, kind father though he was. Upon an island now he lies, deeply distressed, in the chambers of the nymph Calypso, who holds him there by force. No power has he to reach his native land, for he has no ships fitted with oars, nor crews to bear him over the broad ocean-ridges. Now, too, men seek to slay his dear son, as he sails home. He went away for tidings of his father, to hallowed Pylos and to sacred Lacedaemon."

Then answering, said cloud-gathering Zeus: "My child, what word has passed the barrier of your teeth? For did not you propose the plan

to have Odysseus crush these men by his return? As for Telemachus, aid him upon his way with wisdom—as you can—that he may come unharmed to his own native land, and the suitors in their ship may be turned back again."

He spoke, and said to Hermes, his dear son: "Hermes, you are my messenger, tell to the fair-haired nymph our steadfast purpose, that hardy Odysseus shall go forth upon his homeward way, not with gods' guidance nor with that of mortal man; but by himself, beset with sorrows, on a strong-built raft, he shall in twenty days reach fertile Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians, who are kinsmen of the gods. There shall they greatly honor him, as if he were a god, and bring him on his way by ship to his own native land, giving him stores of bronze and gold and clothing, more than Odysseus would have won from Troy itself, had he returned unharmed with his due share of spoil. Thus, then, it is his lot to see his friends and reach his high-roofed house and native land."

So he spoke, and the messenger of the gods did not disobey; straightway under his feet he bound his beautiful sandals, made of gold, which carry him over the flood and over the boundless land swift as a breath of wind. He took the wand with which he charms to sleep the eyes of whom he will, while again whom he will he wakens out of slumber. With this in hand, the powerful messenger began his flight. On coming to Pieria, out of the upper air he dropped down on the deep and skimmed along the water like a bird, a gull, which down the fearful hollows of the barren sea, snatching at fish, dips its thick plumage in the spray. In such manner, through the rippling waves, moved Hermes. But when he neared the distant island, there turning landward from the dark blue sea, he walked until he came to a great grotto where dwelt the fair-haired nymph. He found she was within. Upon the hearth a great fire blazed, and far along the island the fragrance of cleft cedar and of sandal-wood sent perfume as they burned. Indoors, and singing with sweet voice, she tended her loom, weaving with a golden shuttle. Around the grotto, trees grew luxuriantly, alder and poplar and sweet-scented cypress, where long-winged birds had nests—owls, hawks, and sea-crows, chatterboxes, that ply their business in the waters. Here too was trained over the hollow grotto a luxuriant vine, teeming with clusters; and four springs in a row were running with clear water, making their way from one another here and there. On every side soft meadows of violet and parsley bloomed. Here, even an immortal who should come might gaze at what he saw, and in his heart be glad. Here stood and gazed the swift messenger of the gods. After he had gazed to his heart's fill on all, he entered the wide-mouthed grotto, and at a glance Calypso, the heavenly goddess, failed not to know it was he; for not unknown to one another are immortal gods, although they have their dwellings far apart. But brave Odysseus he did not find within; for he sat weeping on the shore, where it was his custom with tears and groans and griefs racking his heart, to watch the barren sea. And now Calypso, the heavenly goddess, questioned Hermes, seating him on a handsome, shining chair:

"Pray, Hermes of the golden wand, why have you come, honored and welcome though you are? You do not often visit me. Say what you have in mind; my heart bids me to do it, if I can do it and it is a thing that can be done. But follow me first, and let me give you entertainment."

So saying, the goddess laid a table, loading it with ambrosia and mixing ruddy nectar; and so the messenger swift of foot drank and ate. But when he had eaten dinner and satisfied his heart with food, then thus he answered her and said:

"Goddess, you question me, a god, about my coming here, and I will truly tell my story as you bid. Zeus ordered me to come, against my will. Who of his own accord would cross such stretches of salt sea? Interminable! And no city of men at hand to make an offering to the gods and bring them chosen hecatombs. Nevertheless the will of ægisbearing Zeus no god may cross or set at naught. He says a man is with you, the most unfortunate of all who fought for Priam's town nine years and in the tenth destroyed the city and departed home. They on their homeward way offended Athene, who raised ill winds against them and a heavy sea. Thus all the rest of his good comrades perished, but wind and water brought him here. This is the man whom Zeus now bids you send away, and quickly too, for it is not decreed that he shall perish far from friends; it is his lot to see his friends once more and reach his high-roofed house and native land."

As he said this, Calypso, the heavenly goddess, shuddered, and speaking in winged words she said: "Hard are you gods and envious beyond all to begrudge us goddesses our mortal lovers. Yet it was I who saved this man, as he rode astride his keel alone, when Zeus with a gleaming bolt smote his swift ship and wrecked it in the middle of the wine-dark sea. There all the rest of his good comrades perished, but wind and water brought him here. I loved and cherished him, and

often said that I would make him an immortal, young forever. But since the will of ægis-bearing Zeus no god may cross or set at naught, let him depart, if Zeus commands and bids it, over the barren sea! Only I will not aid him on his way, for I have no ships fitted with oars, nor crews to bear him over the broad ocean-ridges; but I will freely give him counsel and not hide how he may come unharmed to his own native land."

Then said Hermes, Zeus' messenger: "Even so, then, let him go! Beware the wrath of Zeus! Let not his anger by and by grow hot against you!"

So saying, the powerful Hermes went his way, while the radiant nymph hastened to brave Odysseus, obedient to the words of Zeus. She found him sitting on the shore, and from his eyes the tears were never dried; his sweet life ebbed away in longing for his home, because the nymph pleased him no more. Yet each night by her side he slept in the grotto, against his will.

In the daytime, sitting on the rocks and sands, with tears and groans and griefs racking his heart, he looked out upon the barren sea. Now drawing near, the heavenly goddess said:

"Unhappy man, sorrow no longer here, nor let your days be wasted, for I at last will freely let you go. Come, then, hew long timbers and fashion with your axe a broad-beamed raft; deck it high, and let it bear you over the misty sea. I will supply you bread, water, and the ruddy wine you like, to keep off hunger; I will provide you clothing and will send a wind to follow, that you may come unharmed to your own native land—if the gods will, who hold the open sky, for they are mightier than I to propose or to fulfill."

As she said this, long-suffering royal Odysseus shuddered, and speaking in winged words he said:

"Some other purpose, goddess, you surely have in this than aid upon my way, when you thus bid me cross on a raft that great gulf of the sea—terrible, toilsome—which trim ships cannot cross, although they speed so fast, glad in the breeze of Zeus. But I will never, notwithstanding what you say, set foot upon a raft till you consent, goddess, to swear a solemn oath that you are not meaning now to plot me further woe."

He spoke; Calypso, the heavenly goddess, smiled, caressed him with her hand and spoke thus, saying:

"You are a cunning rogue, always on guard! How could you think of uttering such words! Hear this, then, Earth, and the broad Heaven

above, and River Styx below!—which is the strongest and most dreaded oath among the blessed gods—I am not meaning now to plot you further woe. No, I have in mind and here propose that which I would seek for my own good were such need laid on me. Indeed, my thoughts are upright; no iron heart is in my breast, but one of pity."

So saying, the heavenly goddess led the way in haste, and he walked after. And now to the hollow grotto came the goddess and the man, and he sat down upon the chair from which Hermes had arisen. The nymph then set before him all kinds of mortal food to eat and drink, and took her seat opposite princely Odysseus, while maids set forth for her ambrosia and nectar; then to the food spread out before them they laid hands. So after they were satisfied with food and drink, then thus began Calypso, the heavenly goddess:

"High-born son of Laërtes, wise Odysseus, do you so wish to go at once home to your native land? Farewell, then! But if at heart you knew how many woes you must endure before you reach that native land, you would remain with me, become the guardian of my home, and be immortal, spite of your wish to see your wife, whom you are always longing for day after day. Yet not inferior to her I count myself, either in figure or stature. Surely it is not likely that mortal women rival the immortals in form and beauty."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Radiant goddess, be not angered at what I say. Full well I know that Penelope, compared with you, is poor to look upon in height and beauty; for she is human, but you are an immortal, young forever. Yet even so, I wish—yes, every day I long—to travel home and see my day of return. And if again one of the gods shall wreck me on the wine-dark sea, I will be patient still, bearing within my breast a heart well-tried with trouble; for in times past much have I borne and much have toiled, in waves and war; to that, let this be added."

Soon as the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared next day, quickly Odysseus dressed in coat and tunic; and the nymph dressed herself in a long silvery robe, finespun and graceful. She bound a beautiful golden girdle round her waist, and put a veil upon her head. Then she prepared to send forth brave Odysseus. She gave him a great axe, which fitted well his hands; it was an axe of bronze, sharp on both sides, and had a beautiful olive-wood handle, strongly fastened; she gave him too a polished adze. And she led the way to the farther shore of the island where the trees grew tall, alder and poplar and sky-stretching pine, long-seasoned, very dry, that would float lightly. When

she had shown him where the trees grew tall, homeward Calypso went, the heavenly goddess, while he began to cut the logs. The work was quickly done. Twenty in all he felled, and trimmed them with the axe, smoothed them with skill, and leveled them to the line. Meanwhile. Calypso, the heavenly goddess, brought him augers, and he bored each piece and fitted all, and then with pins and crossbeams fastened the whole together. As when a man skillful in carpentry lays out the floor of a broad freight-ship, of such a size Odysseus built his broadbeamed raft. He raised a bulwark, set with many ribs, and finished with long timbers on the top. He made a mast and sail-yard fitted to it; he made a rudder, too, with which to steer. And then he caulked the raft from end to end with willow withes, to guard against the water, and much material he used. Meanwhile, Calypso, the heavenly goddess, brought him cloth to make the sail, and well did he contrive this too. Braces and halyards and sheet-ropes he set up and then with levers heaved the vessel down into the shiny sea.

The fourth day came, and he had finished all. So on the fifth divine Calypso sent him from the island, putting upon him fragrant clothes and giving him a bath. A skin the goddess gave him, filled with dark wine, a second large one full of water, and some provision in a sack. She put upon the raft whatever dainties pleased him and sent along his course a fair and gentle breeze. Joyfully to the breeze royal Odysseus spread his sail, and with his rudder skillfully he steered from where he sat. No sleep fell on his eyelids as he gazed upon the Pleiades, on Boötes which sets late, and on the Bear which men call the Wagon too, which turns around one spot, watching Orion, and alone does not sink into the Ocean-stream. For Calypso, the heavenly goddess, bade him to cross the sea with the Bear upon his left; so seventeen days he sailed across the sea. On the eighteenth there came in sight the dim heights of Phaeacia, where nearest him it lay; it seemed a shield laid on the misty sea.

But now the mighty Earth-shaker, coming from Ethiopia, spied him from afar; for Odysseus came in sight as he sailed along the sea. And Poseidon grew more wroth in spirit, and shaking his head he muttered to himself:

"Aha! so then the gods have changed their plans about Odysseus, while I was with the Ethiopians! And here he is close to the land of the Phaeacians, where he is destined to escape from the great coil of evil that surrounds him. Yet still I hope to plunge him into troubles deep."

So saying, he gathered clouds and stirred the depths, grasping the trident in his hands; he started tempests of wind from every side, and covered with his clouds both land and sea; night broke from heaven; forth rushed together East Wind and South Wind, hard-blowing West Wind, and sky-born North Wind, rolling up heavy waves. Then did Odysseus' knees grow feeble, and his very soul, and in dismay he said to his stout heart:

"Woe is me! What will become of me at last? I fear that all the goddess told was true, when she declared that on the sea, before I reached my native land, I should be filled with sorrow. Now all is come to pass. With what clouds Zeus overcasts the open sky! He stirred the deep, and tempests of wind hurry from every side. Swift death is sure. Would I had died at Troy too, and met my doom the day a multitude of Trojans hurled at me brazen spears over the body of the son of Peleus! Then had I found a burial, and the Achaeans had borne my name afar. Now I must be cut off by an inglorious death."

As thus he spoke, a great wave broke on high and madly plunging whirled his raft around; far from the raft he fell and sent the rudder flying from his hand. The mast snapped in the middle under the fearful tempest of opposing winds that struck, and far in the sea canvas and sail-yard fell. The water held him long submerged; he could not rise at once after the crash of the great wave, for the clothing which divine Calypso gave him weighed him down. At length, however, he came up, spitting from out his mouth the bitter brine which also drenched his head. Yet even then, worn as he was, he did not forget his raft, but pushing on amongst the waves laid hold of her, and in her middle got a seat and so escaped death's ending. But a great wave drove him along its current, up and down. As when in autumn Boreas drives thistleheads along the plain, and close they cling together, so the winds drove him up and down the deep. One moment Notus tossed him on for Boreas to drive; the next would Eurus give him up for Zephyrus to chase.

But the daughter of Cadmus saw him, fair-ankled Ino, that goddess pale who formerly was mortal and of human speech, but now in the water's depths shares the gods' honors. She pitied Odysseus, cast away and meeting sorrow, and like a gull on the wing she rose from the sea's trough, and lighting on his strong-built raft spoke to him thus:

"Unhappy man, why is it earth-shaking Poseidon is so furiously enraged that he makes many ills spring up around you? Destroy you

shall he not, however angry he be! Only do this—you seem to me not to lack good sense. Strip off these clothes, and leave your raft for winds to carry, then strike out with your arms and seek a landing on the Phaeacian coast, where fate allows you safety. Here, spread this veil underneath your breast. It is immortal; have no fear of suffering or death. But when your hands shall touch the shore, untie and fling the veil into the wine-dark sea behind you."

Saying this, the goddess gave the veil, and she herself plunged back into the surging sea. The dark wave closed around. Then hesitated long-suffering Odysseus, and in dismay he said to his stout heart:

"Ah me! I fear that here again an immortal plots me harm in bidding me leave my raft. I will not yet obey; for in the distance I saw land, where it was said my safety lies. This I will do, for best it seems: so long as the beams hold in the fastenings, here I will stay and await what I must bear; but when the surge batters my raft to pieces, then I will swim. There is no better plan."

While he thus doubted in his mind and heart, earth-shaking Poseidon raised a great wave, dread and dire, with bending crest, and launched it on him. And as a gusty wind tosses a heap of grain when it is dry, and some it scatters one way, some another, so were the long beams scattered. But Odysseus mounting a beam, as if he rode a steed, stripped off the clothing which divine Calypso gave, spread quickly the veil underneath his breast, and plunged down headlong in the sea, with hands outstretched, ready to swim. The great Earth-shaker spied him, and shaking his head he muttered to himself:

"Thus, after meeting many ills, be tossed about the sea until you join a people who are favorites of Zeus; but even then, I trust, you will not laugh at danger."

Saying this, he lashed his full-maned horses and came to Aegae, where his lordly dwelling stands.

And now Aegae, daughter of Zeus, devised a new plan. She barred the pathway of the other winds, bade them cease and all be laid to rest; but she roused bustling Boreas and in front it broke the waves, that safely among the oar-loving Phaeacians might come high-born Odysseus, freed from death and doom.

Then two nights and two days on the resistless waves he drifted; many a time his heart faced death. But when the fair-haired dawn brought the third day, then the wind ceased; there came a breathless calm; and close at hand he spied the coast, as he cast a keen glance forward, upborne on a great wave. Onward he swam, impatient for

his feet to touch the ground. But when he was as far away as one can call, he heard a pounding of the ocean on the ledges; for the great waves roared as on the barren land they madly dashed, and all was whirled in spray. There was no harbor here to hold a ship, no open roadstead; only projecting bluffs, ledges, and reefs. At this Odysseus' knees grew feeble, and his very soul, and in dismay he said to his stout heart:

"Alas! when Zeus now lets me see unlooked-for land, and forcing my way along the gulf I finally reach its end, no landing anywhere appears out of the foaming sea. Outside are jagged reefs; around thunder the surging waves, and smooth and steep rises the rocky shore. At the edge the sea is deep, and impossible is it to get a footing with both feet and so escape disaster. If I should try to land, great sweeping waves might dash me on the solid rock; useless would the attempt bell But if I swim still farther, hoping to find a sloping shore and harbors off the sea, I fear a sweeping storm may bear me yet again along the swarming sea, loudly lamenting; or God may send upon me a monster of the deep."

While he thus doubted in his mind and heart, a huge wave bore him onward toward the rugged shore. There would his skin have been stripped off and his bones broken, had not the clear-eyed goddess Athene, given him counsel. Struggling, he grasped the rock with both his hands and clung there, groaning, till the great wave passed. That one he thus escaped, but the back-flowing water struck him again, still struggling, and swept him out to sea. And just as, when a squid is torn from out its bed, about its suckers clustering pebbles cling, so on the rocks pieces of skin were stripped from his strong hands. The great wave covered him. Then miserably, before his time, Odysseus would have died, if clear-eyed Athene had not given him ready thought. Rising beyond the waves which thundered on the coast, he swam along outside, eying the land, in hopes to find a sloping shore and harbors off the sea. But when, as he swam, he reached the mouth of a fair-flowing river, there the ground seemed most fit, for it was clear of stones and sheltered from the breeze. He felt the river flowing forth, and in his heart he prayed:

"Hearken, O lord, whoe'er thou art! Thee, long desired, I find, when flying from the sea and from Poseidon's threats. Respected even of immortal gods is he who comes a fugitive, as I here now come to thy current and thy knees through weary toil. Show pity, lord! I call myself thy suppliant."

He spoke, and the god straightway stayed the stream and checked the waves, before him made a calm, and brought him safely into the river's mouth. Both knees hung loose, and both his sturdy arms, for by the sea his spirit had been broken. His body was all swollen, and water gushed in streams out of his mouth and nostrils. So, breathless and speechless, in a swoon he lay and dire fatigue overcame him. But when he gained his breath, he crept under a pair of shrubs sprung from a single spot; the one was wild, the other, common olive. These no force of wind with its chill breath could pierce, no sunbeams smite, nor rain pass through, they grew so thickly intertwined with one another. Under them crept Odysseus, and quickly with his hands he scraped a bed together, an ample one, for a thick fall of leaves was there, enough to shelter two or three men in winter-time, however severe the weather. This long-suffering Odysseus saw with joy, and lay down in the midst, heaping the fallen leaves above. And on his eyes Athene poured a sleep, quickly to ease him from the fatigue of toil, letting his eyelids close.

BOOK VI

The Landing in Phaeacia

THUS LONG-SUFFERING Odysseus slumbered here, heavy with sleep 1 and toil; but Athene went to the town of the Phaeacians. This people once in ancient times lived in the open Highlands, near that rude folk the Cyclops, who often plundered them, being in strength more powerful than they. Moving them thence, godlike Nausithoüs, their leader, established them at Scheria, far from toiling men. He ran a wall around the town, built houses there, made temples for the gods, and laid out farms; but Nausithous had met his doom and gone to the house of Hades, and Alcinoüs now was reigning, trained in wisdom by the gods. To this man's dwelling came the clear-eyed goddess Athene, planning a safe return for brave Odysseus. She hastened to a chamber, richly wrought, in which a girl was sleeping, of figure and beauty like the immortals, Nausicaä, daughter of generous Alcinoüs. Near by two maidens, endowed with beauty by the Graces, slept by the threshold, one on either hand. The shining doors were shut; but Athene, like a breath of air, moved to the girl's couch, stood by her head, and thus addressed her-taking the likeness of the daughter of Dymas, the famous seaman, a maiden just Nausicaä's age, dear to her heart. Taking her guise, thus spoke clear-eyed Athene:

"Nausicaä, how did your mother bear a child so thoughtless? Your fine clothes lie uncared for, though the wedding time is near, when you must wear gay clothes yourself and furnish them to those that may attend you. From things like these a good reputation arises, and father and honored mother are made glad. Then let us go a-washing at the dawn of day, and I will go to help, that you may soon be ready; for really not much longer will you be a maid. Already you have for suitors the chief men of the land throughout Phaeacia, where you too were born. Come, then, beg your good father early in the morning to harness the mules and cart, so as to carry the men's clothes, gowns, and bright-hued rugs. Yes, and for yourself it is more becoming thus than setting forth on foot; the pools are far from the town."

Saying this, clear-eyed Athene passed away, off to Olympus, wher they say the dwelling of the gods stands forever. Never with winds is it disturbed, nor by the rain made wet, nor does the snow come near; but everywhere the upper air spreads cloudless, and a bright radiance plays over all; and there the blessed gods are happy all their days. To that place now came the clear-eyed one, when she had spoken with the maid.

Soon bright-throned morning rose, and wakened Nausicaä. She marveled at the dream, and hastened through the house to tell it to her parents, her dear father and her mother. She found them still in-doors: her mother sat by the hearth among the servant-women, spinning sea-purple yarn; she met her father at the door, going to join the famous princes at the council, to which the high Phaeacians summoned him. So standing close beside him, she said to her dear father:

"Father dear, could you not have the wagon harnessed for me—
the high one, with good wheels—to take my clothes to the river to be
washed, which now are lying dirty? Surely for you yourself it is proper,
when you are with the first men holding councils, that you should
wear clean clothing. Five good sons too are here at home—two married, and three jovial young men still—and they are always wanting to
go to the dance wearing fresh clothes. And this is all a trouble to my
mind."

Such were her words, for she was shy to speak of marriage to her father; but he understood it all, and answered thus:

"I do not grudge the mules, my child, nor anything beside. Go!

Quickly shall the servants harness the wagon for you, the high one, with good wheels, fitted with rack above."

Saying this, he called to the servants, who gave heed. Out in the court they made the mule-cart ready; they brought the mules, and yoked them to the wagon. The girl took from her room her pretty clothing, and stowed it in the polished wagon; her mother put in a chest food the maid liked, of every kind, put dainties in, and poured some wine into a goat-skin bottle—the maid, meanwhile, had got into the wagon—and gave her in a golden flask some liquid oil, that she might bathe and anoint herself, she and her attendants. Nausicaä took the whip and the bright reins, and cracked the whip to start. There was a clatter of the mules, and steadily they pulled, drawing the clothing and the maid,—yet not alone; beside her went attendants too.

When now they came to the fair river's current, where the pools were always full—for in abundance clear water bubbles from beneath to cleanse the foulest stains—they turned the mules loose from the wagon, and let them stray along the eddying stream, to crop the honeyed pasture. Then from the wagon they took the clothing in their arms, carried it into the dark water, and stamped it in the pits. And after they had washed and cleansed it of all stains, they spread it carefully along the shore, where the waves washed up the pebbles on the beach. Then, after bathing and anointing with the oil, they presently took dinner on the river bank and waited for the clothes to dry in the sunshine. And when they were refreshed with food, the maids and she, they then began to throw a ball, casting their veils off. White-armed Nausicaä led their sport.

But when Nausicaä thought to turn toward home once more, to yoke the mules and fold up the clean clothes, then the clear-eyed goddess Athene formed a new plan; for she would have Odysseus wake and see the bright-eyed maid, who might to the Phaeacian city show the way. Just then the princess tossed the ball to one of her maidens, and missing her it fell in the deep eddy. They screamed aloud. Royal Odysseus woke, and sitting up began to think:

odysseus woke, and sitting up began to think:

"Alas! To what men's land have I now come? Lawless and savage are they, with no regard for right, or are they kind to strangers and reverent toward the gods? It was as if there came to me the delicate voice of maids—nymphs, it may be, who haunt the craggy peaks of hills, the springs of streams and grassy marshes; or am I now, perhaps, near men of human speech? Suppose I look around and see."

So saying, royal Odysseus crept from the thicket, but with his strong hand broke a spray of leaves from the close wood, to be a covering round his body for his nakedness. He set off like a lion that is bred among the hills and trusts its strength; onward it goes, beaten with rain and wind; its two eyes glare; and now in search of oxen or of sheep it moves, or tracking the wild deer; its belly bids it to seek out the flocks, even by entering the guarded folds; so was Odysseus about to meet those fair-haired maids, all naked though he was, for he was in despair. To them he seemed a loathsome sight, befouled with brine. They hurried off, one here, one there, over the stretching sands. Only the daughter of Alcinoüs stayed, for in her breast Athene had put courage and from her limbs took fear. Steadfast she stood to meet him. And now Odysseus doubted whether to make his plea by clasping the knees of the bright-eyed maid, or where he stood, aloof, in winning words to make that plea, and try if she would show the town and give him clothing. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way to make his plea in winning words, aloof; for fear if he should clasp her knees, the maid might be offended. Straightway he spoke, a winning and shrewd speech:

"I am your suppliant, princess. Are you some god or mortal? If one of the gods who hold the open sky, to Artemis, daughter of mighty Zeus, in beauty, height, and bearing I find you most similar. But if you are a mortal, living on the earth, most happy are your father and your honored mother, most happy your brothers also. Surely their hearts ever grow warm with pleasure over you, when watching such a blossom moving in the dance. And then exceeding happy he, beyond all others, who shall with gifts prevail and take you home. For I never before saw such a being with these eyes—no man, no woman. I admire and marvel now at you, and greatly fear to touch your knees Yet grievous woe is on me. Yesterday, after twenty days, I escaped from the wine-dark sea, and all that time the waves and boisterous winds bore me away from the island of Ogygia. Now some god cast me here, that probably here also I may meet with trouble; for I do not think trouble will cease, but much the gods have in store for me. Then, princess, have compassion, for it is you to whom through many grievous toils I come; none else I know of all who own this city and this land. Show me the town, and give me a rag to throw around me, if you had perhaps on coming here some wrapper for your linen. And may the gods grant all that in your thoughts you long for: husband and home and true happiness may they bestow; for a better and higher

gift than this there cannot be, when in harmony man and wife have a home. Great grief it is to foes and joy to friends; but they themselves best know its meaning."

Then answered him white-armed Nausicaä: "Stranger, because you do not seem a common, foolish person—and Olympian Zeus himself distributes fortune to mankind and gives to high and low as he wishes to each; and this he gave to you, and you must bear it therefore—now that you have reached our city and our land, you shall not lack for clothes nor anything besides which it is fit a hard-pressed suppliant should find. I will point out the town and tell its people's name. The Phaeacians own this city and this land, and I am the daughter of generous Alcinoüs, on whom the might and power of the Phaeacians rests."

She spoke, and called her fair-haired attendants: "My maidens, stay! Why do you run because you saw a man? You surely do not think him evil-minded. The man is not alive, and never will be born, who can come and offer harm to the Phaeacian land: for we are very dear to the immortals; and then we live apart, far on the surging sea, no other tribe of men has dealings with us. But this poor man has come here having lost his way, and we should give him aid; for in the charge of Zeus all strangers and beggars stand, and a small gift is welcome. Then give to the stranger food and drink, and bathe him in the river where there is shelter from the breeze."

She spoke; the others stopped and called to one another, and down they brought Odysseus to the place of shelter, as Nausicaä, daughter of generous Alcinoüs, had ordered. They placed a robe and tunic there for clothing, they gave him in the golden flask the liquid oil, and bade him bathe in the stream's currents. Then to the attendants said royal Odysseus:

"Women, stand here aside, while by myself I wash the salt from off my back and with the oil anoint myself; for it is long since ointment touched my skin. But before you I will not bathe; for I am ashamed to bare myself among you fair-haired maids."

So he spoke; the women went away, and told it to the girl. And now with water from the stream royal Odysseus washed his skin clean of the salt which clung about his back and his broad shoulders, and wiped from his head the foam brought by the barren sea; and when he had thoroughly bathed and oiled himself and had put on the clothing which the chaste maiden gave, Athene, daughter of Zeus, made him taller than before and stouter to behold, and she made the curling

locks fall around his head as on the hyacinth flower. As when a man lays gold on silver—some skillful man whom Hephaestus and Pallas Athene have trained in every art, and he fashions graceful work—so did she cast a grace upon his head and shoulders. He walked apart along the shore, and there sat down, beaming with grace and beauty. The girl observed; then to her fair-haired waiting-women said:

"Hearken, my white-armed maidens, while I speak. Not without purpose on the part of all the gods that hold Olympus is this man's meeting with the godlike Phaeacians. A while ago, he really seemed to me ill-looking, but now he is like the gods who hold the open sky. Ah, might a man like this be called my husband, having his home here, and content to stay! But give to the stranger food and drink!"

She spoke, and very willingly they heeded and obeyed, and set beside Odysseus food and drink. Then long-suffering Odysseus eagerly drank and ate, for he had long been fasting.

And now to other matters white-armed Nausicaä turned her thoughts. She folded the clothes and laid them in the beautiful wagon, she yoked the stout-hoofed mules, mounted herself, and calling to Odysseus thus she spoke:

"Arise now, stranger, and hasten to the town, that I may set you on the road to my wise father's house, where you shall see, I promise you, the best of all Phaeacia. Only do this-you seem to me not to lack good sense: while we are passing through the fields and farms, here with my maidens, behind the mules and cart, walk rapidly along, and I will lead the way. But as we near the town-round which is a lofty rampart, a beautiful harbor on each side and a narrow road between—there curved ships line the way; for every man has his own mooring-place. Beyond is a meeting place near the beautiful grounds of Poseidon, constructed out of blocks of stone deeply imbedded. Farther along, they make the black ships' tackling, cables and canvas, and shape out the oars; for the Phaeacians do not care for bow and quiver, only for masts and oars of ships and the trim ships themselves, with which it is their joy to cross the foaming sea. Now the rude talk of such as these I would avoid, that no one afterwards may speak evil things of me. For very forward persons are about the place, and some coarse man might say, if he should meet us: 'What tall and handsome stranger is following Nausicaä? Where did she find him? A husband he will be, her very own. Some castaway, perhaps, she rescued from his vessel, some foreigner; for we have no neighbors here. Or at her prayer some long-entreated god has come straight down from heaven.

and he will keep her his forever. So much the better, if she has gone herself and found a husband elsewhere! The people of our own land here, Phaeacians, she disdains, though she has many high-born suitors.' So they will talk, and for me it would prove a scandal. I should myself criticize a girl who acted so, who, heedless of friends, while father and mother were alive, mingled with men before her public wedding. And, stranger, listen now to what I say, that you may soon obtain assistance and safe conduct from my father. Near our road you will see a stately grove of poplar trees, belonging to Athene; in it a fountain flows, and round it is a meadow. That is my father's park, his fruitful vineyard, as far from the town as one can call. There sit and wait a while, until we come to the town and reach my father's palace. But when you think we have already reached the palace, enter the city of the Phaeacians, and ask for the palace of my father, generous Alcinoüs. Easily is it known; a child, though young, could show the way; for the Phaeacians do not build their houses like the dwelling of Alcinous their prince. But when his house and court receive you, pass quickly through the hall until you find my mother. She sits in the firelight by the hearth, spinning sea-purple yarn, a marvel to behold, and resting against a pillar. Her handmaids sit behind her. Here too my father's seat rests on the selfsame pillar, and here he sits and sips his wine like an immortal. Passing him by, stretch out your hands to my mother's knees, if you would see the day of your return in gladness and with speed, although you come from far. If she regards you kindly in her heart, then there is hope that you may see your friends and reach your stately house and native land."

Saying this, with her bright whip she struck the mules, and swift they left the river's streams; and well they trotted, and skillfully she reined them that those on foot might follow—attendants and Odysseus—and moderately she used the lash. The sun was setting when they reached the famous grove, Athene's sacred ground, where royal Odysseus sat down. And thereupon he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus:

"Hearken, thou child of ægis-bearing Zeus, unwearied one! Oh hear me now, although before you did not hear me, when the great Earthshaker wrecked me. Grant that I come among the Phaeacians welcomed and pitied by them."

So spoke he in his prayer, and Pallas Athene heard, but did not yet appear to him in open presence; for she respected still her father's brother, Poseidon, who kept his grudge with godlike Odysseus.

BOOKS VII-VIII

[At the palace Odysseus received a gracious welcome from King Alcinoüs and Queen Arete. The following day was devoted to feasting and athletic games in honor of Odysseus. Demodocus, a blind bard, brought tears to Odysseus' eyes with a song about the last days of the Trojan War. Alcinoüs observed Odysseus sobbing and called upon him to explain the reason and to reveal who he was.]

BOOK IX

The Story Told to Alcinous—the Cyclops

HEN WISE ODYSSEUS ANSWERED him and said: "First, I will tell I my name. I am Odysseus, son of Laërtes, who for craftiness am noted among men, and my renown reaches to heaven. I live in Ithaca, a land far seen on the sea; for on it is the lofty height of Neriton, covered with waving woods. Around lie many islands, very close to one another-Doulichion, Same, and woody Zacynthus. Ithaca itself lies low along the sea, far to the west—the others stretching eastward, toward the dawn-a rugged land, that raises goodly sons. A sweeter spot than my own land I shall not see. Calypso, a heavenly goddess, sought to keep me by her side within her hollow grotto, desiring me to be her husband; so too Aeaean Circe, full of craft, detained me in her palace, desiring me to be her husband; but they never beguiled the heart within my breast. Nothing more sweet than home and parents can there be, however rich one's dwelling far in a foreign land, cut off from parents. But let me tell you of the grievous journey home which Zeus ordained me on my setting forth from Troy.

"The wind took me from Troy and bore me to the Ciconians, to Ismarus. There I destroyed the town and slew its men; but from the town we took the women and great stores of treasure, and divided all, that none might lack his proper share. This done, I warned our men swiftly to fly; but they, in utter folly, did not heed. Much wine

was drunk, and they slaughtered on the shore a multitude of sheep and crook-horned oxen. Meanwhile, escaping Ciconians began to call for aid on those Ciconians who were their neighbors and more numerous and brave than they, a people dwelling inland, skillful at fighting in chariot or on foot, as need might be. Accordingly at dawn they gathered, thick as leaves and flowers appear in spring. And now an evil fate from Zeus beset our luckless men, causing us many sorrows; for setting the battle in array by the swift ships, all fought and hurled their brazen spears at one another. While it was morning and the day grew stronger, we steadily kept them off and held our ground, though they were more than we; but as the sun declined, then the Ciconians routed our men. Six of the crew of every ship fell in their armor there; the rest fled death and doom.

"Thence we sailed on with aching hearts, glad to be clear of death, though missing our dear comrades; yet the curved ships did not pass on till we had called three times to each poor comrade who died upon the plain, cut off by the Ciconians. But now cloud-gathering Zeus sent the north wind against our ships in a fierce tempest, and covered with his clouds both land and sea; night broke from heaven. The ships drove headlong onward, their sails torn into tatters by the fury of the wind. These sails we lowered, in terror for our lives, and rowed the ships hurriedly toward the land. There for two nights and days continuously we lay, gnawing our hearts because of toil and trouble. But when the fair-haired dawn brought the third day, we set our masts, and hoisting the white sails we sat down, while wind and helmsmen kept us steady. And now I would have come unharmed to my own native land, but that the swell and current, in doubling Maleia, and the north wind turned me aside and drove me past Cythera.

"Thence for nine days I drifted before the deadly winds along the swarming sea; but on the tenth we touched the land of Lotus-eaters, men who make food of flowers. Here we went ashore and drew some water, and soon by the swift ships my men prepared their dinner. Then after we had tasted food and drink, I sent some sailors forth to go and learn what men dwelt in the land,—selecting two, and joining with them a herald as a third. These straightway went and mingled with the Lotus-eaters, and yet the Lotus-eaters had no thought of harm against our men; indeed, they gave them lotus to taste; but whoever of them ate the lotus' honeyed fruit wished to bring tidings back no more and never to leave the place, but with the Lotus-eaters there desired to stay, to feed on lotus and think no more of home. These

men I brought back weeping to the ships by force, and dragging them under the benches of our hollow ships I bound them fast, and bade my other trusty men to hasten and embark on the swift ships, that none of them might eat the lotus and think no more of home. Quickly they came aboard, took places at the pins, and sitting in order lashed the foaming water with their oars.

"Thence we sailed on with aching hearts, and came to the land of the Cyclops, a rude and lawless people, who, trusting to the immortal gods, plant with their hands no plant, nor ever plow, but all things spring unsown and without plowing, wheat, barley, and grape-vines with wine in their heavy clusters, for rain from Zeus makes the grape grow. Among this people no assemblies meet; they have no laws. They live on the tops of lofty hills in hollow caves; each gives the law to his own wife and children, and for others they have little care.

"Now a rough island stretches along outside the harbor, not close, to the Cyclops' coast nor yet far out, covered with trees. On it innumerable wild goats breed; no tread of man disturbs them; none comes here to hunt with hounds, to toil through woods and climb the crests of hills. The island is not kept for flocks or farming, but all unsown, untilled, it evermore is bare of men and feeds the bleating goats. Among the Cyclops are no red-bowed ships, nor are there shipwrights who might build the well-benched ships to do them service, sailing to foreign cities; as usually men cross the sea in ships to one another. With ships they might have worked this well-placed island; for it is not at all a worthless spot, but would bear all things in season. For here are meadows on the banks of the gray sea, moist, with soft soil; here vines could never die; here is smooth plow-land; a very heavy crop, and always well in season, might be reaped, for the under-soil is rich. Here is a quiet harbor, never needing moorings, but merely to run in and wait awhile till sailor hearts are ready and the winds are blowing. Just at the harbor's head a spring of sparkling water flows from beneath a cave; around it poplars grow. Here we sailed in, some god our guide, through murky night; there was no light to see, for round the ships was a dense fog. No moon looked out from heaven; it was shut in with clouds. So no one saw the island, and the long waves rolling upon the shore we did not see until we beached our wellbenched ships. After the ships were beached, we lowered all our sails and forth we went ourselves upon the shore; where falling fast asleep we awaited bright dawn.

"But when the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, in wonder at

the island we made a circuit round it, and nymphs, daughters of ægisbearing Zeus, roused up the mountain goats, to give my men a meal. Straightway we took our bending bows and our long hunting spears out of the ships, and parted in three bands began to shoot; and soon a god granted ample game. Twelve ships were in my train; to each there fell nine goats, while ten they set apart for me alone. Then all throughout the day till setting sun we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine. For the ruddy wine of our ships was not yet gone; some still was left, because our crews took a large store in jars the day we seized the sacred citadel of the Ciconians. And now we looked across to the land of the neighboring Cyclops, a strange race of one-eyed monsters. We saw the smoke, the sounds of men, the bleat of sheep and goats; but when the sun went down and darkness came, we laid us down to sleep upon the beach. Then as the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, holding a council, I said to all my men:

"'The rest of you, my trusty crews, stay for the present here; but I myself, with my own ship and my own crew, go to discover who these men may be—if they are fierce and savage, with no regard for right,

or kind to strangers and reverent toward the gods.'

"When I had spoken thus, I went on board my ship, and called my crew to come on board and loose the cables. Quickly they came, took places at the pins, and sitting in order lashed the foaming water with their oars. But as we reached the neighboring shore, there at the outer point, close to the sea, we saw a cave, high, overhung with laurel. Here many flocks of sheep and goats were nightly housed. Around was built a yard with a high wall of deep-embedded stone, tall pines, and crested oaks. Here dwelt a huge giant, Polyphemus, who shepherded his flock alone and far apart; with others he did not mingle, but quite aloof followed his lawless ways. Thus had he grown to be a marvelous monster; not like a man who lives by bread, but rather like a woody peak of the high hills, seen lonely, by itself.

"Now to my other trusty men I gave command to stay there by the ship and guard it; but I myself chose the twelve best among my men and started forth. Quickly we reached the cave, but did not find Polyphemus there; for he was tending his fat flock afield. Entering the cave, we looked around. Here crates were standing, loaded down with cheese, and here pens thronged with lambs and kids. In separate pens each kind was kept: by themselves the older, by themselves the later born, and by themselves the younglings. Swimming with whey were all the vessels, the well-wrought pails and bowls in which he

milked. Here at first my men asked me to take some cheeses; then quickly to drive the kids and lambs to our swift ship out of the pens, and sail away over the briny water. But I refused—far better had I yielded—hoping that I might see him and he might offer gifts. But he was to prove, when seen, no pleasure to my men.

"Kindling a fire here, we made burnt offering and partook of the cheese and ate; and so we sat and waited in the cave until the Cyclops came from pasture. He brought a ponderous burden of dry wood to use at supper time, and tossing it down inside the cave raised a great din. We hurried off in terror to a corner of the cave. But into the widemouthed cave he drove his sturdy flock, all that he milked; the males, both rams and goats, he left outside in the high yard. And now he set in place the huge door-stone, lifting it high in the air, a ponderous thing; no two and twenty carts, stout and four-wheeled, could hold it from the ground; such was the rugged rock he set against the door. Then sitting down, he milked the ewes and bleating goats, all in due order, and underneath put each one's young. Straightway he curdled half of the white milk, and gathering it in wicker baskets, set it aside; half he left standing in the pails, ready for him to take and drink, and for his supper also. So after he had busily performed his tasks, he kindled a fire, noticed us, and asked:

"'Ha, strangers, who are you? Where do you come from, sailing the watery ways? Are you upon some business? Or do you rove at random, as the pirates roam the seas, risking their lives and bringing ill to strangers?'

"As he thus spoke, our souls were crushed within us, dismayed by the heavy voice and by the monster's self; nevertheless I answered thus and said:

"'We are from Troy, Achaeans, driven by shifting winds out of our course across the great gulf of the sea; homeward we fared, but through strange ways and wanderings have come hither; so Zeus decreed. Subjects of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, we boast ourselves to be, whose fame is now the widest under heaven; so great a town he sacked, so many men he slew. But happening here, we come before your knees to ask that you will offer hospitality, and in other ways as well will give the gift which is the stranger's due. O mighty one, respect the gods. We are your suppliants, and Zeus is the avenger of the suppliant and the stranger; he is the stranger's friend and waits on worthy strangers.'

"So I spoke, and from a ruthless heart he straightway answered:

'You are simple, stranger, or have come from far away, to bid me dread the gods or shrink before them. The Cyclops pay no heed to ægis-bearing Zeus, nor to the blessed gods; because we are much stronger than they. To shun the wrath of Zeus, I would not spare you or your comrades, did my heart not bid. But tell me where you left your sturdy ship at your coming. At the far shore, or near? Let me know.'

"He thought to tempt me, but he could not cheat a cunning man like me; and I again replied with words of guile: 'The Earth-shaker, Poseidon, wrecked my ship and cast her on the rocks at the land's end, drifting her on a headland; the wind blew from the sea; and I with these men here escaped impending ruin.'

"So I spoke, and from a ruthless heart he answered nothing, but starting up laid hands on my companions. He seized on two and dashed them to the ground as if they had been dogs. Their brains ran out upon the floor, and wet the earth. Tearing them limb from limb, he made his supper, and ate as does a mountain lion, leaving nothing, entrails, or flesh, or marrow bones. We in our tears held up our hands to Zeus, at sight of his reckless deeds; helplessness held our hearts. But when the Cyclops had filled his monstrous maw by eating human flesh and pouring down pure milk, he laid himself in the cave full length among his flock. And I then formed the plan within my daring heart of closing in on him, drawing my sharp sword from my thigh, and stabbing him in the breast where the midriff holds the liver, feeling the place out with my hand. Yet second thoughts restrained me, for there we too would have met with utter ruin; for we could never with our hands have pushed from the lofty door the enormous stone which he had set against it. Thus then with sighs we awaited the bright dawn.

"But when the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, he kindled a fire, milked his goodly flock, all in due order, and underneath put each one's young. Then after he had busily performed his tasks, seizing once more two men, he made his morning meal. And when the meal was ended, he drove from the cave his sturdy flock, and easily moved the huge door-stone; but afterwards he put it back as one might put the lid upon a quiver. Then to the hills, with many a call, he turned his sturdy flock, while I was left behind brooding on evil and thinking how I might obtain revenge, would but Athene grant my prayer. And to my mind this seemed the wisest way. There lay beside the pen a great club of the Cyclops, an olive stick still green, which he had cut

to be his staff when dried. Inspecting it, we guessed its size, and thought it like the mast of a black ship of twenty oars-some broadbuilt merchantman which sails the great gulf of the sea; so huge it looked in length and thickness. I went and cut away a fathom's length of this, laid it before my men, and bade them shape it down; they made it smooth; I then stood by to point the tip and, laying hold, I charred it briskly in the blazing fire. The piece I now put carefully away, hiding it in the dung which lay about the cave in great abundance; and then I bade my comrades fix by lot who the bold men should be to help me raise the stake and grind it in his eye, when pleasant sleep should come. Those drew the lot whom I myself would have selected; four were they, for a fifth I counted in myself. He came toward evening, shepherding the fleecy flock, and straightway drove his sturdy flock into the wide-mouthed cave, with much care; he did not leave a sheep in the high yard outside, either through some suspicion, or a god bade him so to do. Again he set in place the huge door-stone, lifting it high in air, and, sitting down, he milked the ewes and bleating goats, all in due order, and underneath put each one's young. Then after he had busily performed his tasks, he seized once more two men and made his supper. And now it was that drawing near the Cyclops I thus spoke, holding within my hands an ivy bowl filled with dark wine:

"'Here, Cyclops, drink some wine after your meal of human flesh, and see what sort of liquor our ship held. I brought it as an offering, thinking that you might pity me and send me home. But you are mad past bearing. Reckless! How should a stranger come to you again from any people, when you have done this wicked deed?'

"So I spoke; he took the cup and drank it off, and mighty pleased he was with the taste of the sweet liquor, and thus he asked me for another drink:

"'Give me some more, kind sir, and straightway tell your name, that I may give a stranger's gift with which you shall be pleased. Ah yes, the Cyclops' fruitful fields bear wine in their heavy clusters, for rain from Zeus makes the grape grow; but this is a bit of ambrosia and nectar.'

"So he spoke, and I again offered the sparkling wine. Three times I brought and gave; three times he drank it in his folly. Then as the wine began to dull the Cyclops' senses, in soothing words I said to him:

"'Cyclops, you asked my noble name, and I will tell it; but you

give the stranger's gift, just as you promised. My name is Noman. Noman I am called by mother, father, and by all my comrades.'

"So I spoke, and from a ruthless heart he straightway answered: 'Noman I eat up last, after his comrades; all the rest first; and that shall be the stranger's gift for you.'

"He spoke, and sinking back fell flat; and there he lay, lolling his thick neck over, till sleep, that conquers all, took hold upon him. Out of his throat poured wine and scraps of human flesh; heavy with wine, he spewed it forth. And now it was I drove the stake under a heap of ashes, to bring it to a heat, and with my words emboldened all my men, that none might flinch through fear. Then when the olive stake, green though it was, was ready to take fire, and through and through was all aglow, I snatched it from the fire, while my men stood around and Heaven inspired us with great courage. Seizing the olive stake, sharp at the tip, they plunged it in his single eye, and I, perched up above, whirled it around. As when a man bores shipbeams with a drill, and those below keep it in motion with a strap held by the ends, and steadily it runs; thus we seized the fire-pointed stake and whirled it in his eye. Blood bubbled round the heated thing. The vapor singed off all the lids around the eye, and even the brows, as the ball burned and its roots crackled in the flame. As when a smith dips a great axe or adze into cold water, hissing loud, to temper it—for that is strength to steel-so hissed his eye about the olive stake. A hideous roar he raised; the rock resounded; we hurried off in terror. He wrenched the stake out of his eye, dabbled with blood, and flung it from his hands in frenzy. Then he called loudly on the Cyclops who dwelt about him in the caves, along the windy heights. They heard his cry, and ran from every side, and standing by the cave they asked what ailed him:

"'What has come on you, Polyphemus, that you scream so in the immortal night, and keep us thus from sleeping? Is a man driving off your flocks in spite of you? Is a man murdering you by craft or force?"

"Then in his turn from out the cave big Polyphemus answered: "Friends, Noman is murdering me by craft. Force there is none."

"But answering him in winged words they said: 'If no man harms you then when you are left alone, illness which comes from mighty Zeus you cannot flee. So make your prayer to your father, lord Poseidon.'

"This said, they went their way, and in my heart I laughed—my name, that clever notion, so deceived them. But now the Cyclops,

groaning and in agonies of anguish, by groping with his hands took the stone off the door, then sat inside the door with hands outstretched, to catch whoever ventured forth among the sheep; for he probably hoped in his heart that I should be so silly. But I was planning how I might win escape from death both for my men and me. So many a plot and scheme I framed, as for my life; great danger was at hand. Then to my mind this seemed the wisest way: some rams there were of a good breed, thick in the fleece, handsome and large, which bore a dark blue wool. These I quietly bound together with the twisted willow withes on which the giant Cyclops slept—the brute -taking three sheep together. One in the middle, carried a man fastened to its belly; the other two walked by the sides, keeping my comrades safe. Thus three sheep bore each man. Then for myself, there was a ram, by far the best of all the flock, whose back I grasped, and curled beneath his shaggy belly there I lay, and with my hands twisted in that enormous fleece I steadily held on, with patient heart. Thus then with sighs we waited for bright dawn.

"Soon as the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, the rams hastened to pasture, but the ewes bleated unmilked about the pens, for their udders were almost bursting. Their master, racked with grievous pains, felt over the backs of all the sheep as they stood up, but foolishly did not notice how under the breasts of the woolly sheep men had been fastened. Last of the flock, the ram walked to the door, cramped by his fleece and me the crafty plotter; and feeling him over, big Polyphemus said:

"'What, my pet ram! Why do you move across the cave the last of all the flock? Till now you never lagged behind, but with your long strides you were always first to crop the tender blooms of grass; you were the first to reach the running streams, and first to wish to turn to the stall at night: yet here you are the last. Ah, but you miss your master's eye, which a villain has put out—he and his vile companions—blunting my wits with wine. Noman it was—not, I assure him, safe from destruction yet. If only you could sympathize and get the power of speech to say where he is lurking from my rage, then should that brain of his be knocked about the cave and dashed upon the ground. So might my heart recover from the ills which miserable Noman brought upon me.'

"So saying, from his hand he let the ram go forth; and after we had come a little distance from the cave and from the yard, first from beneath the ram I freed myself and then set free my comrades. So at

quick pace we drove away those long-legged sheep, heavy with fat, many times turning round, until we reached the ship. A welcome sight we seemed to our dear friends, as men escaped from death. But for the others they began to weep and wail; yet this I did not suffer; by my frowns I checked their tears. Instead, I bade them straightway toss the many fleecy sheep into the ship, and sail away over the briny water. Quickly they came, took places at the pins, and sitting in order lashed the foaming water with their oars. But when I was as far away as one can call, I shouted to the Cyclops in derision:

"'Cyclops, no weakling's comrades you were destined to devour in the deep cave, with brutal might. But it was also destined your bad deeds should find you out, audacious wretch, who did not hesitate to eat the guests within your house! For this did Zeus chastise you, Zeus and other gods.'

"So I spoke, and he was angered in his heart the more; and tearing off the top of a high hill, he flung it at us. It fell before the dark-bowed-ship a little short, and failed to reach the rudder's tip. The sea surged underneath the stone as it came down, and swiftly toward the land the wash of water swept us, like a flood-tide from the deep, and forced us back to shore. I seized a setting-pole and shoved the vessel off; then inspiring my men, I bade them fall to their oars that we might flee from danger—with my head making signs—and bending forward, on they rowed. When we had traversed twice the distance on the sea, again to the Cyclops I wanted to call; but my men, gathering round, sought with soft words to stay me, each in his separate way:

"'O reckless man, why seek to vex this savage, who even now, hurling his missile in the deep, drove the ship back to shore? We truly thought that we were lost. And had he heard a man make but a sound or speak, he would have crushed our heads and our ships' beams, by hurling jagged granite; for he can throw so far.'

"So they spoke, but did not move my daring spirit; again I called aloud out of an angry heart: 'Cyclops, if ever mortal man asks you the story of the ugly blinding of your eye, say that Odysseus made you blind, the spoiler of cities, Laërtes' son, whose home is Ithaca."

"So I spoke, and with a groan he answered: 'Ah, surely now the ancient oracles have come upon me! Here once a prophet lived, a prophet brave and tall, Telemus, son of Eurymus, who by his prophecies obtained renown and in prophetic works grew old among the Cyclops. He told me it should happen at some time that I should lose my sight by means of one Odysseus; but I was always watching

for the coming of some tall and comely person, arrayed in mighty power; and now a little miserable feeble creature blinded my one eye, overcoming me with wine. Nevertheless, come here, Odysseus, and let me give the stranger's gift, and beg the famous Earth-shaker to aid you on your way. His son am I; he calls himself my father. He, if he will, shall heal me; no other can, whether among the blessed gods or mortal men.'

"So he spoke, and answering him said I: 'Ah, would I might as surely strip you of life and send you to the house of Hades, as it is sure the Earth-shaker will never heal your eye!'

"So I spoke, at which he prayed to the lord Poseidon, stretching his hands forth toward the starry sky: 'Hear me, thou girder of the land, dark-haired Poseidon! If I am truly thine, and you are called my father, permit no coming home to this Odysseus, spoiler of cities, Laërtes' son, whose home is Ithaca. Yet if it be his lot to see his friends once more, and reach his stately house and native land, late let him come, in evil plight, with loss of all his crew, on the vessel of a stranger, and may he at his home find trouble.'

"So spoke he in his prayer, and the dark-haired god gave ear. Then once more picking up a stone much larger than before, the Cyclops swung and sent it, putting forth stupendous power. It fell behind the dark-bowed ship a little short, and failed to reach the rudder's tip. The sea surged underneath the stone as it came down, but the wave swept us forward and forced us to the shore.

"Now when we reached the island where our other well-benched ships waited together, while their crews sat round them sorrowing, watching continually for us, as we ran in we beached our ship among the sands, and forth we went upon the shore. Then taking the Cyclops' sheep out of the hollow ship, we divided all, that none might lack his proper share. The ram my mailed companions gave to me alone, a mark of special honor in the division of the flock; and on the shore I offered him to Zeus of the dark cloud, the son of Kronos, who is the lord of all. He did not heed the sacrifice. Instead, he intended that my well-benched ships should all be lost, and all my trusty comrades. But all throughout that day till setting sun we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine; and when the sun went down and darkness came, we laid us down to sleep upon the beach. Then as the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, I bade the men come on board and loose the cables. Quickly they came, took places at the pins, and sitting in order lashed the foaming water with their oars.

"Thence we sailed on, with aching hearts, glad to be clear of death, though missing our dear comrades."

BOOK X

Aeolus, the Laestrygonians, and Circe

COON WE DREW NEAR THE ISLAND of Aeolia, where Aeolus, dear to immortal gods, dwelt on a floating island. Within the house of Aeolus, twelve children had been born, six daughters and six sturdy sons, and here he gave his daughters to his sons to be their wives. Here too with their loved father and honored mother they hold continual feasting; before them countless provisions lie. By day the steaming house resounds even to its court; by night they sleep by their chaste wives under the coverlets on well-bored bedsteads. Wereached their city, their goodly dwelling. For a full month Aeolus made me welcome, and questioned me about all, of Troy, the Greek ships, and the return of the Achaeans. So I related all the tale in its due order. And when I moreover asked him about my journey and entreated him for aid, he did not refuse, but made provisions for my going. He gave me a sack-flaying a nine-year ox to make it-and in it bound the blustering winds; for the son of Kronos made him steward of the winds, to still or rouse which one he would. Upon my hollow ship he tied the sack with a bright cord of silver, that not a breath might stir, however little. Then for my aid he sent the West Wind forth, to blow and bear along my ships and men. But it was not to be; by our folly we were lost.

"Nine days we sailed, as well by night as day. Upon the tenth our native fields appeared, so close at hand that we could see men tending fires. Then sweet sleep overcame me, wearied as I was; for I had all the time tended the vessel's sheet and yielded it to no one else among the crew, so we might the sooner reach our native land. Meanwhile my men began to talk with one another, and to tell how I was bringing gold and silver home as gifts from Aeolus, and glancing at his neighbor one would say:

"Look how this man is welcomed and esteemed by all mankind, come to whose town and land he may! He brings a store of goodly treasure out of the spoils of Troy, while we, who toiled along the selfsame road, come home with empty hands. Now Aeolus gives him

friendly gifts. Come, then, and let us quickly see what there is here, and how much gold and silver the sack holds.'

"Such was their talk, and the ill counsel of the crew prevailed; they loosed the sack, and out rushed all the winds. Straightway a sweeping storm bore off to sea my weeping comrades, far from their native land. And I, awaking, hesitated in my gallant heart whether to cast myself out of the ship into the sea and perish there, or saying nothing to bide among the living. I forced myself to stay; covering my head, I lay down, while the ships were driven by the cruel storm of wind back to the island of Aeolia.

"So here we went ashore and drew some water, and soon by the swift ships my men prepared a meal. Then after we had tasted food and drink, taking a herald and a comrade with me, I turned toward the lordly house of Aeolus. I found him at the feast, beside his wife and children. We entered the hall and on the threshold by the doorposts we sat down; and they all marveled in their hearts and questioned:

"'How came you here, Odysseus? What hostile power assailed you? With care we sent you forth, to let you reach your land and home or anywhere you pleased.'

"So they spoke, and with an aching heart I answered: 'A wicked crew betrayed me—they and a cruel sleep. But heal my woes, my friends, for you have power.'

"So I spoke, addressing them in humble words. Then all the rest were silent, but the father answered thus: 'Out of the island instantly, vilest of all that live! I may not aid or send upon his way a man detested by the blessed gods. Begone! for you are here because the immortals detest you.'

"With that he turned me loud lamenting from his door. Thence we sailed on, with aching hearts. Worn was the spirit of my men under the heavy rowing, caused by our folly too; aid on our way appeared no more.

"Six days we sailed, as well by night as day, and on the seventh came to the steep citadel of Telepylus in Laestrygonia, where one shepherd leading home his flock calls to another, and the other answers as he leads his own flock forth. Here a man who never slept might earn a double wage: now herding kine, now tending silvery sheep; so close are the outgoings of the night and day. And when we reached the splendid harbor—round which the rock runs steep, continuous all the way, and the projecting cliffs, facing each other, stretch

forward at the mouth, and narrow is the entrance—into the basin all the rest steered their curved ships, and so the ships lay in the hollow harbor, side by side; for no wave swelled within it, large or small, but a clear calm was all around. I alone stationed my black ship outside the harbor, there at the point, lashing my cables to the rock. Then climbing up, I took my stand on a rugged point of outlook. From it no work of man or beast was to be seen, only we saw some smoke ascending from the ground. So I sent sailors forth to go and learn what men dwelt in the land—selecting two, and joining them with a herald as a third. Leaving the ship, they took a beaten road where carts brought timber from the lofty hills down to the town below. Before the town they met a maiden drawing water, the stately daughter of the Laestrygonian Antiphates. She had come down to a clear-flowing fountain from which they used to fetch the water for the town. So my men, drawing near, addressed her and inquired who was the king of the people here; at this she pointed to her father's high-roofed house. But when they entered the lordly hall, they found a woman there huge as a mountain peak; at her they were aghast. Straightway she called from the assembly noble Antiphates, her husband, who sought to bring upon my men a miserable end. Now seizing one, he made his meal of him; and the two others, dashing off, came flying to the ships. With this he raised a cry throughout the town, and hearing it, the mighty Laestrygonians gathered here and there, seeming not men but giants. Then from the rocks they hurled down ponderous stones; and soon among the ships arose a dreadful din of dying men and crashing ships. As men spear fish, they gathered in their loathsome meal. But while they slaughtered these in the deep harbor, I drew my sharp sword from my thigh and cut the cables of my dark-bowed ship; and quickly encouraging my men, I bade them fall to their oars, that we might flee from danger. They all tossed up the water, in terror for their lives, and cheerily to sea, away from the beetling cliff, my ship sped on; but all the other ships went down together there.

"Thence we sailed on with aching hearts, glad to be clear of death, though missing our dear comrades. And now we reached the island of Aeaea, where fair-haired Circe dwelt, a mighty goddess, human of speech. She was the sister of the sorcerer Aeetes; both were the children of the beaming Sun and of a mother Perse, the daughter of Oceanus. Here we bore landward with our ship and ran in silence into a sheltering harbor, a god our guide. Landing, we lay two days

and nights, gnawing our hearts because of toil and trouble; but when the fair-haired dawn brought the third day, I took my spear and my sharp sword, and from the ship walked briskly up to a place of distant view, hoping to see some work of man or catch some voice. So climbing up, I took my stand on a rugged point of outlook, and smoke appeared rising from open ground at Circe's dwelling, through some oak thickets and a wood. Then for a time I doubted in my mind whether to go and search the matter while I saw the flaring smoke. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way first to return to the swift ship and to the shore; there give my men their dinner, and send them forth to search.

"But on my way, as I drew near to the curved ship, some god took pity on me and sent a high-horned deer into my very path. From feeding in the wood he came to the stream to drink, for by the sun's heat he thirsted. As he stepped out, I struck him in the spine midway along the back; the bronze spear pierced him through; down in the dust he fell with a moan, and his life flew away. Setting my foot upon him, I drew from the wound the brazen spear and laid it on the ground; then I plucked twigs and osiers, and wove a rope a fathom long, twisted from end to end, with which I bound together the monstrous creature's legs. So with him upon my back I walked to the black ship leaning upon my spear, because it was not possible to hold him with my hand upon my shoulder; for the beast was very large. Before the ship I threw him down and then with cheering words aroused my men, standing by each in turn:

"'We shall not, friends, however sad, go to the halls of Hades until our destined day. But while there still is food and drink in the swift ship, let us get to eating and not waste away with hunger.'

"So I spoke, and my words they quickly heeded. Throwing their coverings off upon the shore beside the barren sea, they gazed upon the deer; for the beast was very large. Then after they had satisfied their eyes with gazing, they washed their hands and made a glorious feast. Thus all throughout the day till setting sun we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine; and when the sun went down and darkness came, we laid us down to sleep upon the beach. Then as the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, holding a council, I said to all my men:

"'My suffering comrades, hearken to my words: for since, my friends, we do not know the place of dusk or dawn, the place at which the beaming sun goes underground nor where it rises, let us at once

consider if a wise course is left. I do not think there is; for I saw, on climbing to a rugged outlook, an island which the boundless deep encircles like a crown. Low in the sea it lies; midway across, I saw a smoke through some oak thickets and a wood.'

"As I thus spoke, their very souls were crushed within them, remembering the deeds of Laestrygonian Antiphates and the cruelty of the daring Cyclops, the devourer of men. They cried aloud and let the tears roll down; but no good came to them from their lamenting.

"Now the whole body of my mailed companions I divided in two bands, and to each band assigned a leader: the one I led, godlike Eurylochus the other. Straightway we shook the lots in a bronze helmet, and the lot of bold Eurylochus leapt out first. So he departed, two and twenty comrades following, all in tears; and us they left in sorrow too behind. Within the glades they found the house of Circe, built of smooth stone upon commanding ground. All round about were mountain wolves and lions, which Circe had charmed by giving evil drugs. These creatures did not spring upon my men, but stood erect, wagging their long tails, and fawning. As hounds fawn round their master when he comes from meat, because he always brings them dainties that they like, so round these men the strong-clawed wolves and lions fawned. Still my men trembled at the sight of the strange beasts. They stood before the door of the fair-haired goddess, and in the house heard Circe singing with sweet voice, while tending her great imperishable loom and weaving webs, fine, beautiful, and lustrous as are the works of gods. Polites was the first to speak, one ever foremost, and one to me the nearest and the dearest of my comrades:

"'Ah, friends, somebody in the house is tending a great loom and singing sweetly; the whole place echoes. It is a god or woman. Then let us quickly call.'

"He spoke, the others lifted up their voice and called; and suddenly coming forth, she opened the shining doors and called them in. The rest all followed, heedless. Only Eurylochus remained behind, suspicious of a snare. She led them in and seated them on couches and on chairs, and made a potion for them—cheese, barley, and yellow honey, stirred in Pramnian wine—but mingled with the food pernicious drugs, to make them quite forget their native land. Now after she had given the cup and they had drunk it off, straight with a wand she smote them and penned them up in sties; and they took on the heads of swine, the voice, the bristles, and even the shape, yet was

their sense as sound as heretofore. Thus, weeping, they were penned; and Circe flung them acorns, chestnuts, and cornel-fruit to eat, such things as swine that wallow in the mud are wont to eat.

"Eurylochus, meanwhile, came to the swift black ship to bring me tidings of my men and tell their bitter fate. Strive as he might, he could not speak a word, so stricken was he to the soul with great distress; his eyes were filled with tears, his heart felt anguish. But when we all in great amazement questioned him, then he described the loss of all his men:

"'We went, as you commanded, noble Odysseus, through the thicket and found within the glades a beautiful house, built of smooth stone upon commanding ground. There somebody was tending a great loom and singing loud, some god or woman. The others lifted up their voice and called; and suddenly coming forth, she opened the shining doors and called them in. The rest all followed, heedless; but I remained behind, suspicious of a snare. They vanished, one and all; not one appeared again, though long I sat and watched.'

"So he spoke; I slung my silver-studded sword about my shoulders—large it was and made of bronze—and my bow with it, and bade him lead me back the selfsame way. But he, clasping my knees with both his hands, entreated me, and sorrowfully said in winged words:

"'O heaven-descended man, bring me not there against my will, but leave me here; for well I know you never will return, nor will you bring another of your comrades. Rather, with these now here, let us speed on; for we might even yet escape the evil day.'

"So he spoke, and answering him said I: 'Eurylochus, remain then here yourself, eating and drinking by the black hollow ship; but I will go, for strong necessity is upon me.'

"Saying this, I passed up from the ship and from the sea. But when, in walking up the solemn glades, I was about to reach the great house of the sorceress Circe, there I was met, as I approached the house, by Hermes of the golden wand, in likeness of a youth, the first down on his lip—a time of life most handsome. He held my hand and spoke, and thus addressed me:

"'Where are you going, hapless man, along the hills alone, ignorant of the land? Your comrades yonder, at the house of Circe, are penned like swine and kept in fast-closed sties. You come to free them? No, I am sure you will return no more, but there, like all the rest, you too will stay. Still, I can keep you clear of harm and give you safety. Here, take this potent herb and go to Circe's house; this shall protect your

life against an evil day. And I will tell you all the magic arts of Circe: she will prepare for you a potion and cast drugs into your food; but even so, she cannot charm you, because the potent herb which I shall give will not permit it. And let me tell you more: when Circe turns against you her long wand, then draw the sharp sword from your thigh and spring upon Circe as if you meant to slay her.'

"As he thus spoke, the messenger gave the herb, drawing it from the ground, and pointed out its nature. Black at the root it is, like milk its blossom; the gods call it moly. Hard is it for a mortal man to dig; with gods all things are easy.

"Hermes departed now to high Olympus, along the woody island. I made my way to Circe's house, and as I went my heart grew very dark. But I stood at the gate of the fair-haired goddess, stood there and called, and the goddess heard my voice. Suddenly coming forth, she opened the shining doors and called me in; I followed her with aching heart. She led me in and placed me on a silver-studded chair, beautiful, richly wrought—upon its lower part there was a footstool—and she prepared a potion in a golden cup, for me to drink, but put in it a drug, with wicked purpose in her heart. Now after she had given the drink and I had drunk it, and yet was not enchanted, smiting me with her wand, she spoke these words and cried: 'Off to the sty, and lie there with your fellows!'

"She spoke; I drew the sharp blade from my thigh and sprang upon Circe as if I meant to slay her. With a loud cry, she cowered and clasped my knees, and sorrowfully said in winged words:

and clasped my knees, and sorrowfully said in winged words:

"'Who are you? Of what people? Where is your town and kindred?

I marvel much that drinking of these drugs you were not changed.

None, no man else, ever withstood these drugs who tasted them, so soon as they had passed the barrier of his teeth; but in your breast there is a soul which cannot be beguiled. Surely you are adventurous Odysseus, who the god of the golden wand, the messenger, always declared would come upon his way from Troy—he and his swift black ship. Now, then, put up your blade within its sheath.'

"So she spoke, and answering her said I: 'Circe, why ask me to be gentle toward you when you have turned my comrades into swine within your halls, and here detain me and with treacherous purpose. But I will never willingly consent till you swear a solemn oath that you are not meaning now to plot me a new woe.'

"So I spoke, and she then she took the oath which I required.
"Meanwhile attendants were busy at work about the halls—four

maids, who were the serving-women of the palace. They are the children of the springs and groves and of the sacred streams that run into the sea. One threw upon the chairs beautiful cloths; purple she spread above, linen below. The next placed silver tables by the chairs and set forth golden baskets. A third stirred in a bowl the cheering wine—sweet wine in silver—and filled the golden cups. A fourth brought water and kindled a large fire under a great kettle, and let the water heat. Then when the water in the glittering copper boiled, she seated me in the bath and bathed me from the kettle about the head and shoulders, tempering the water well, till from my joints she drew the sore fatigue. And after she had bathed me and anointed me with oil and put upon me a goodly coat and tunic, she led me in and placed me on a silver-studded chair, beautiful, richly wrought—upon its lower part there was a rest for feet—and water for the hands a servant brought me in a beautiful pitcher made of gold, and poured it into a silver basin for my washing, and spread a polished table by my side. Then the grave housekeeper brought bread and placed before me, setting out food of many a kind, freely giving of her store, and bade me eat. But that pleased not my heart; I sat with other thoughts; my heart foreboded evil.

"When Circe saw me sitting thus, not laying hands upon my food but harboring sore sorrow, approaching me she said in winged words: 'Why do you sit, Odysseus, thus, like one struck dumb, gnawing your heart, and touch no food nor drink? Do you suspect some further guile? You have no cause for fear, for just now I swore to you a solemn oath.'

"So she spoke, and answering her said I: 'Ah, Circe, what upright man could bring himself to taste of food or drink before he had released his friends and seen them with his eyes? But if you in sincerity will bid me drink and eat, then set them free; that I with my own eyes may see my trusty comrades.'

"So I spoke, and from the hall went Circe, wand in hand. She opened the sty doors, and forth she drove what seemed like nine-year swine. A while they stood before her, and, passing along the line, Circe anointed each one with a counter-charm. So from their limbs fell the hair which at first the accursed drug had made to grow; and once more they were men, men younger than before, much fairer too and taller to behold. They knew me, and each grasped my hand, and from them all passionate sobs burst forth, and all the house gave a

sad echo. The goddess pitied us, and standing by my side the heavenly one said:

"'High-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, go now to your swift ship and to the shore, and first of all draw up your ship upon the land, and store within the caves your goods and all your gear, and then come back yourself and bring your trusty comrades.'

"So she spoke, and my proud heart assented. I went to the swift ship and to the shore, and found by the swift ship my trusty comrades in bitter lamentation letting the tears roll down. As the stalled calves skip round a drove of cows returning to the barn-yard when satisfied with grazing; with one accord they all bound forth, the folds no longer hold them, but with continual bleat they frisk about their mothers; so did these men, when they caught sight of me, press weeping round. To them it seemed as if they had already reached their land, the very town of rugged Ithaca where they were bred and born; and through their sobs they said in winged words:

"'Now you have come, O heaven-descended man, we are as glad

"'Now you have come, O heaven-descended man, we are as glad as if we were approaching Ithaca, our native land. But tell about the loss of all our other comrades.'

"So they spoke; I in soft words made answer: 'Let us now first of all draw up our ship upon the land and store within the caves our goods and all our gear; then hasten all of you to follow me, and see your comrades in the magic house of Circe drinking and eating, holding constant cheer.'

"So I spoke, and my words they quickly heeded. Eurylochus alone tried to hold back my comrades, and speaking in winged words he said: 'Poor fools, where are we going? Why are you so in love with misery that you will go to Circe's hall and let her turn us all to swine and wolves and lions, that we may then keep watch at her great house? Such deeds the Cyclops did when to his lair our comrades came, and with them went this reckless man, Odysseus; for through his folly those men also perished.'

"As he thus spoke, I hesitated in my heart whether to draw my keen-edged blade from my stout thigh and by a blow bring down his head into the dust, near as he was by tie of marriage; but with soft words my comrades stayed me, each in his separate way:

"'High-born Odysseus, we will leave him, if you please, here by the ship to guard the ship; but lead us to the magic house of Circe.'

"Saying this, they passed up from the ship and from the sea. Yet

Eurylochus did not tarry by the hollow ship; he followed, for he feared my stern rebuke.

"But in the meanwhile to my other comrades at the palace Circe had given a pleasant bath, anointed them with oil, and put upon them fleecy coats and tunics; merrily feasting in her halls we found them all. When the men saw and recognized each other, they wept aloud and the house echoed around; and standing by my side the heavenly goddess said:

"'High-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, let not this swelling grief rise farther now. I myself know what hardships you have borne upon the swarming sea and how fierce men harassed you on the land. Come, then, eat food, drink wine, until you find once more that spirit in the breast which once was yours when you first left your native land of rugged Ithaca. Now, worn and spiritless, your thoughts still dwell upon your weary wandering. For many a day your heart has not been glad, for sorely have you suffered.'

"So she spoke, and our proud hearts assented. Here, then, day after day, for a full year, we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine. But when the year was gone and the round of the seasons rolled, as the months waned and the long days were done, then calling me aside my trusty comrades said:

"'Sir, consider now your native land, if you are destined ever to be saved and reach your stately house and native land.'

"So they spoke, and my proud heart assented. Yet all throughout that day till setting sun we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine; and when the sun went down and darkness came, my men lay down to sleep throughout the dusky halls. But I went to the radiant couch of Circe and made supplication to her by her knees, and to my voice the goddess hearkened; and speaking in winged words, I said:

"'Circe, fulfill the promise made to send me home; for now my spirit stirs, with that of all my men, who vex my heart with their complaints when you are gone.'

"So I spoke, and straight the heavenly goddess answered: 'Highborn son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, stay no longer at my home against your will. But you must first perform a different journey, and go to the halls of Hades and of dread Persephone, there to consult the spirit of Teiresias of Thebes—the prophet blind, whose mind is still intact. To him, though dead, Persephone has granted reason, to him alone sound understanding; the rest are flitting shadows.'

"As she thus spoke, my very soul was crushed within me, and sitting on the bed I fell to weeping; my heart no longer cared to live and see the light of day. But when of weeping I had had my fill, then thus I answered her and said: 'But, Circe, who will be my pilot on this journey? None by black ship has ever reached the land of Hades.'

"So I spoke, and straight the heavenly goddess answered: 'High-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, let not lack of pilot for your ship disturb you, but set the mast, spread the white sail aloft, and sit right down; the breath of Boreas shall bear it onward. When you have crossed by ship the Ocean-stream to where the shore is rough and the grove of Persephone stands—tall poplars and seed-shedding and the grove of Persephone stands—tall poplars and seed-shedding willows—there beach your ship by the deep eddies of the Ocean-stream, but go yourself to the moldering house of Hades. There is a spot where into Acheron run Pyriphlegethon and Cocytus, a stream which is an offshoot of the waters of the Styx; a rock here forms the meeting-point of the two roaring rivers. To this spot then, hero, draw nigh, just as I bid; and dig a pit, about a cubit either way, and round its edges pour an offering to all the dead—first honey-mixture, next sweet wine, and thirdly water, and over all strew the white barley-meal. Make many supplications also to the strengthless dead, vowing when you return to Ithaca to take the barren cow that is your best and offer it in your hall, heaping the pyre with treasure; and to Teiresias separately to sacrifice a sheep, for him alone, one wholly black, the very choicest of your flock. So when with vows you have implored the choicest of your flock. So when with vows you have implored the illustrious peoples of the dead, offer a ram and a black ewe, bending their heads toward Erebus, but turn yourself away, facing the river's stream; to you shall gather many spirits of those now dead and gone. Then straightway call your men, and bid them take the sheep now lying there slain by the ruthless sword, and flay and burn them, and call upon the gods—on powerful Hades and on dread Persephone—while you yourself, drawing your sharp sword from your thigh, sit still and do not let the strangthless dead approach the blood till you still and do not let the strengthless dead approach the blood till you have made inquiry of Teiresias. Here the prophet will quickly come, O chief of men, and he will tell your course, the stages of your journey, and of your homeward way, how you may pass along the swarming sea.'

"Even as she spoke, the gold-throned morning came. On me she put a coat and tunic for my raiment; and the nymph dressed herself in a long silvery robe, fine spun and graceful; she bound a beautiful golden girdle round her waist, and put a veil upon her head. Then through the house I passed and roused my men with cheering words, standing by each in turn:

"'Sleep no more now, nor drowse in pleasant slumber, but let us go, for radiant Circe has at last made known to me the way.'

"So I spoke, and their proud hearts assented. Yet even from there I did not bring away my men in safety. There was a certain Elpenor, the youngest of them all, a man not very stout in fight nor sound of reason, who, parted from his mates, lay down to sleep upon the magic house of Circe, seeking for coolness when overcome with wine. As his companions stirred, hearing the noise and tumult, he suddenly sprang up and quite forgot how to come down again by the long ladder, but he fell headlong from the roof; his neck was broken in its socket, and his soul went down to the house of Hades.

"When my men gathered there, I said to them: 'You think, perhaps, that you are going home to your own native land; but Circe has marked out for us a different journey, down to the halls of Hades and of dread Persephone, there to consult the spirit of Teiresias of Thebes.'

"As I thus spoke, their very souls were crushed within them, and sitting down where each one was they moaned and tore their hair; but no good came to them from their lamenting.

"Now while we walked to the swift ship and to the shore, in sadness, letting the tears roll down, Circe went on before, and there by the black ship tied a black ewe and ram, passing us lightly by. When a god does not wish, what man can spy him moving to and fro?"

BOOK XI

The Land of the Dead

Now when we came down to our ship at the beach, we first launched it into the shiny sea, put mast and sail in the black ship, then took the sheep and drove them in, and we ourselves embarked in sadness, letting the tears roll down. And for our aid behind our dark-bowed ship came a fair wind to fill our sail, a welcome comrade, sent us by fair-haired Circe, the mighty goddess, human of speech. So when we had done our work at the several ropes about the ship we sat down, while wind and helmsman kept her steady; and all day long the sail of the running ship was stretched. Then the sun sank, and all the ways grew dark.

"And soon we reached the earth's limits, the deep stream of the Ocean, where the Cimmerian people's land and city lie, wrapped in a fog and cloud. Never on them does the shining sun look down with his beams, as he goes up the starry sky or as again toward earth he turns back from the sky, but deadly night is spread abroad over these hapless men. On coming here, we beached our ship and set the sheep ashore, then walked along the Ocean-stream until we reached the spot foretold by Circe.

"Here Perimedes and Eurylochus held fast the victims, while drawing my sharp blade from my thigh, I dug a pit, about a cubit either way, and round its edges poured an offering to all the dead-first honey-mixture, next sweet wine, and thirdly water, and over all I strewed white barley-meal; and I made many supplications to the strengthless dead, vowing when I returned to Ithaca to take the barren cow that was my best and offer it in my hall, heaping the pyre with treasure; and to Teiresias separately to sacrifice a sheep, for him alone, one wholly black, the choicest of my flock. So when with prayers and vows I had implored the company of the dead, I took the sheep and cut their throats over the pit, and forth the dark blood ran. Then gathered there spirits from out of Erebus of those now dead and gonebrides, and unwedded youths, and worn old men, delicate maids with hearts but new to sorrow, and many pierced with brazen spears, men slain in fight, wearing their blood-stained armor. In crowds around the pit they flocked from every side, with awful wail. Pale terror seized me. Nevertheless, encouraging my men, I bade them take the sheep now lying there slain by the ruthless sword, and flay and burn them, and call upon the gods-on powerful Hades and on dread Persephone -while I myself, drawing my sharp sword from my thigh, sat still and did not let the strengthless dead approach the blood till I had made inquiry of Teiresias.

"First came the spirit of my man, Elpenor. He had not yet been buried under the broad earth; for we left his body at the hall of Circe, unwept, unburied, since other tasks were urgent. I wept to see him and pitied him in my heart, and speaking in winged words I-said:

"'Elpenor, how did you reach this murky gloom? Faster you came on foot than I in my black ship.'

"So I spoke, and with a groan he answered: 'High-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, Heaven's cruel doom destroyed me, and excess of wine. After I went to sleep on Circe's house, I did not notice how to go down again by the long ladder, but I fell headlong

from the roof; my neck was broken in its socket, and my soul came down to the house of Hades. Now I entreat you—for I know, as you go hence out of the house of Hades, you will touch with your sturdy ship the island of Aeaea—there then, my master, I charge you, think of me. Do not, in going, leave me behind, unwept, unburied, deserting me, lest I become a cause of anger to the gods against you; but burn me in the armor that was mine, and on the shore of the foaming sea erect the mound of an unhappy man, that future times may know. Do this for me, and fix upon my grave the oar with which in life I rowed among my comrades.'

"So he spoke, and answering him said I: 'Unhappy man, this will I carry out and do for you.'

"In such sad words talking with one another, there we sat—I on the one side, holding my blade over the blood, while the specter of my comrade, on the other, told of his many woes.

"Now came the spirit of my dead mother, Anticleia, daughter of brave Autolycus, whom I had left alive on setting forth for sacred Troy. I wept to see her and pitied her from my heart; but even so, I did not let her—deeply though it grieved me—approach the blood till I had made inquiry of Teiresias.

"Then came the spirit of Teiresias of Thebes, holding his golden scepter. He knew me, and said to me: 'High-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, why now, unhappy man, leaving the sunshine, have you come here to see the dead and this forbidding place? Draw back from the pit and turn your sharp blade from the blood, that I may drink and speak what will not fail.'

"So he spoke, and drawing back I thrust my silver-studded sword into its sheath. And after he had drunk of the dark blood, then thus the blameless prophet addressed me:

"'You are looking for a joyous journey home, glorious Odysseus, but a god will make it hard; for I do not think you will elude the Earth-shaker, who bears a grudge against you in his heart, angry because you blinded his dear son. Yet even so, by meeting hardship you may still reach home, if you will curb the passions of yourself and crew when once you bring your sturdy ship to the Thrinacian island, safe from the dark blue sea, and find the pasturing kine and goodly sheep of the Sun, who sees all things and also hears all things. If you leave these unharmed and mind your homeward way, you still may come to Ithaca, though you shall meet with hardship. But if you harm them, then I predict the loss of ship and crew; and even if you yourself

escape, late shall you come, in evil plight, with loss of all your crew, on the vessel of a stranger. At home you shall find trouble—bold men devouring your livelihood, wooing your matchless wife, and offering bridal gifts. Nevertheless, on your return, you surely shall avenge their crimes. But after you have slain the suitors in your halls, whether by stratagem or by the sharp sword boldly, then journey on, bearing a shapely oar, until you reach the men who know no sea and do not eat food mixed with salt. These therefore have no knowledge of the redbowed ships, nor of the shapely oars which are the wings of ships. And I will give a sign easy to be observed, which shall not fail you: when another traveler, meeting you, shall say you have a winnowing fan on your white shoulder, there fix in the ground your shapely oar, and make fit offerings to lord Poseidon-a ram, a bull, and the sow's mate, a boar-and turning homeward offer sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods who hold the open sky, all in the order due. Upon yourself death from the sea shall very gently come and cut you off bowed down with hearty old age. Round you shall be a prosperous people. I speak what shall not fail.'

"So he spoke, and answering him said I: 'Teiresias, these are the threads of destiny the gods themselves have spun. Nevertheless, tell me this: I see the spirit of my dead mother here; silent she sits beside the blood and has not, although I am her son, deigned to look in my face or speak to me. Tell me, my master, how may she know that it is I?'

"So I spoke, and straightway answering me said he: 'A simple saying I will tell and fix it in your mind: whomever among those dead and gone you let approach the blood, he shall declare the truth. But whomever you refuse, he shall go back again.'

"So saying, into the house of Hades passed the spirit of the great Teiresias, after telling heaven's decrees; but I still held my place until my mother came and drank of the dark blood. She knew me instantly, and sorrowfully said in winged words:

"'My child, how did you reach this murky gloom, while still alive? Awful to the living are these sights. Great rivers are between, and fearful floods—mightiest of all, the Ocean-stream, not to be crossed on foot, but only on a strong-built ship. Did you just now come here, upon your way from Troy, wandering a long time with your ship and crew? Have you not been in Ithaca, nor seen your wife at home?'

"So she spoke, and answering her said I: 'My mother, need brought me to the house of Hades, here to consult the spirit of Teiresias of

Thebes. I have not yet been near Achaea nor once set foot upon my land, but have been always wandering and meeting sorrow since the first day I followed royal Agamemnon to Troy, famed for horses, to fight the Trojans there. But now tell me this: what doom of death that lays men low o'erwhelmed you? Some long disease? Or did the huntress Artemis attack and slay you with her painless arrows? And tell me of my father and the son I left; still in their keeping are my honors? Or does at last a stranger hold them, while people say that I shall come no more? Tell me, moreover, of my wedded wife, her plans and thoughts. Is she abiding by her child and keeping all in safety? Or was she finally married by some chief of the Achaeans?'

"So I spoke, and straight my honored mother answered: 'Indeed she stays with patient heart within your hall, and wearily the nights and days are wasted with her tears. Nobody yet holds your fair honors; in peace Telemachus farms your estate, and sits at equal feasts where it befits the lawgiver to be a guest; for all give him a welcome. Your father stays among the fields and comes to the town no more. Bed has he none, bedstead, nor robes, nor bright-hued rugs; but through the winter he sleeps in the house where servants sleep, in the dust beside the fire, and wears upon his body ragged clothes. Then when the summer comes and fruitful autumn, wherever he may be about his slope of vineyard-ground a bed is piled of leaves fallen on the earth. There lies he in distress, grief welling strong within, longing for your return; and hard old age comes on. Even so I also died and met my doom: not that at home the sure-eyed huntress attacked and slew me with her painless arrows; nor did a sickness come, which oftentimes by sad decay steals from the limbs the life; but longing for you your wise ways, glorious Odysseus, and your tenderness-took joyous life away.'

"As she thus spoke, I yearned, though my mind hesitated, to clasp the image of my mother, even though dead. Three times the impulse came; my heart urged me to clasp her. Three times out of my arms like a shadow or a dream she flitted, and the sharp pain about my heart grew only more; and in speaking in winged words, I said:

"'My mother, why not stay for me who long to clasp you, so that in the very house of Hades, throwing our arms round one another, we two may take our fill of piercing grief? Or is it a phantom high Persephone has sent, to make me weep and sorrow more?"

"So I spoke, and straight my honored mother answered: 'Ah, my own child, beyond all men ill-fated! In no way is Persephone, daughter

of Zeus, beguiling you, but this is the way with mortals when they die: the sinews then no longer hold the flesh and bones together; for these the strong force of the blazing fire destroys, when once the life leaves the white bones, and like a dream the spirit flies away. But now, press quickly on into the light, and of all this take heed, to tell your wife hereafter.'

"So we conversed there; but now the women came—for dread Persephone had sent them—who were great men's wives and daughters. Round the dark blood in throngs they gathered, and I considered how to question each. Then to my mind this seemed the wisest way: I drew my keen-edged blade from my stout thigh and did not let them all at once drink the dark blood, but one by one they came, and each declared her lineage, and I questioned all.

"Iphimedeia I saw, wife of Aloëus. She bore two children, but short-lived they proved—Otus, the godlike, and far-famed Ephialtes—whom the fruitful earth made grow to be the tallest and most beautiful of men, after renowned Orion; for at nine years they were nine cubits broad, and in height they reached nine fathoms. Therefore they even threatened the immortals with raising on Olympus the commotion of furious war. Ossa they strove to set upon Olympus, and upon Ossa leafy Pelion, that thus the heavens might be scaled. And this they would have done, had they but reached the period of their prime; but the son of Zeus whom fair-haired Leto bore destroyed them both before below their temples the downy hair had sprung and covered their chins with the fresh beard.

"Phaedra and Procris, too, I saw, and beautiful Ariadne, daughter of wizard Minos, whom Theseus tried to bring from Crete to the slopes of sacred Athens. But he gained naught thereby; before she came, Artemis slew her in sea-girt Dia, prompted by the gossip of Dionysus.

"Maera and Clymene I saw, and hateful Eriphyle who took a bribe of gold as the price of her own husband. But all I cannot tell, nor even name the many heroes' wives and daughters whom I saw; before that, the immortal night would pass away. Already it is time to sleep, at the swift ship among the crew or here. My journey hence rests with the gods and you."

As thus he ended, all were hushed to silence, held by his spell throughout the dusky hall. Then answered him Alcinous and said: "Odysseus, we judge you by your looks to be no cheat or thief; though many are the men the dark earth breeds, and scatters far and wide,

who fashion falsehoods out of what no man can see. But you have a grace of word and a noble mind within, and you told your tale as skillfully as if you were a bard, relating all the troubles of the Greeks and your own. But now tell this to me: did you see any of the godlike comrades who went with you to Troy and there met doom? The night is very long; yes, very long. The hour for sleeping at the hall has not yet come. Tell me the wondrous story. I could be well content till dawn, if you were willing in the hall to tell us of your woes."

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Lord Alcinoüs, renowned of all, there is a time for stories and a time for sleep; yet if you wish to listen longer, I would not shrink from telling tales more pitiful than these, the woes of my companions who died, men who escaped the grievous war-cry of the Trojans to die on their return through a wicked woman's will.

"When, then, dread Persephone had scattered here and there those ghosts of tender women, there came the image of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing. Around thronged other ghosts of men who by his side had died in the house of Aegisthus and there had met their doom. He knew me as soon as he had drunk of the dark blood; and then he cried aloud and let the tears roll down, and stretched his hands forth eagerly to grasp me. But no, there was no strength or vigor left, such as was once within his supple limbs. I wept to see him, and pitied him from my heart, and speaking in winged words I said:

"'Great son of Atreus, Agamemnon, lord of men, what doom of death that lays men low o'erwhelmed you? Was it on shipboard that Poseidon struck you, raising unwelcome blasts of cruel wind? Or did fierce men destroy you on the land, while you were cutting down their kine or their fair flocks of sheep, or while you fought to win their town and carry off their women?'

"So I spoke, and straightway answering me said he: 'No, high-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, on shipboard Poseidon did not strike me, raising unwelcome blasts of cruel wind, nor did fierce men destroy me on the land; it was Aegisthus, plotting death and doom, who slew me, aided by my accursed wife, when he had welcomed me home and had me at the feast, even as one kills the ox before the manger. So thus I died a lamentable death, and all my men, with no escape, were slain around me; like white-toothed swine at some rich, powerful man's wedding, or banquet, or gay festival. You have yourself been present at the death of many men—men slain in single combat and in

the press of war; yet here you would have felt your heart most touched with pity, to see how round the mixing-bowl and by the loaded tables we lay about the hall, and all the pavement ran with blood. Saddest of all, I heard the cry of Priam's daughter, Cassandra, whom crafty Clytaemnestra slew beside me; and I, on the ground, lifted my hands and clutched my sword in dying. But she, the brutal woman, turned away and did not deign, though I was going to the house of Hades, to draw with her hand my eyelids down and press my lips together. Ah, what can be more horrible and brutish than a woman when she admits into her thoughts such deeds as these! And what a shameless deed she plotted to bring about the murder of the husband of her youth! I used to think how glad my coming home would be, to my children and my slaves; but she, bent upon such devilish crime, brought shame upon herself and all of womankind who shall be born hereafter.'

"So he spoke, and answering him said I: 'Alas! The house of Atreus was sorely plagued with women's wiles, from the beginning: for Helen's sake how many of us died; and Clytaemnestra devised a plot while you were far away.'

"So I spoke, and straightway answering me said he: 'Never be you, then, gentle to your wife, nor speak out all you really mean; but tell a part and let a part be hid. And yet on you, Odysseus, no violent death shall ever fall from your wife's hand; for truly wise and of an understanding heart is the daughter of Icarius, thoughtful Penelope. As a young bride we left her, on going to the war. A child was at her breast, an infant then, who now perhaps sits in the ranks of men, and happy too; for his dear father, coming home, will see him, and he will meet his father with embrace, as children should. But my wife did not let me feast my eyes upon my son; before he came, she slew me. This I will say moreover; mark it well. By stealth, not openly, bring in your ship to shore, for there is no more faith in woman. But now tell me this, whether you hear my son is living still—at Orchomenus, perhaps, or sandy Pylos, or at the home of Menelaus in broad Sparta; for surely nowhere on the earth has royal Orestes died.'

"So he spoke, and answering him said I: 'O son of Atreus, why question me of this? Whether he be alive or dead I do not know. To speak vain words is ill.'

"In such sad words talking with one another mournfully we stood, letting the tears roll down. And now there came the image of Achilles, son of Peleus, and of Patroclus too, of gallant Antilochus, and of Ajax,

who was first in beauty and in stature of all the Danaäns after the gallant son of Peleus. But the ghost of swift-footed Achilles knew me, and sorrowfully said in winged words:

"'High-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, rash as you are, what will you undertake more desperate than this! How dared you come down here to the house of Hades, where dwell the senseless dead, specters of toil-worn men?'

"So he spoke, and answering him said I: 'Achilles, son of Peleus, foremost of the Achaeans, I came for consultation with Teiresias, hoping that he might give advice for reaching rugged Ithaca. I have not yet been near Achaea nor once set foot upon my land, but have had constant trouble; while as for you, Achilles, no man was in the past more fortunate, nor in the future shall be; for once we Argives gave you equal honor with the gods, and now you are a mighty lord among the dead. Then do not grieve at having died, Achilles.'

"So I spoke, and straightway answering me said he: 'Mock not at death, glorious Odysseus. Better to be the hireling of a stranger, and serve a man of mean estate whose living is but small, than be the ruler over all these dead. No, tell me tales of my proud son, whether or not he followed to the war to be a leader; tell what you know of gallant Peleus, whether he still has honor in the cities of the Myrmidons; or do they slight him now in Hellas and in Phthia, because old age has touched his hands and feet? I am myself no longer in the sunlight to defend him, nor like what I once was when on the Trojan plain I routed a brave troop in succoring the Argives. If once like that I could come, even for a little time, into my father's house, frightful should be my might and my resistless hands to any who are troubling him and keeping him from honor.'

"So he spoke, and answering him said I: 'Indeed, of gallant Peleus I know nothing. But about your dear son Neoptolemus, I will tell you all the truth, as you desire; for it was I, in my trim hollow ship, who brought him from Scyros to the mailed Achaeans. And when encamped at Troy we held a council, he always was the first to speak, and no word missed its mark; godlike Nestor and I alone surpassed him. Moreover, on the Trojan plain, when we Achaeans battled, he never tarried in the throng nor at the rallying-place, but pressed before us all, yielding to none in courage. Many a man he slew in mortal combat. Fully I cannot tell, nor even name the host he slew in fighting for the Greeks; but what a warrior was Eurypylus whom he vanquished with his sword!

"'Then when we entered the wooden horse Epeius made -we chieftains of the Greeks—and it was my responsibility to shut or open our close ambush, other captains and councilors of the Greeks would wipe away a tear, and their limbs shook beneath them; but watching him, at no time did I see his fair skin pale, nor from his cheeks did he wipe tears away. Often he begged to leave the horse; he fingered his sword-hilt and his bronze-tipped spear, eager to charge the Trojans. Yet after we overthrew the lofty town of Priam, he took his share of spoil and an honorable prize, and went on board unharmed, not hit by brazen point nor wounded in close combat, as for the most part happens in war.'

"So I spoke, and the spirit of swift-footed Achilles departed with long strides across the field of asphodel, pleased that I said his son was famous.

"But the other ghosts of those dead and gone stood sadly there; each asked for what he loved. Only the spirit of Ajax, son of Telamon, held aloof, still angry at the victory I gained in the contest at the ships for the armor of Achilles. The goddess mother of Achilles offered the prize, and the sons of the Trojans were the judges—they and Pallas Athene. Would I had never won in such a strife, since thus the earth closed round the head of Ajax, who in beauty and achievement surpassed all other Grecians except the gallant son of Peleus. To him I spoke in gentle words and said:

"'Ajax, son of gallant Telamon, will you not, even in death, forget your wrath about the accursed armor? To plague the Greeks the gods gave it, since such a tower of strength as you were lost thereby. For you as for Achilles, son of Peleus, do we Achaeans mourn unceasingly. None was to blame but Zeus, who, fiercely hating all the host of Grecian spearmen, brought upon you this doom. Now, king, draw near, that you may listen to our voice and hear our words. Abate your pride and haughty spirit.'

"I spoke; he did not answer, but he went his way after the other spirits of those dead and gone, on into Erebus. Yet despite his wrath, he would have spoken, or I would have spoken to him, but that the heart within my breast wished to see other spirits of the dead.

"There I saw Minos, the illustrious son of Zeus, a golden scepter in his hand, administering justice to the dead from where he sat, while all around men called for judgment from the king, sitting and standing in the wide-doored hall of Hades.

"Next I saw huge Orion drive through the field of asphodel the

game that in his life he slew among the lonely hills. He held a club of solid bronze that never can be broken.

"And Tityus I saw, the son of far-famed Gaia, stretched on the plain; across nine acres he stretched. Two vultures sat beside him, one upon either hand, and tore his liver, piercing the caul within. Yet with his hands he could not keep them off; for he did violence to Leto, the honored wife of Zeus, as she was going to Pytho through pleasant Panopeus.

"Tantalus, too, I saw in grievous torment and standing in a pool. It touched his chin. He strained for thirst, but could not take and drink; for as the old man bent, eager to drink, the water always receded and disappeared, and at his feet the dark earth showed. A god made it dry. Then leafy-crested trees drooped down their fruit—pears, pomegranates, apples with shining fruit, sweet figs, and ripene olives. But when the old man stretched his hand to take, a breeze would toss them toward the dusky clouds.

"And Sisyphus I saw in bitter pains, pushing a monstrous stone along with both his hands. Tugging with hand and foot, he pushed the stone upward along a hill. But when he thought he could heave it over the summit, a mighty power would turn it back; and so once more down to the ground the wicked stone would tumble. Again he strained to push it back; sweat ran down from his limbs, and from his head a dust cloud rose.

"And next I saw the might of Herakles—his phantom form; for he himself is with the immortal gods reveling at their feasts, wed to fair-ankled Hebe, child of great Zeus and golden-sandaled Hera. Around him rose a clamor of the dead, like that of birds, fleeing all ways in terror; while he, like gloomy night, with his bare bow and arrow on the string, glared fearfully, as if forever shooting. Terrible was the baldric round about his breast, a golden belt where marvelous devices had been wrought, bears and wild boars and fierce-eyed lions, struggles and fights, murders and blood-sheddings. Let the artificer design no more who once achieved that sword-belt by his art. Soon as he looked, he knew me, and sorrowfully said in winged words:

"'High-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, so you, poor man, perform a cruel task such as I once endured when in the sunlight. I was the son of Kronian Zeus, yet I had pains unnumbered; for to one very far beneath me I was bound, and he imposed hard labors. He even sent me here to carry off the dog, for nothing he supposed could be a harder labor. I brought the dog up hence, and dragged

him forth from Hades. Hermes was my guide, he and clear-eyed Athene.'

"So saying, back he went into the house of Hades, while I still held my place, hoping there yet might come some other heroes who died long ago. And more of the men of old I might have seen, as I desired—Theseus and Peirithoüs, famous children of the gods; but before they came, myriads of the people of the dead gathered with awful cry. Pale terror seized me. So, turning to my ship, I called my crew to come on board and loose the cables. Quickly they came, took places at the pins, and down the Ocean-stream the flowing current bore us, by oars first and then a pleasant breeze."

BOOK XII

The Sirens, Scylla, Charybdis, and the Kine of the Sun

AFTER OUR SHIP HAD LEFT the current of the Ocean-stream and come into the waters of the open sea and to the island of Aeaea, where is the dwelling of the early dawn, as we ran in we beached our ship among the sands, and forth we went upon the shore; there, falling fast asleep, we awaited dawn.

"But when the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, I sent men to the house of Circe to fetch the body of the dead Elpenor. Then hastily cutting logs, where the coast jutted out most sharply we buried him, in sadness, letting the tears roll down. After the corpse was burned and the armor of the dead man, we raised a mound, and dragged a stone upon it, and fixed on the mound's highest point his shapely oar.

"With all this we were busy; nevertheless, our coming from the house of Hades was not concealed from Circe, but quickly she adorned herself and came to meet us. Her maids bore bread and stores of meat and ruddy sparkling wine; and standing in the midst of all, the heavenly goddess said:

"'Madmen! who have gone down alive into the house of Hades, thus twice to meet with death while others die but once, come, eat this food and drink this wine here for today, and when tomorrow comes you shall set sail. I will myself point out the way and show you all; lest by unhappy lack of skill you be distressed on sea or land and suffer harm.'

"So she spoke, and our proud hearts assented. Thus all throughout

the day till setting sun we sat and feasted on abundant meat and pleasant wine; and when the sun had set and darkness came, my men lay down to sleep by the ship's cables; but leading me by the hand apart from my good comrades, the goddess bade me sit, herself reclined beside me, and asked me for my story. So I related all the tale in its due order. Then thus spoke Circe:

"'All this is ended now; but listen to what I say, and God himself shall help you to remember. First you will meet the Sirens, who cast a spell on every man who goes their way. Whoever draws near unwarned and hears the Sirens' voices, by him no wife nor little child shall ever stand, glad at his coming home; for the Sirens cast a spell of song, sitting within a meadow. Nearby is a great heap of rotting human bones; fragments of skin are shriveling on them. Therefore sail on, and stop your comrades' ears with sweet wax kneaded soft, that none of the rest may hear. If you yourself would listen, see that they bind you hand and foot on the swift ship, upright upon the mast-block—round it let the rope be wound—so that with pleasure you may hear the Sirens' song. And if you should entreat your men and bid them set you free, let them with still more fetters bind you fast.

"'After your men have brought the ship past these, what is to be your course I will not fully say; but you may think it over for yourself. I will describe both ways. Along one route stand beetling cliffs, and on them roar the mighty waves of dark-eyed Amphitrite; the blessed gods call them the Wandering Rocks. This way not even winged things can pass—no, not the gentle doves which bear ambrosia to father Zeus; but one of them the smooth rock always draws away, though the father puts another in to fill the number. No ship of man ever escapes when once come here, but in one common ruin planks of ships and sailors' bodies are swept by the sea-waves and storms of deadly flame. The only coursing ship that ever passed this way was Argo, famed of all, when voyaging from Aeëtes; and her the waves would soon have dashed on the great rocks, but Hera brought her through from love of Jason.

"'By the other way there are two crags, one reaching up to the broad heavens with its sharp peak. Clouds gather about it darkly and never float away; light strikes its peak neither in heat nor harvest. No mortal man could ever climb up or down it, though twenty hands and feet were his; for the rock is smooth, as if it were polished. About the middle of the crag is a dim cave, facing the west and Erebus, the very way where you must steer your rounded ship, glorious Odysseus; and

from that rounded ship no lusty youth could with a bow-shot reach the hollow cave. Here Scylla dwells and utters hideous cries; her voice like that of a young dog, and she herself an evil monster. None can behold her and be glad, be it a god who meets her. Twelve feet she has, and all misshapen; six necks, exceeding long; on each a frightful head; in these three rows of teeth, stout and close-set, fraught with dark death. As far as the waist she is drawn down within the hollow cave; but she holds forth her heads outside the awful chasm and fishes there, spying around the crag for dolphins, dogfish, or whatever larger monster she may catch, such things as mournful Amphitrite breeds by thousands. Never could sailors boast of passing her in safety; for with each head she takes a man, snatching him from the dark-bowed ship.

"'The second crag is lower, you will see, Odysseus, and close beside the first; you well might shoot across. On it a fig-tree stands, tall and in leafy bloom, underneath which divine Charybdis sucks the dark water down. For thrice a day she sends it up, and thrice she sucks it down, a fearful sight! May you not happen to be there when it goes down, for nobody could save you then from ill, not even the Earth-shaker. But swiftly turn your course toward Scylla's crag, and speed the ship along; for surely it is better to miss six comrades from your ship than all together.'

"So she spoke, and answering her, said I: 'Yet, goddess, tell me this in open truth: might I not possibly escape from fell Charybdis, and then beat off that other when she assails my crew?'

"So I spoke, and straight the heavenly goddess answered: 'Foolhardy man! Still bent on war and struggle! Will you not yield even to immortal gods? This is no mortal being, but an immortal woe—dire, hard, and fierce, and not to be fought down. Courage is nothing; flight is best. For if you arm and linger by the rock, I fear that, issuing forth once more, she may attack you with her many heads and carry off as many men. Therefore with zeal speed on; and call on Force, the mother of this Scylla, who bore her for a bane to humankind; she will restrain her from a second onset.

"'Next, you will reach the island of Thrinacia, where in great numbers feed the kine and the sturdy flocks of the Sun god Hyperion, seven droves of kine and just as many beautiful flocks of sheep, fifty in each. Of them, no young are born, nor do they ever die. Goddesses are their shepherds, nymphs of fair hair, Phaëthousa and Lampetia, whom to the exalted Sun divine Neaera bore. If you leave these unharmed and heed your homeward way, you still may come to Ithaca,

though you shall meet with hardship. But if you harm them, then I predict the loss of ship and crew; and even if you yourself escape, late shall you come, in evil plight, with loss of all your crew.'

"As she spoke, the gold-throned morning came, and up the island the heavenly goddess went her way; I turned back toward my ship, and called my crew to come on board and loose the cables. Quickly they came, took places at the pins, and sitting in order lashed the foaming water with their oars. And for our aid behind our dark-bowed ship came a fair wind to fill our sail, a welcome comrade, sent us by fair-haired Circe, the mighty goddess, human of speech. When we had done our work at the several ropes about the ship, we then sat down, while wind and helmsman kept her steady.

"Now to my men, with aching heart, I said: 'My friends, it is not right for only one or two to know the oracles which Circe told, that heavenly goddess. Therefore I speak, that, knowing all, we thus may die, or fleeing death and doom, we may escape. She warns us first against the marvelous Sirens, and bids us flee their voice and flowery meadow. Only myself she bade to hear their song; but bind me with galling cords, to hold me firm, upright upon the mast-block—round it let the rope be wound. And if I should entreat you, and bid you set me free, at that with still more fetters bind me fast.'

"Thus I, relating all my tale, talked with my comrades. Meanwhile our sturdy ship came near the Sirens' island; a fair wind swept her on. Of a sudden the wind ceased; there came a breathless calm; Heaven hushed the waves. My comrades, rising, furled the sail, stowed it on board the hollow ship, then sitting at their oars whitened the water with the polished blades. But I with my sharp sword cut a great cake of wax into small bits, which I then kneaded in my sturdy hands. Soon the wax warmed, forced by my powerful pressure and by the rays of the exalted Sun, the lord of all. Then one by one I stopped the ears of all my crew; and on the deck they bound me hand and foot, upright upon the mast-block, round which they wound the rope; and sitting down they lashed the foaming water with their oars. But when we were as far away as one can call and driving swiftly onward, our speeding ship, as it drew near, did not escape the Sirens, and thus they lifted up their penetrating voice:

"'Come hither, come, Odysseus, whom all praise, great glory of the Achaeans! Bring in your ship, and listen to our song. For none has ever passed us in a black-hulled ship till from our lips he heard ecstatic song, then went his way rejoicing and with larger knowledge.

For we know all that on the plain of Troy Greeks and Trojans suffered at the gods' command; we know whatever happens on the bounteous earth.'

"So spoke they, sending forth their glorious song, and my heart longed to listen. Knitting my brows, I nodded to my men to set me free; but bending forward, on they rowed. And straightway Perimedes and Eurylochus arose and put around me still more cords and drew them tighter. Then, after passing by, when we could hear no more the Sirens' voice nor any singing, quickly my trusty crew removed the wax with which I stopped their ears, and set me free from bondage.

"Soon after we left the island, I observed a smoke, I saw high waves and heard a plunging sound. From the hands of my frightened men down fell the oars, and splashed against the current. There the ship stayed, for they worked the tapering oars no more. Along the ship I passed, encouraging my men with cheering words, standing by each in turn:

"'Friends, till now we have not been untried in danger. Here is no greater danger than when the Cyclops penned us with brutal might in the deep cave. Yet out of that, through energy of mine, through will and wisdom, we escaped. These dangers, too, I think some day we shall remember. Come then, and what I say let us all follow. You with your oars strike the deep breakers of the sea, while sitting at the pins, and see if Zeus will set us free from present death and let us go in safety. And, helmsman, these are my commands for you; lay them to heart, for you control the rudders of our hollow ship: keep the ship away from that smoke and surf and hug the crags, or else, before you know it, she may veer that way, and you will bring us into danger.'

"So I spoke, and my words they quickly heeded. But Scylla I did not name—that dreadful horror—for fear through fright my men might cease to row, and huddle all together in the hold. I disregarded too the hard command of Circe, when she had said I must by no means arm. Putting on my glittering armor and taking in my hands my two long spears, I went upon the ship's fore-deck, and there I looked for the first sight of Scylla of the rock, who brought my men disaster. Nowhere could I observe her; my eyes were tired with searching up and down the dusky cliff.

"So up the strait we sailed in sadness; for here lay Scylla, and there divine Charybdis fearfully sucked the salt sea-water down. Whenever she belched it forth, like a kettle in fierce flame all would foam swirling up, and overhead spray fell upon the tops of both the crags.

But when she gulped the salt sea-water down, then all within seemed in a whirl; the rock around roared fearfully, and down below the bottom showed, dark with the sand. Pale terror seized my men; on her we looked and feared to die.

"And then it was that Scylla snatched from the hollow ship six of my comrades who were best in skill and strength. Turning my eyes toward my swift ship to seek my men, I saw their feet and hands already in the air as they were carried up. They screamed aloud and called my name for the last time, in agony of heart. As when a fisher, on a jutting rock, with long rod throws a bait to lure the little fishes, casting into the deep the bony hook; then, catching a fish, flings it ashore writhing; even so were these drawn writhing up the rocks. There at her door she ate them, loudly shrieking and stretching forth their hands in mortal pangs toward me. That was the saddest sight my eyes have ever seen, in all my toils, searching the ocean pathways.

"Now after we had passed the rocks of dread Charybdis and of Scylla, straight we drew near the pleasant island of the god. Here were the goodly broad-browed kine and the many sturdy flocks of the exalted Sun god. While still at sea, on the black ship, I heard the lowing of stalled cattle and the bleat of sheep; and on my mind fell words of the blind prophet, Teiresias of Thebes, and of Aeaean Circe, who very strictly charged me to shun the island of Hyperion, the cheerer of mankind. So to my men with aching heart I said:

"'My suffering comrades, hearken to my words, that I may tell you of the warnings of Teiresias, and of Aeaean Circe, who very strictly charged me to shun the island of the Sun, the cheerer of mankind; for there our deadliest danger lay, she said. Then past the island speed the black ship on her way.'

"As I spoke, their souls were crushed within them, and instantly Eurylochus, with surly words, made answer: 'Headstrong are you, Odysseus; more than human is your strength, and your limbs never tire; you must be made of nothing else than iron not to allow your comrades, worn with fatigue and sleep, to land, though on this sea-girt island we might make once more a savory supper. Instead, just as we are, night falling fast, you bid us journey on and wander from the island over the misty deep. But in the night rough winds arise, fatal to vessels; and how could anyone escape from utter ruin if by some chance a sudden storm of wind should come, the south wind or the blustering west, which wreck ships often, heedless of sovereign gods? No, let us now obey the dark night's bidding, let us prepare our supper

and rest by the black ship; tomorrow morning we will embark and sail the open sea.'

"So spoke Eurylochus, the rest assented, and then I knew some god intended ill; and speaking in winged words I said:

"'Eurylochus, it is clear I must give in, since I am only one. But come, all swear you now a solemn oath that if we find a herd of cattle or great flock of sheep, none in mad folly will slay a cow or sheep; but be content, and eat the food immortal Circe gave.'

"So I spoke, and they then took the oath which I required. And after they had sworn and finished their oath, we moored our sturdy ship in the rounded harbor, near a fresh stream, and my companions left the ship and busily got supper. But after they had stayed desire for drink and food, then calling to remembrance their dear comrades, they wept for those whom Scylla ate, those whom she snatched from out the hollow ship; and as they wept, on them there came a pleasant sleep. Now when it was the third watch of the night and the stars crossed the zenith, cloud-gathering Zeus sent forth a furious wind in a fierce tempest, and covered with his clouds both land and sea; night broke from heaven. And when the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, we beached our ship, hauling her up into a hollow cave where there were pretty dancing-grounds and haunts for nymphs. Then holding a council, I said to all my men:

"'Friends, there is food and drink enough on the swift ship; let us not touch the kine, for fear we come to harm, for these are the herds and sturdy flocks of the dread Sun god, who all things sees, and all

things overhears.'

"So I spoke, and their proud hearts assented. But all that month incessant south winds blew; there came no wind except from east and south. So long as they had bread and ruddy wine, they spared the kine, because they loved their lives. But when the vessel's stores were now all gone, and forced to roam they sought for game—for fish, for fowl, for what might come to hand, caught by their crooked hooks—and hunger pinched their bellies, then I departed by myself far up the island, to beg the gods to show my homeward way. And when by walking cross the island I had escaped my crew, I washed my hands where there was shelter from the breeze, and offered prayer to all the gods that hold Olympus. But they poured down sweet sleep upon my eyelids, while Eurylochus began his evil counsel to my crew:

"'My suffering comrades, hearken to my words. Hateful is every form of death to wretched mortals; and yet to die by hunger, and so

to meet one's doom, is the most pitiful of all. Come then, and let us drive away the best of Hyperion's kine, and sacrifice them to the immortals who hold the open sky. And if we ever come to Ithaca, our native land, we will at once build a rich temple to the exalted Sun, and put in it many fair offerings. If then the Sun, wroth for his high-horned kine, seeks to destroy our ship, and other gods consent, for my part I would rather, open-mouthed in the sea, give up my life at once than slowly let it wear away here on this desert island.'

"So spoke Eurylochus; the rest assented. Straightway they drove away the best of the Sun god's kine out of the field close by; for not far from the dark-bowed ship the kine were grazing, crook-horned and beautiful and broad of brow. Round them they stood and prayed the gods, stripping the tender leaves from off a lofty oak; for they had no white barley on the well-benched ship. Then after prayer, when they had cut the throats and flayed the kine, they cut away the thighs, wrapped them in fat in double layers, and placed raw flesh thereon. They had no wine to pour upon the blazing victims, but using water for libation they roasted all the entrails. So after the thighs were burned and the inward parts were tasted, they sliced the rest and stuck it on the spits.

"And now the pleasant sleep fled from my eyelids; I hastened to the swift ship and the shore. But on my way, as I drew near to the curved ship, around me came the savory smell of fat. I groaned and called aloud to the immortal gods:

"'O father Zeus, and all you other blessed gods that live forever, it was to my ruin you laid me in ruthless sleep, while my men left behind plotted a monstrous deed.'

"Soon to the exalted Sun god came long-robed Lampetia, bearing him word that we had slain his kine; and straightway with an angry heart he thus invoked the immortals:

"'O father Zeus, and all you other blessed gods that live forever, avenge me on the comrades of Laërtes' son, Odysseus, who insolently slew the kine in which I joy as I go forth into the starry sky, or as again toward earth I turn back from the sky. But if they do not make me fit atonement for the kine, I will go down to Hades and shine among the dead.'

"Then answered him cloud-gathering Zeus, and said: 'O Sun, shine on among the immortals and on the fruitful fields of mortal men. Soon I will strike their swift ship with a gleaming bolt, and cleave it in pieces in the middle of the wine-dark sea.'

"All this I heard from fair-haired Calypso, who said she heard it from the Guide-god Hermes.

"Now when I came to the ship and to the sea, I rebuked my men, confronting each in turn. But no help could we find; the kine were dead already. Soon too the gods made prodigies appear: the skins would crawl; the spitted flesh, both roast and raw, would moan; and sounds came forth like those of kine.

"For six days afterwards my trusty comrades feasted, for they had driven away the best of the Sun god's kine; but when Zeus, the son of Kronos, brought the seventh day round, then the wind ceased to blow a gale, and we in haste embarking put forth on the open sea, setting our mast and hoisting the white sail.

"Yet when we had left the island and no other land appeared, but only sky and sea, the son of Kronos set a dark cloud over the hollow ship and the deep gloomed below. The ship ran on for no long time; for soon a shrill west wind arose, blowing a heavy gale. The storm of wind snapped both the forestays of the mast. Back the mast fell, and all its gear lay scattered in the hold. At the ship's stern it struck the helmsman on the head and crushed his skull, in an instant; like a diver from the deck he dropped, and from his frame his stout life fled. Zeus at the same time thundered, hurling his bolt against the ship. She quivered in every part, struck by the bolt of Zeus, and filled with sulphur smoke. Out of the ship my comrades fell and then like seafowl were borne by the side of the black ship along the waves; God cut them off from coming home.

"I myself paced the ship until the surge tore her ribs off the keel, which the waves then carried along dismantled. The mast broke at the keel; but to it clung the backstay, made of ox-hide. With this I bound the two together, keel and mast, and getting a seat on these, I drifted before the deadly winds.

"And now the west wind ceased to blow a gale; but soon the south wind came and brought me anguish that I must retrace my way to dread Charybdis. All night I drifted on, and with the sunrise I came to Scylla's crag and dire Charybdis. She at that moment sucked the salt sea-water down; and when to the tall fig-tree I was upward borne, I clutched and clung as a bat clings. Yet could I nowhere set my feet firmly down or climb the tree; for its roots were far away and out of reach its branches, and these were long and large, and overspread Charybdis. But steadily I clung, until she should disgorge my mast and keel; and as I hoped they came, though it was late. But at the hour

one rises from public assembly for his supper, after deciding many quarrels of contentious men, then was it that the timbers came to light from out Charybdis. I let go feet and hands, and down I dropped by the long timbers, and getting a seat on these rowed onward with my hands. But the father of men and gods gave me no further sight of Scylla, or else I should not have escaped from utter ruin.

"Then for nine days I drifted; on the tenth, at night, gods brought me to the island of Ogygia, where dwells Calypso, a fair-haired powerful goddess, human of speech. She welcomed me and gave me care. Why tell the tale? It was but yesterday I told it in the hall to you and your good wife; and it is irksome to tell a tale a second time."

BOOK XIII

From Phaeacia to Ithaca

As thus he ended, all were hushed to silence, held by his spell throughout the shadowy hall. At length, Alcinous answering said: "Odysseus, having crossed the brazen threshold of my high-roofed house, you shall be aided home with no more wanderings, be sure, long as you now have suffered. And this I say with earnestness to everybody here, to you who in my hall drink of the choicest sparkling wines and listen to the bard: you know that in a polished chest lie garments for the stranger, with rich-wrought gold and all the other gifts which the Phaeacian councilors have brought. But let us also, each man here, give a caldron and large tripod; then dividing the cost among the people, we will repay ourselves. For one to give outright would be hard indeed."

So said Alcinous, and his saying pleased them; and now desiring rest, they each departed homeward. But when the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, they hastened to the ship and brought the splendid bronze. Revered Alcinous, going himself aboard the vessel, stowed it all carefully beneath the benches, so that it might not impede the crew while they labored at the oars. Then to Alcinous' house they went and turned to feasting.

In their behalf revered Alcinoüs offered an ox to Zeus of the dark cloud, the son of Kronos, who is the lord of all; and having burned

the thighs, they held a glorious feast and made merry. Among them sang the sacred bard, Demodocus, beloved of all. Nevertheless Odysseus would often turn his face toward the still shining sun, eager to see its setting, because he was impatient to be gone. As a man longs for supper whose pair of tawny oxen all day long have dragged the jointed plow through the fresh field; gladly for him the sunlight sinks and sends him home to supper; stiff are his knees from walking; so gladly for Odysseus sank the sun. Straightway he turned to the oar-loving Phaeacians, and speaking to Alcinoüs especially he said:

"Mighty Alcinous, renowned of all, pour a libation and send me safely forth. Fare you all well! All that my heart desired is ready—escort and friendly gifts—and may the gods of heaven make them a blessing! My true wife may I find on coming home, and dear ones safe! And you who stay, may you make glad your wedded wives and children! The gods bestow all happiness, and may no ill be found among you!"

He spoke, and all approved and urged to send the stranger forth, for rightly had he spoken. Then said revered Alcinous to the page: "Pontonous, mix a bowl and pass the wine to all within the hall, that with a prayer to father Zeus we may send the stranger forth to his native land."

He spoke; Pontonous stirred the cheering wine and served to all in turn; then to the blessed gods who hold the open sky they poured libations where they sat. But royal Odysseus rose, placed in Arete's hand the double cup, and speaking in winged words he said:

"Fare you well, queen, for all the years until old age and death, which visit all, shall come. I go my way; may you within this home enjoy your children, people, and Alcinous the king!"

So saying, royal Odysseus crossed the threshold. With him revered Alcinoüs sent a page, to show the way to the swift ship and to the shore. Arete too sent maidens after: one with the spotless robe and tunic, one to accompany the close-packed chest, and one bore bread and ruddy wine.

Now when they came to the ship and to the sea, straight the tall seamen took the stores and laid them down within the hollow ship, all the food and drink. Then for Odysseus they spread a rug and linen sheet on the hollow vessel's deck, so that he might sleep soundly, there at the stern; and he himself embarked and silently lay down. The other men took places at the pins, each one in order, and loosed the cable from the perforated stone. And now when bending to their work

they tossed the water with their oars, upon Odysseus' lids deep slumber fell, sound and most pleasant, like to death. And as upon a plain four harnessed stallions spring forward all together at the crack of whip, and lifting high their feet speed swiftly on their way; so the ship's stern lifted, while in her wake followed a huge upheaving wave of the resounding sea. Safely and steadily she ran; no circling hawk, swiftest of winged things, could keep beside her. Running thus rapidly she cut the ocean waves, bearing a man of godlike wisdom, a man who had before met many griefs of heart, cleaving his way through wars of men and through the boisterous seas, yet here slept undisturbed, forgetful of all he suffered.

As that most brilliant star arose which comes the surest herald of the light of early dawn, the sea-borne ship drew near the island.

Now in the land of Ithaca there is a certain harbor sacred to Phorcys, the old man of the sea. Here two projecting jagged cliffs slope inward toward the harbor and break the heavy waves raised by wild winds without. Inside, without a cable ride the well-benched ships when once they reach the roadstead. Just at the harbor's head a leafy olive stands, and near it a pleasant darksome cave sacred to nymphs, called Naiads.

Here they rowed in, knowing the place of old. The ship ran up the shore full half her length, by reason of her speed; so was she driven by her rowers' arms. The men then left the timbered boat and came ashore, and straightway took Odysseus from the hollow ship—him and his linen sheet and bright-hued rug—and set him on the sands, still sunk in sleep. They also brought the treasure out which the Phaeacian chiefs gave him at his departure, prompted by kind Athene, and laid it all together by the olive trunk a little off the road; for fear, before Odysseus woke, some passer-by might come and harm it. Then they departed homeward. Nevertheless the Earth-shaker did not forget the threats with which at first he threatened great Odysseus, but thus he asked the purposes of Zeus:

"O father Zeus, no more shall I be honored among immortal gods if mortal men, the people of Phaeacia, honor me not, though men of my own kin. For I had meant that through much hardship Odysseus should return; I never tried to cut him off from coming altogether, because you gave him once a promise and confirmed it with a nod. Yet these Phaeacians have borne him through the sea on their swift ship asleep, and set him down in Ithaca, and given him glorious gifts—such stores of bronze and gold and woven stuffs as Odysseus never

would have won from Troy itself, had he returned unharmed with his share of spoil."

Then answered him cloud-gathering Zeus and said: "For shame, wide-ruling Earth-shaker! What are you saying? The gods do not refuse you honor. Hard would it be to cast dishonor on our oldest and our best. But if, of men, anyone, led by pride and power, dishonors you, vengeance is yours and shall be ever. Do what you will, even all your heart's desire!"

Then earth-shaking Poseidon answered: "Soon would I do, dark-clouded one, all that you say, but that I ever dread and would avoid your wrath. Even now this shapely ship of the Phaeacians, returning home from sailing upon the misty sea, I would destroy—that they henceforth may hold aloof and cease to give men aid—and I would throw a lofty mound about their city."

Then answered him cloud-gathering Zeus and said: "Friend, this appears to me the better way. When all the people of the town look off and see her sailing, then turn her into stone close to the shore—yet like a swift ship still—that all the folk may marvel, and throw a lofty mound about their city."

On hearing this, earth-shaking Poseidon hastened to Scheria, where the Phaeacians live, and waited there. Then as the sea-borne ship drew near, running swiftly, the Earth-shaker drew near her too, turned her to stone and rooted her to the bottom, forcing her under with his outspread hand, and went away; but in winged words to one another talked Phaeacian oarsmen, notable men at sea. And glancing at his neighbor a Phaeacian man would say:

"Hah! Who stopped the swift ship on the sea as she was running in? In full sight too she was."

So they would say, but knew not how things were. And now Alcinous addressed them thus: "Ah, surely then the ancient oracles have come to pass, told by my father, who said Poseidon was displeased because we were safe guides for all mankind; and he avowed the god one day would wreck a shapely ship of the Phaeacians, returning home from piloting upon the misty sea, and so would throw a lofty mound about our city. That was the old man's tale, and now it all comes true. However, what I say let us all follow: stop piloting the men who come from time to time here to our city; and to Poseidon let us offer twelve choice bulls, that he may have compassion and so not throw a lofty mound about our city."

He spoke, and all the people feared and brought the bulls. And

then to lord Poseidon, standing around his altar, the captains and councilors of the Phaeacians offered prayer.

Meanwhile within his native land royal Odysseus woke from sleep, and did not know the land from which he had been gone so long; for Pallas Athene spread a cloud around, that she might render him unknown and herself tell him all, and that his wife, his townsfolk, and his friends might never know him until the suitors paid the price of all their lawless deeds. Thus to its master all the land looked strange—the footpaths stretching far away, the sheltered coves, steep rocks, and spreading trees. Rising, he stood and gazed upon his land, then groaned and smote his thighs with outspread hands, saying in anguish

"Alas! To what men's land have I come now? Lawless and savag are they, with no regard for right, or are they kind to strangers and reverent toward the gods? Now, where to store my gifts I do not know; I must not leave them for strangers to plunder. Not at all wise and just were the Phaeacian captains and councilors in bringing me to this strange shore. They promised they would carry me to far-seen Ithaca, but that they did not do. May Zeus, the god of suppliants, reward them! For over all men watches Zeus, chastising those who sin. However, let me count my goods, and see that the Phaeacians took none away upon their hollow ship."

So saying, he counted the beautiful tripods, the caldrons, gold, and woven stuffs, and none was lacking. Then sighing for his native land he paced the shore of the resounding sea in sadness. Near him Athene drew, in the guise of a young shepherd, yet delicate as are the sons of kings. Doubled about her shoulders she wore a fine-wrought mantle; under her shining feet her sandals, and in her hand a spear. To see her made Odysseus glad. He went to meet her, and speaking in winged words he said:

"Friend, since you are the first I find within this land, I bid you welcome, and hope you come with no ill-will. Please save these goods and save me too! And tell me truly this, that I may know what land is this? What people? What sort of men dwell here? Is it a far-seen island, or a strip of fertile mainland that stretches out to sea?"

Then said the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "You are simple, stranger, or come from far away, to ask about this land. It is not quite so nameless. Many men know it well, men dwelling toward the east and rising sun, and those behind us also toward the darkling west. It is a rugged land, not fit for driving horses, yet not so very poor though lacking plains. Grain grows abundantly and wine as well; the showers

are frequent and the dews refreshing; here is good pasturage for goats and cattle; trees of all kinds are here, and never-failing springs. So, stranger, the name of Ithaca has gone as far as Troy, which is, they say, a long way from Achaea."

She spoke, and glad was long-suffering Odysseus, filled with delight over his native land through what was said by Pallas Athene, daughter of ægis-bearing Zeus. And speaking in winged words he said—yet uttered not the truth, but altering his reply, ever revolving in his breast some clever purpose:

"In lowland Crete, I heard of Ithaca far off beyond the sea, and now I reach it-I and these goods of mine. I left an equal portion to my children and fled away from home; for I had killed the dear son of Idomeneus, Orsilochus, the runner, who on the plains of Crete beat all us toiling men in speed of foot. The cause was this: he sought to cut me off from all the Trojan spoil to gain which I bore grief of heart, cleaving my way through wars of men and through the boisterous seas; and all because I did not, as he wished, serve with his father in the land of Troy, but led my separate men. With a brazen spear I struck him as he was coming from his farm and I was lying with a comrade near the road. A very dark night screened the sky; no man observed us; secretly I took his life. So after I had slain him with my brazen pointed spear, I straightway sought a ship, asked aid of the proud Phoenicians, and gave them from my booty what they wished. I asked them to take me on their ship and set me down at Pylos, or else at sacred Elis where the Epeians rule. But the wind turned them aside, though much against their will; they meant no wrong; and missing our course, here we arrived last night. With much ado we rowed into the port, and gave no thought to supper, hungry though we were, but simply disembarking from the ship, we all lay down. Then, weary as I was, sweet sleep came on me; and the Phoenicians, taking my treasure from the hollow ship, laid it upon the sands where I was lying, and they embarked and sailed away to stately Sidon. So I was left behind with aching heart."

As he thus spoke, the clear-eyed goddess Athene smiled and patted him with her hand. Her form grew like a woman's—one fair and tall and skilled in dainty work—and speaking in winged words she said:

"Clever and wily must one be to outdo you in scheme of any kind, even though it be a god who strives to match you. Bold, shifty, consummate trickster, will you not now within your land cease from the

false misleading tales which from the bottom of your heart you love? But let us talk no longer thus, both being masters of deceit; for you are far the best of men in plots and tales, and I of all the gods am famed for craft and wiles. And yet you did not know me, Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, me who am ever near to guard you in all toil, me who have made you welcome to all Phaeacian folk! Now I have come to plan with you a scheme to hide the treasure which the Phaeacian chiefs, through my advice and prompting, gave you on your departure; and I will tell you too what griefs you must endure within your stately house. Bear them, because you must. Do not report to man or woman that you have come from wandering; but silently receive all pains and bear men's insults."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Hard is it, goddess for a man, however wise he be, to know when you are near, because you take all forms. I well remember how kind to me you were when all we young Achaeans were in the war at Troy. But since we overthrew the lofty town of Priam, since we went away in ships and God dispersed the Achaeans, I never once have seen you, daughter of Zeus, nor known you to draw near my ship protecting me from harm. Yet bearing ever in my breast a stricken heart, I wandered till the gods delivered me from ill, when in the rich land of the Phaeacians you cheered me by your words and led me to the city. Now I entreat you by your father's name, for I cannot think that I have come to far-seen Ithaca. No, I have strayed to some strange shore, and you in mockery, I think, have told this tale to cheat me. But tell me, have I really reached my own dear land?"

Then answered him the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "Such thoughts as these are ever in your breast; therefore I cannot leave you even in misfortune. For any other man on coming back from wanderings would eagerly have hastened home to see his wife and children; but you have no desire to know or hear of them till you have tested your wife, who as of old sits in your hall and wearily the nights and days are wasted with her tears. But I for my part never doubted. I knew within my heart that you would come, though with the loss of all your men. But I did not wish to quarrel with Poseidon, my father's brother, who bore a grudge against you in his heart, angry because you blinded his dear son. Come then, and let me point to you the parts of Ithaca, that you may be convinced. Here is the port of Phorcys, the old man of the sea; here at the harbor's head the leafy olive; and near at hand the pleasant darksome cave, sacred to nymphs called Naiads; here is

the arching cavern too, where oftentimes you made due sacrifices to the nymphs; and this is the wood-clad hill of Neriton."

The goddess, speaking thus, scattered the cloud, and plain the land appeared. Then glad was long-suffering Odysseus, and he exulted in his land and kissed the bounteous earth, and straightway prayed the nymphs with outstretched hands:

"O Naiad Nymphs, daughters of Zeus, I said I should not see you any more, yet now with loving prayers I give you greeting. Gifts will we also give, as once we did, if the daughter of Zeus, our leader, graciously grants me life and helps my son."

Then said to him the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "Be of good courage! Let not these things vex your mind! But in a corner of the big cave let us lay the goods, instantly, now, there to remain in safety; then let us plan how all may turn out well."

So saying, the goddess entered the darkened cave and searched about for hiding-places. Odysseus brought hither all he had, gold and enduring bronze and fair-wrought raiment, things given by the Phaeacians. All these were laid away with care, and at the entrance a stone was placed by Pallas Athene, daughter of ægis-bearing Zeus. Then sitting down at the foot of the sacred olive, they planned the death of the insolent suitors; and thus began the goddess, clear-eyed Athene:

"High-born son of Laërtes, resourceful Odysseus, plan how to lay hands on the shameless suitors, who for three years have held dominion in your hall, wooing your matchless wife and offering bridal gifts; while she, continually mourning at heart, gives hopes to all, has promises for each, and sends each messages; but her mind has a different purpose."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Certainly here at home I too would have met the evil fate of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, had you not, goddess, duly told me all. Come then, and frame a plot for me to win revenge. And you stand by me, inspiring hardy courage, even as when we tore the shining crown from Troy. If you should stand as stoutly by me, clear-eyed one, then I would face three hundred men, with you, dread goddess, with you for my strong aid."

Then answered him the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "I surely will be with you; you shall never be forgot when we begin the work. Some too, I think, shall spatter with their blood and brains the spacious floor, some of these suitors who devour your living. But let me make you strange to all men's view. I will shrivel the fair flesh on your supple limbs, pluck from your head the yellow locks, and clothe you in

such rags that they who see shall loathe the wearer. And I will blear your eyes, so beautiful before, that you may seem repulsive to all the suitors here, and even to your wife and the son you left at home. But first seek out the swineherd, the keeper of your swine; for he is loyal, loving your son and steadfast Penelope. You will find him sitting by his swine. They feed along the Raven Crag by the spring of Arethusa, eating the pleasant acorns and drinking the shaded water, a food which breeds abundant fat in swine. There wait, and sitting by his side question him fully; while I go on to Sparta, the land of lovely women, to summon thence Telemachus, your son. He went to spacious Lacedaemon to visit Menelaus, hoping to learn if you were still alive."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Why, knowing all, did you yourself not tell him? Must he too meet with sorrow, roaming the barren sea, while others eat his substance?"

Then answered him the clear-eyed goddess Athene: "No, let him not too much oppress your heart. I was myself his guide, and helped him win a noble name by going there. He meets no hardship there, but sits at ease within the palace of the son of Atreus, with plenty all around. Young men, indeed, now lie in wait on their black ship and seek to cut him off before he reaches home. Yet this I think shall never be; rather the earth shall cover some of the suitors who devour your living."

Having spoken, Athene touched him with her wand, shriveled the fair flesh on his supple limbs, plucked from his head the yellow locks, and made the skin of all his limbs the skin of an old man. Likewise she bleared his eyes, so beautiful before, and gave him for his clothing a wretched frock and tunic, tattered and foul and grimed with filthy smoke. Then over all she threw a swift deer's ample hide, stripped of its hair; and gave him a staff and miserable packet, full of holes, which hung upon a cord.

So having formed their plans, they parted; then the goddess went to sacred Lacedaemon, seeking Odysseus' son.

BOOKS XIV-XVI

[Disguised as an old beggar, Odysseus proceeded to the hut of his faithful swineherd Eumaeus. Without revealing his identity, Odysseus learned from Eumaeus what had been going on in the

household during his absence and about the insolent conduct of the suitors. Meanwhile Athene interceded to bring Telemachus' ship safely home, thus foiling the suitors who were waiting to intercept him. Telemachus went directly to Eumaeus' hut and sent the swineherd to tell his mother Penelope of his safe return. During Eumaeus' absence Athene restored Odysseus to his true self. Telemachus was amazed at the transformation but was of course unable to recognize his father since he had been an infant when Odysseus went off to the Trojan War twenty years before. When Odysseus convinced his son of his identity, Telemachus was beside himself with joy. Together they laid plans for the destruction of the suitors. Athene then returned Odysseus to his disguise as an old beggar in order to keep his identity from Eumaeus.]

BOOK XVII

The Return of Telemachus to Ithaca

Soon as the Early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, Telemachus, the princely son of Odysseus, bound to his feet his comely sandals, took the ponderous spear which fitted well his hand, and setting off to town, addressed his swineherd thus:

"Old dad, I go to the city to let my mother see me; for I know she will not cease from gloomy grief and crying until she sees me. This charge I lay on you: bring the poor stranger to the city, to beg his living there; and whoever wishes to shall give him drink and bread. I cannot put up all; my heart is full of trouble. And if the stranger is annoyed at this, so much the worse for him. I like to speak the truth."

But wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Friend, I do not care to tarry here. Better a beggar should beg his living in the town than in the fields; and he who wishes to may give; for I am now too old to stay about a farm and answer all the orders of an overseer. Go then your way; this man shall be my guide, as you bid, when I have warmed myself at the fire and when the sunshine comes. The clothes I wear are miserably bad, and the early frost may harm me; the town is far, they say."

He spoke, and through the farmyard passed Telemachus, moving

with rapid stride and sowing seeds of evil for the suitors. And when he reached his stately dwelling, he took his spear and set it up by a tall pillar, while he himself went farther in and over the stone threshold.

His nurse was first to see him, Eurycleia, now busy spreading fleeces on the carven chairs. With a burst of tears she came straight forward; and other maids of hardy Odysseus gathered round and fondly kissed his face and neck. Then from her chamber came faithful Penelope. Round her dear son, weeping, she threw her arms, and kissed his face and both his eyes, and sobbing said to him:

"So you are come, Telemachus, my own sweet light! I said I should not see you any more after you went away by ship to Pylos, so secretly, with no consent of mine, to hear about your father. Come then and tell me all you chanced to see."

But wise Telemachus made answer: "My mother, do not stir my tears nor move my heart within, for I have only now escaped from utter ruin. But bathe, and putting on fresh garments, go to your upper chamber with your maids, and vow to pay full hecatombs to all the gods if Zeus some day will grant us deeds of vengeance. But I will go to the market-place to call a stranger who joined me on my journey here from Pylos. I sent him forward with my gallant crew and bade Peiraeus take him home and entertain him well and give him honor till the time that I should come."

Such were his words; unwinged, they rested with her. Bathing, and putting on fresh garments, she vowed to all the gods to pay full hecatombs if Zeus some day would grant her deeds of vengeance.

Presently through the hall forth went Telemachus, his spear in hand, two swift dogs following after; and marvelous was the grace Athene cast about him, so all the people gazed as he drew near. And round him flocked the haughty suitors, kind in their talk but in their hearts brooding on evil. He turned aside from the great company of these and off where Mentor sat with Antiphus and Halitherses, who were one time his father's friends, he went and sat down; and much they questioned. Peiraeus, the famous spearman, now drew near, leading the stranger through the city to the market-place. Not long then from his guest did Telemachus stay, but came to meet him; though Peiraeus was the first to speak and say:

"Telemachus, quickly send women to my house, and let me send to you what Menelaus gave."

Then answered him discreet Telemachus: "Peiraeus, as yet we do not know how matters here will be. Suppose the insolent suitors at

the palace should slay me secretly and share my father's goods, I had rather you yourself should keep and enjoy the gifts than any one of these. But if I sow for these men death and doom, then you can bring them back, and we rejoice."

So saying, he led the way-worn stranger home. And entering the stately buildings, they threw their coats upon the couches and the chairs, and went to the polished baths and bathed. And when the maids had bathed them and anointed them with oil, and put upon them fleecy coats and tunics, out of the baths they came and sat upon the couches. And water for the hands a servant brought in a beautiful pitcher made of gold, and poured it into a silver basin for their washing, and spread a polished table by their side. Then the grave house-keeper brought bread and placed before them, setting out food of many a kind, freely giving of her store. The mother of Telemachus sat on the farther side, by a column of the hall, resting upon a couch, spinning fine threads of yarn. So on the food spread out before them. they laid hands. And after they had satisfied their desire for drink and food, then thus began faithful Penelope:

"Telemachus, I go to my upper chamber and lie upon my bed—which has become for me a bed of sorrows, ever watered with my tears since Odysseus went away to Troy with the sons of Atreus—because you did not deign before the haughty suitors entered, plainly to tell what tidings you have heard about your father's coming."

Then answered her discreet Telemachus: "Now mother, I will tell you all the truth. We went to Pylos, to Nestor, the shepherd of the people. And he, receiving me within his lofty palace, gave me a hearty welcome such as a father gives his child when he has just arrived from far, after long time, away; so heartily he entertained me, he and his noble sons. Of hardy Odysseus, he said he had not heard from any man on earth, if he were alive or dead. But with horses and a strong-built chariot he sent me to the son of Atreus, to the spearman Menelaus. There I saw Argive Helen, her in behalf of whom Greeks and Trojans strove so much at the gods' bidding. And Menelaus, loud in the war-cry, soon asked me on what errand I came to royal Lacedaemon. I told him all the truth. And then he answered thus and said to me: 'Heavens! In a very brave man's bed they sought to lie, the weaklings! As when in the den of a strong lion a hind has laid asleep her new-born suckling fawns, then roams the slopes and grassy hollows seeking food, and by and by into his lair the lion comes and on both hind and fawns brings ghastly doom; so shall Odysseus bring

a ghastly doom on these. Ah father Zeus, Athene, and Apollo! if with the power he showed one day in stately Lesbos, when he rose and wrestled in a match with Philomeleides, and down he threw him heavily while the Achaeans all rejoiced—if as he was that day Odysseus now might meet the suitors, they all would find quick turns of fate. But as to what you ask thus urgently, I will not turn to talk of other things and so deceive you; but what the unerring old man of the sea told me, in not a word will I disguise or hide from you. He said he saw Odysseus on an island, in great distress, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, who holds him there by force. No power has he to reach his native land, for he has no ships fitted with oars, nor crews to bear him over the broad ocean-ridges.' So said the son of Atreus, the spearman Menelaus. And this accomplished, back I sailed; the gods gave breezes and brought me swiftly to my native land."

Thus he spoke, and stirred the heart within her breast. But god-like Theoclymenus addressed them thus: "O honored wife of Laërtes' son Odysseus, certainly Menelaus did not know the truth. Listen instead to words of mine; for I will plainly prophesy and not conceal. First then of all the gods be witness Zeus, and let this hospitable table and the hearth of good Odysseus to which I come be witness; Odysseus is already within his native land—biding his time or moving—and, understanding all these wicked deeds, is sowing seeds of ill for all the suitors. As proof, while on the well-benched ship I saw a bird of omen, and announced it to Telemachus."

Then said to him Penelope: "Ah, stranger, would these words of yours might be fulfilled! Soon would you know my kindness and many a gift from me, and every man you met would call you blessed."

So they conversed together. Meanwhile before the palace of Odysseus the suitors were making merry, throwing the discus and the hunting-spear upon the level pavement, making racket as they always did. But now when it was dinner-time, and from the fields around the flocks returned, then Medon spoke; a man most loved of all the pages, one who was ever present at their feasts:

"Now, lads, since all your hearts are cheered with sports, come to the house and let us set the table. One's dinner at the proper time is no bad thing."

He spoke, and up they sprang and went to heed his words. And entering the stately buildings, they threw their coats upon the couches and chairs, and began to kill great sheep and fatted goats, to kill sleek pigs and the heifer of the herd, and so to make their meal.

Meanwhile at the farm Odysseus and the noble swineherd were making ready to depart to town. And thus began the swineherd, the overseer: "Stranger, so you desire to go to town to-day, just as my master ordered, though I myself would rather leave you as a watchman for the farm; but of him I stand in fear and awe, lest he rebuke me later. Hard is a master's anger. Come then and let us go. The day is passing. It will be colder by and by toward night."

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "I see, I understand; you speak to one who knows. Let us go on, and all the way you be my guide. But give me a stick, if you have one cut, to lean upon; for you said the road was very rough."

He spoke, and round his shoulders slung his miserable packet, full of holes, which hung upon a cord. Eumaeus gave him a staff, and so the two set forth; but dogs and herdsmen stayed behind to keep the farm. On to town Eumaeus led his lord, like an old and wretched beggar, leaning upon a staff. Upon his back were miserable clothes.

Now as they walked along the rugged road, nearing the city, they reached a stone fountain, running clear, from which the townsfolk draw their water, a fountain made by Ithacus, by Neritus and Polyctor. There was a grove of stream-fed poplars encircling it, and from the rock above ran cooling water, while at the top was built an altar to the nymphs, where all who passed made offerings. Here the son of Dolius, Melanthius, met them, driving the goats that were the best of all the flock, to make the suitors' dinner. Two herdsmen followed after. Seeing Eumaeus and Odysseus, he broke into abuse; and speaking to them, used rude and indecent words, which stirred Odysseus' blood:

"Now sure enough the vile man leads the vile! As ever, god brings like and like together! Where are you carrying that glutton, you good-for-nothing swineherd, that nasty beggar to make mischief at our feasts? A man to stand and rub his back on many doors and grub for scraps of food, but not for swords and caldrons. If you would let me have him for a watchman at my farm, to be a stable-cleaner and fetch fodder for the goats, he might by drinking whey grow a big thigh. But no! For he has learned bad ways and will not turn to work. He will prefer to beg about the town, wheedling for stuff to feed his greedy maw. But this I tell you, and it shall be done: if he comes near the house of princely Odysseus, many a footstool from men's hands flying around his head his ribs shall bump, as he is knocked about the house."

He spoke, and as he passed recklessly kicked Odysseus on the hip,

but did not force him from the pathway. Fixed he stood. Odysseus doubted whether to spring and with his cudgel take his life, or to lift him in the air and dash his head upon the ground. But he was patient, and restrained himself. And now the swineherd, looking him in the face, rebuked the man and stretching forth his hands prayed thus aloud:

"Nymphs of the fountain, daughters of Zeus, if ever Odysseus burned on thy altars thighs of lambs and kids, and wrapped them in rich fat, grant this my prayer! May he return and Heaven be his guide! Then would he dispel the insolent airs you now put on, roaming continually around the town, while careless herdsmen let the flock decay."

Then answered him Melanthius the goatherd: "So, so! How the cur talks, as if he knew some magic arts! Some day I'll take him on a black and well-benched ship far off from Ithaca, and sell him for a fortune. Oh that Apollo of the silver bow would smite Telemachus at home to-day, or let him fall before the suitors, as certainly as for Odysseus, far in foreign lands, the day of coming home is lost!"

So saying, he left them slowly plodding on, and off he went and soon came to the palace. He entered at once and took his seat among the suitors opposite Eurymachus, for he liked him best of all. Then those who served passed him a portion of the meat, while the grave housekeeper brought bread and set before him, for him to eat. Meantime Odysseus and the noble swineherd halted as they drew near, while round them came notes of the hollow lyre; for Phemius lifted up his voice to sing before the suitors. And taking the swineherd by the hand, Odysseus said:

"Surely, Eumaeus, this is the goodly palace of Odysseus, easy to notice even among many. Building joins building here. The court is built with wall and cornice, and a double gate protects. No man may scorn it. I notice too that a great company are banqueting within; for the fragrant smell mounts up, and in the house resounds the lyre, made by the gods to liven up the feast."

And, swineherd Eumaeus answered him and said: "You notice quickly, dull of thought in nothing. Come then and let us plan what we must do. You enter the stately buildings first and mingle with the suitors, while I stay here behind; or if you like, you wait, and I will go. But do not linger long, or someone may spy you at the door and throw a stone or strike you. Take care, I say!"

Then long-suffering Odysseus answered: "I see, I understand; you

speak to one who knows. But you go on before, I stay behind: for I am not unused to blows and missiles. Staunch is my soul; for many dangers have I borne from waves and war. To those let this be added. Yet I cannot disregard a gnawing belly, the pest which brings so many ills to men. To ease it, timbered ships are fitted and carry woe to foemen over barren seas."

So they conversed together. But a dog lying near lifted his head and ears. Argos it was, the dog of hardy Odysseus, whom long ago he reared but never took to hunt. Before the dog was grown, Odysseus went to sacred Troy. In the times past young men would take him on the chase, for wild goats, deer, and hares; but now he lay neglected, his master gone away, upon the pile of dung which had been dropped before the door by mules and oxen, and which lay there in a heap for slaves to carry off and fertilize the broad lands of Odysseus. Here lay the dog, this Argos, full of fleas. And, seeing Odysseus near, he wagged his tail and dropped both ears, but toward his master he had not strength to move. Odysseus turned aside and wiped away a tear, swiftly concealing from Eumaeus what he did; then straightway thus he questioned:

"Eumaeus, it is strange this dog lies on the dung-hill. His shape is good; but I am not sure if he has speed of foot to match his beauty, or if he is merely a dog for show."

And swineherd Eumaeus answered him and said: "Yes, truly, that is the dog of one who died afar. If he were as good in form and action as when Odysseus left him and went away to Troy, you would be much surprised to see his speed and strength. For nothing could escape him in the forest-depths, no creature that he started; he was keen upon the scent. Now he has come to ill. In a strange land his master perished, and the neglectful women give him no more care; for slaves, when masters lose control, will not attend to duties. Ah, half the value of a man far-seeing Zeus destroys when the slave's lot befalls him!"

So saying, he entered the stately house and went straight down the hall among the lordly suitors. But Argos fell into the darkness of death when he beheld Odysseus, gone twenty years.

By far the first to see the swineherd as he walked along the hall was princely Telemachus, and he quickly gave a nod to call him to his side. Glancing around, Eumaeus took a stool which stood at hand, where the carver sat at feasts within the hall when carving for the suitors the many joints of meat; carrying the stool to the table of

Telemachus, he placed it on the farther side and there sat down. And then a page took up a dish of meat and passed it, and from the basket gave him also bread.

Close following after, Odysseus entered the palace, like an old and wretched beggar leaning upon a staff. Upon his back were miserable clothes. He sat down on the ash-wood threshold just inside the door, leaning against the cypress post which long ago the carpenter had smoothed with skill and leveled to the line. But to the swineherd said Telemachus, calling him to his side and taking a whole loaf from the goodly basket and also all the meat his hands stretched wide would hold:

"Take this and give the stranger, and bid him move about and beg of all the suitors. Shyness is not good for a needy man."

He spoke, and the swineherd went as soon as he heard the order, and standing by Odysseus said in winged words: "Stranger, Telemachus gives this, and bids you move about and beg of all the suitors. Shyness, he says, is not good for a beggar man."

Then answering him, said wise Odysseus: "O Zeus above, may Telemachus be blessed among mankind, and may he get whatever he longs for!"

He spoke, and took the food with both his hands and laid it down before his feet upon his packet, and so ate, while within the hall the bard was singing. But when the meal was ended and the bard had ceased, the suitors raised an uproar in the hall. And now Athene, drawing near Laërtes' son, Odysseus, urged him to gather crusts among the suitors, and learn who were the virtuous ones and who the lawless; though not even thus would she preserve a man of them from ruin. So off he went to beg of all from left to right, stretching his hand around as if he had been long a beggar. They pitied him and gave, and wondering at the man asked one another who he was and whence he came; and Melanthius, the goatherd, said:

"Hear from me, suitors of the illustrious queen, something about the stranger. I saw him a while ago; and certainly it was the swineherd brought him hither. The man himself I do not really know, nor of what tribe he claims to be."

When he had spoken, Antinous rebuked the swineherd thus: "Infamous swineherd, why bring this man to town? Have we not here already plenty of vagabonds and beggars to make mischief at our feasts? Do you not mind that men devour the living of their lord by gathering here? And do you ask this fellow too to come?"

Then, swineherd Eumaeus answered him and said: "Antinoüs, you speak no good, noble although you are. Who ever goes and calls a stranger from abroad? Unless indeed the stranger is a master of some craft, a prophet, healer of disease, or builder, or else a wondrous bard who pleases by his song; for these are welcomed by mankind the wide world through. A beggar, who would ask to be a torment to himself? But you are always harsh—more than the other suitors—to the servants of Odysseus, especially to me. And yet I do not care, so long as faithful Penelope is living in the palace, Penelope and Prince Telemachus."

Then said discreet Telemachus: "Hush! Do not make him a long answer. It is Antinoüs' way always to vex with ugly talk. He stirs up others too."

He spoke, and to Antinoüs in winged words he said: "Antinoüs, fine advice you give, as a father to his son, bidding me drive this stranger forth. God let that never be! Take of the food and give him. I do not grudge it; indeed I bid you give. Be not distressed about my mother or any servant of the house of great Odysseus. For in your breast there is no thought of giving. Far better you like to eat than give to others."

Then answering said Antinous: "Telemachus, of proud tongue and unbridled temper, what do you mean? If every suitor gave as much as I, for three months' space at least the house would be rid of him."

So saying, he seized his stool and drew it out from under the table where it lay. On it he used to set his feet while feasting. Now all the rest had given food and filled with bread and meat the beggar's packet. A moment and Odysseus would go back to the threshold to taste the Achaeans' bounty. Before Antinoüs he paused, and said:

"Give me some food, kind sir! You do not seem the poorest of the Achaeans; rather, the chief; for you are like a king. So you shall give me bread more generously than others, and I will sing your praise the wide world through. For once I lived in luxury among my mates, in a rich house, and often gave to wanderers, regardless who they might be or with what needs they came. Servants I had in plenty, and everything besides by which men live at ease and are counted rich. But Zeus, the son of Kronos, brought me low. His will it was. He sent me with a roving band of plunderers to Egypt, a long voyage, to my ruin. In Egypt's stream I anchored my curved ships; then to my trusty men I gave command to stay there by the ships and guard them, while I sent scouts to points of observation. But giving way to lawlessness,

they presently began to pillage the fair fields of the Egyptians, carrying off wives and infant children and slaughtering the men. Soon the din reached the city. The people there, hearing the shouts, came forth at early dawn, and all the plain was filled with footmen and with horsemen and with the gleam of bronze. Then Zeus, the Thunderer, brought on my men a cruel panic, and none dared stand and face the foe. Danger encountered us on every side. So the Egyptians slew many of our men with the sharp sword, and carried others off alive to work for them in bondage. They gave me to a friend who chanced to meet them upon his way to Cyprus, to Dmetor son of Iasus, who ruled with power in Cyprus. From there I now come hither, sore distressed."

Then answered him Antinous and said: "What god has brought to us this pest, this spoil-sport here? Stand off there in the middle, back from my table, or you shall find a bitter Egypt and a bitter Cyprus too, brazen and shameless beggar that you are! You go to all in turn, and they give lavishly. No hesitation do they feel at being generous with others' goods, while there remains abundance for themselves."

Then stepping back said wise Odysseus: "Indeed! In you does wisdom not accompany beauty. From your own house you would not give a suppliant salt, if sitting at another's table you will not take and give me bread. Yet here there is abundance."

As he thus spoke, Antinous was angered in his heart the more, and looking sternly at him said in winged words: "Now you shall never leave the hall in peace, I think, now you have taunted me."

So saying, he seized his footstool, flung it and struck Odysseus on the back of the right shoulder, near the spine. Firm as a rock he stood; the missile of Antinoüs did not move him. Silent he shook his head, revenge in mind. Then once more walking toward the threshold, down he sat, laid down his well-filled packet, and thus addressed the suitors:

"Hearken, you suitors of the illustrious queen, and let me tell you what my heart within me bids. One feels no hurt or indignation in his mind if struck while fighting for his own possessions, his oxen, say, or white-wooled sheep; but Antinoüs gave this blow because of my poor belly, that wretched part which brings to men so many ills. If then for beggars there be gods and furies, may death's doom seize Antinoüs before his marriage."

Then said Antinoüs, Eupeithes' son: "Stranger, sit still and eat, or go off elsewhere; for such talk as this, young men will drag you

through the house by hand and foot, and strip off all your skin."

At these his words all were exceeding angry, and one youth dared to say: "Antinous, it was not well done to assault the wretched wanderer. A doomed man you, if he should be a god come down from heaven. And gods in guise of strangers from afar in every form do roam our cities, marking the sin and righteousness of men."

So said the suitors; Antinous paid no attention. But Telemachus nursed in his heart great indignation at the blow, yet let no tear fall from his eyelids to the ground. Silent he shook his head, brooding on revenge.

When Penelope heard how in the hall a man was struck, she said to her maids: "May the archer-god Apollo strike Antinoüs down for this!" To which Eurynome the housekeeper made answer: "If only prayers of ours might be fulfilled, no one of them should see another bright-throned dawn."

Penelope replied: "Nurse, hateful are they all; their ways are evil; but Antinoüs is like dark doom itself. Into the house strays some poor stranger, and begs for bread, as need compels; then while all others gave and filled his packet, Antinoüs struck him with a footstool on the shoulder."

So talked Penelope with her maids as she sat within a chamber, while royal Odysseus was busied with his meal. Then calling the swineherd, thus she spoke: "Go, Eumaeus, go bid the stranger come to me. I wish to greet him and to ask if he has heard of hardy Odysseus or with his own eyes seen him. He seems to have traveled much."

Then, swineherd Eumaeus answered her and said: "Would, queen, the Achaeans would be quiet! What he can tell would charm your very soul. Three nights I had him; for three days I kept him at the lodge; he came to me at once on escaping from his vessel. Yet all that time he never ended telling me his troubles. And just as when men gaze upon a bard who has been taught by gods to sing moving songs, and they long to listen endlessly so long as the bard will sing; just so he held me spell-bound as he sat within my room. He calls Odysseus his ancestral friend, and says his home is Crete, where the race of Minos dwell. From there he has now come, sore distressed and driven on forever. He declares he has heard that Odysseus is near at hand, in the rich land of the Thesprotians, a living man, and that he brings a mass of treasure home."

Then said to him wise Penelope: "Go call him here, to tell his story here before my face. Let men make merry, sitting before the door, or

here within the house. Their hearts are gay. Untouched at home their goods are lying, their bread and their sweet wine. On these their servants feed. But haunting this house of ours day after day, killing our oxen, sheep, and fatted goats, these suitors hold wild revel, drinking sparkling wine with little care. Much goes to waste; for there is no man here fit, like Odysseus, to keep damage from our doors. But if Odysseus should return, home to his native land, soon with his son's help he would punish these men's crimes."

As she spoke thus, Telemachus sneezed loudly, and all the hall gave a great echo. Penelope laughed, and to Eumaeus straightway said in winged words: "Pray go and call the stranger before me, as I asked. Do you not notice how my son sneezed at my words? Therefore no partial death shall strike the suitors. On all it falls; none shall escape from death and doom. And this I will say farther; mark it well: if I shall find that all the stranger tells is true, I will clothe him in a coat and tunic, handsome garments."

She spoke, and the swineherd went as soon as he heard the order, and standing near the stranger said in winged words: "Here, good old stranger, wise Penelope is calling, the mother of Telemachus. She wishes to ask for tidings of her husband, so full of grief is she. And if she finds that all you tell is true, she will clothe you in a coat and tunic, things that you greatly need. Moreover, you shall beg your bread about the land and fill your belly. Whoever wishes to shall give."

Then said to him long-suffering Odysseus: "Eumaeus, I would like to tell my whole true story to the daughter of Icarius, Penelope; for well I know about Odysseus. We have borne the selfsame sorrows. But I have fears about this crowd of cruel suitors, whose arrogance and outrage reaches the high heavens; for even now when, as I walked along the hall doing no harm, this person struck and hurt me, neither Telemachus nor others interfered. Bid then Penelope, however eager, wait in the hall till sunset; then let her ask about her husband's coming, after giving me a seat beside the fire; for the clothes I wear are poor. That, you yourself well know; because it was of you I first sought aid."

He spoke, and the swineherd went as soon as he heard the order. But as he crossed the threshold, thus spoke Penelope: "Are you not bringing him, Eumaeus? What does the wanderer mean? Is he afraid of some bad man, or simply shy at being in the palace? To be a homeless man and shy is bad."



Then, swineherd Eumaeus answered her and said: "He speaks right, as any man must think, if he would shun the violence of these insolent men. He bids you wait till sunset. And it is better too for you, my queen, to speak to the stranger privately and listen to his tale."

Then Penelope said to him: "Not without wisdom does this stranger think, whoever he may be; for mortal men have never yet so recklessly made riot."

She spoke, and the noble swineherd entered the throng of suitors, and once more Eumaeus sat upon a polished bench. Then, having satisfied desire for food and drink, he departed to his swine, leaving the courts and hall crowded with feasters, who with dance and song were making merry; for evening now drew near.

BOOK XVIII

[Irus, the town beggar, came into the dining hall and, seeing the ragged Odysseus, insulted him and challenged him to a fight. Odysseus obliged by giving Irus a severe beating. Next Melantho, a disloyal maidservant of Odysseus and the lover of one of the suitors, Eurymachus, insulted her former lord. Eurymachus kept up the taunting and threw a footstool at Odysseus. Telemachus stepped in and rebuked the suitors for their conduct. Somewhat ashamed, they left the hall to get a night's sleep.]

BOOK XIX

The Meeting with Penelope and the Recognition by Eurycleia

IN THE HALL was royal Odysseus left behind, plotting to slay the suitors with Athene's aid, and straightway to Telemachus he spoke these winged words:

"Telemachus, these weapons all must be laid away, and with soft words you must beguile the suitors when they because they miss them question you: 'I kept them away from the smoke, for it looks no

longer like the armor which Odysseus left behind when he went away to Troy; they are all tarnished, where the smell of fire has reached them. Besides, this weightier fear some god put in my mind. You might when full of wine begin a quarrel and give each other wounds, making a scandal of the feast and of your wooing. Steel itself draws men on."

He spoke, and Telemachus heeded his dear father, and calling aside nurse Eurycleia, said: "Nurse, go and keep the women in their rooms while I place in the chamber my father's armor, which as it lies uncared for round the house stains, while he is gone. I have been foolish. Now I will place it where no smoke of fire shall reach it."

Then said to him his dear nurse Eurycleia: "Ah! Would, my child, you might become more thoughtful and mind the house and guard its treasures! But who shall go and bear the lamp?"

Then answered her discreet Telemachus: "This stranger here; for I will allow no idle man to touch my bread, no matter from where he may come."

Such were his words; unwinged, they rested with her. She locked the doors of the stately hall. And now arose Odysseus and his gallant son and bore away the helmets, bulging shields and pointed spears. Before them Pallas Athene, holding a golden lamp, made brilliant light. And now Telemachus said to his father quickly:

"Father, my eyes behold a mighty marvel. The palace walls and panels, the pine-wood beams and pillars are all aglow as from a blazing fire. Surely a god is in this house, such as they who hold the open sky."

But wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Hush, check your thoughts and ask no question. It is indeed a sign from the gods that hold Olympus. Go to rest. I will continue here, to test these maidens and your mother more; and she shall weep and question me about all."

So he spoke, and through the hall forth went Telemachus with blazing torch, to rest within that chamber where he always lay when pleasant sleep drew near. Here then he lay down, awaiting dawn; while in the hall royal Odysseus stayed behind, plotting to slay the suitors with Athene's aid.

Now from her room came Penelope, like Artemis or golden Aphrodite. Beside the fire where she liked to sit, they placed a chair fashioned with spiral work of ivory and silver; which Icmalius, the carpenter, had made long time ago, setting upon the lower part a rest for feet, fixed to the chair itself. Over the whole a large fleece had

been thrown. Here Penelope now sat down. Soon came the whitearmed maidens from their hall, and cleared away the abundant food, the tables, and the cups from which the proud lords had been drinking. The embers from the braziers they threw upon the floor, and in the braziers piled fresh heaps of wood to furnish light and warmth. Then thus Melantho once more scolded Odysseus:

"Stranger, are you still here, to plague us all night long, prowling about the house, watching the women? Be off, vile thing, and be content with eating, or you will soon be hit with a brand and go."

But looking sternly on her, wise Odysseus said: "Woman, why shout at me with such an angry heart? Is it that I am foul and wear mean clothes and beg about the land? Necessity compels me. This is what beggars and what homeless people are. Once I lived in luxury among my mates, in a rich house, and often gave to wanderers, regardless who they might be or with what need they came. Servants I had in plenty and everything besides by which men live at ease and are counted rich. But Zeus, the son of Kronos, brought me low. His will it was. And you too, woman, some day yet may lose those charms in which you now excel the other maids. Your mistress may become provoked to anger with you. Odysseus may return; there still is room for hope. But if he is dead, as you suppose, and to return no more, yet by Apollo's grace he has a worthy son, Telemachus, whose eye no woman in the hall escapes in her misdeeds; because he is no longer now the child he was."

Wise Penelope heard what he was saying, and she rebuked her maid and spoke to her and said: "Not in the least, you bold and shameless creature, have you escaped my eye in doing guilty deeds. Your head shall answer for them. Well you knew—you heard me say it—that I intended to ask tidings of this stranger here in my hall about my husband; for I am sore distressed."

She spoke, and to the house-keeper Eurynome she said: "Eurynome, pray bring a bench and a fleece on it, and let the stranger sit and tell his tale, and listen too to me; I wish to question him."

She spoke; the other with all speed brought her a polished bench and placed it there, and on it laid a fleece. Then long-suffering Odysseus sat upon it, and thus began Penelope:

"Stranger, I will myself first ask you this: who are you? Of what people? Where is your town and kindred?"

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Lady, no man upon the boundless earth may speak unkindly of you, because your fame is wide as is the sky. Such is the glory of a blameless king who reverences God and rules a people numerous and mighty, upholding justice. For him the dark-soiled earth produces wheat and barley, trees bend low with fruit, the flocks have constant young, and the sea yields fish, under his just sway. Because of him his people prosper. Question me, then, of all things else while I am here; but do not ask my ancestry and home, or fill my heart with still more pains by recollection. I am a man of sorrows; yet must I not in a strange house sit down to weep and wail. To grieve incessantly makes matters worse. One of these maids, or you yourself, might take it ill, and say my flood of tears came with a weight of wine."

Then answered him Penelope: "Stranger, all beauty of mine in face or form the immortals took away the day the Greek army set sail for Troy, and with them went my lord Odysseus. If he would come and tend this life of mine, greater would be my fame and fairer then. Now I am in distress, such woes God thrusts upon me. For all the nobles who bear sway among the islands—Doulichion, Same, and woody Zacynthus—and they who here in farseen Ithaca dwell round about, sue for my unwilling hand and waste my house. Wherefore I pay no heed to strangers or to suppliants, nor even to heralds who work for public good; but, longing for Odysseus, I waste my heart away. These men urge on my marriage: I wind my web of guile. First, Heaven inspired my mind to set up a great loom within the hall and weave a robe, fine and very large; and to the men said I, 'Young men who are my suitors, though royal Odysseus now is dead, cease to seek me in marriage till I complete this robe—its threads must not be wasted—a shroud for lord Laërtes, for the time when the doom of death that lays men low shall overtake him. Grecian wives about the land I fear might blame me if he should lie without a shroud, he who had great possessions.' Such were my words, and their proud hearts assented. Then in the daytime would I weave at the great web, but in the night unravel, after my torch was set. Thus for three years I hid my trick and cheated the Achaeans. But when the fourth year came, as time rolled on, then because of the maids—the thankless creatures, -the suitors came and caught me and rebuked me; so then I finished it, against my will. Now I can neither shun the match nor find a new delay. My parents also press me to marry, and my son is angry at the men who swallow up his living; noting it now, for now he is a man and fully able to care for his house. Yet what of this! Tell me the

ancestry of which you come. You were not born of oak or rock, as the storybooks say."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "O honored wife of Laërtes' son, Odysseus, will you not cease to question my ancestry? Well, I will tell the tale, though you cause me sorrows more than I now bear. But so it ever is when one is absent from his land as long as I, wandering from town to town, he meets with hardship! Still, I will tell you what you ask and seek to know.

"There is a country, Crete, in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair land and rich, girt about with water. The people there are many, innumerable indeed, and they have ninety cities. Their speech is mixed; one language joins another. Here are Achaeans, here brave native Cretans, here Cydonians, crested Dorians, and noble Pelasgians. Of all their towns the capital is Cnosus, where Minos became king when nine years old-Minos, the friend of mighty Zeus and father of my father. bold Deucalion. Deucalion begot me and the prince Idomeneus. Idomeneus, however, went in beaked ships to Troy, in train of the sons of Atreus. My own proud name is Aethon, and I am the younger born: he was the older and the better man. Here was it that I saw Odysseus and gave him entertainment; for into Crete a strong wind bore him, and while he steered toward Troy it forced him past Maleia. He anchored at Amnisus, where Elithyia's cave is, in a harbor hard to reach, and he scarcely escaped the storm. Straightway he came to town, inquiring for Idomeneus; for he said he was his friend, beloved and honored. But it was now the tenth dawn, or the eleventh, since Idomeneus had gone with the beaked ships to Troy. And so it happened it was I who brought him to the palace, where I entertained him well and gave him generous welcome from the abundance of my house. To him and all the men who followed I furnished barley-meal and sparkling wine from out the public store, with oxen enough for sacrifice to fill their heart's desire. Here for twelve days the noble Achaeans tarried; the strong wind Boreas detained them and even near the shore let them not lie at anchor. Some baffling power aroused it. But on the thirteenth day the wind went down, and so they put to sea."

He made the many falsehoods of his tale seem like the truth. So as she listened, drops ran down; she melted into tears. And as the snow melts on the lofty mountains, when Eurus melts what Zephyrus has scattered, and at its melting flowing rivers fill; so did her fair

cheeks melt with flowing tears, as she bewailed the husband who was seated by her side. Odysseus in his heart pitied his sobbing wife; but his eyes stood fixed as horn or iron, motionless in their sockets. He checked his tears. But when she had had her fill of tears and sighs, finding words once more she said to him:

"Now, stranger, I shall put you to the test, I think, and see if at your hall you really entertained my husband and his gallant comrades, as you say. Tell me what sort of clothes he wore; what the man himself was like, and the comrades who were with him."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "O lady, it is hard, with so long a time between, to tell you that; for twenty years have gone since he set forth and left my land. Still, I will tell you how my mind makes him appear. A cloak of purple wool Odysseus wore, made with a double fold. A brooch of gold upon it was fashioned with twin buckles, the front part ornamented; in his forepaws a dog held down a spotted fawn and clutched it as it writhed. This all admired and marveled how, though things of gold, the dog would clutch and choke the fawn, and how the fawn that struggled to escape would twitch its feet. His tunic too I noticed, shiny across the flesh, just like the skin stripped down from a dried onion; so smooth it was, and glistering like the sun. And truly many a woman gazed on the man with wonder. But this I will say farther; mark it well. I do not know if Odysseus wore this dress at home, or if a comrade gave it when he entered the swift ship, or even perhaps some host. Odysseus was beloved by many men; few of the Achaeans equally. I gave him gifts myself-a sword of bronze, a beautiful purple doublet and a bordered tunic; and I sent him off with honor on his well-benched ship. A herald a little older than he attended him. I will describe what sort of man this herald was: bent in the shoulders, swarthy, curly-haired, and named Eurybates. Odysseus honored him beyond his other comrades, because he had a mind that suited well his own."

So he spoke, and stirred still more her yearning after tears, as she recognized the tokens which bespoke Odysseus. But when she had had her fill of tears and sighs finding words once more she said to him:

"From this time forth, stranger, you who before were pitied shall in my halls be one beloved and honored. For I it was who gave the clothes which you describe. I folded them in the chamber and fixed the glittering brooch to be his pride. But I shall nevermore receive him homeward returning to his native land. For through evil fate

Odysseus went by hollow ship to see accursed Troy, name never to be named."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "O honored wife of Laërtes' son Odysseus, mar your fair face no more, nor waste your heart with sorrowing for your husband. And yet I do not blame you; for any woman weeps to lose the husband of her youth, whose children she has borne, whose love she tasted, though he were other than Odysseus, who they say is like the gods. Still, cease your grief and mark my word; for I will speak unerringly and nothing will I hide of what I lately heard about the coming of Odysseus-how he is near, in the rich country of the Thesprotians, a living man, and bringing with him much good treasure which he has begged throughout the land. His trusty crew and hollow ship he lost on the wine-dark sea, when coming from the island of Thrinacia; for Zeus and the Sun god were angry with him, because his crew killed the Sun god's kine. So they all perished in the surging sea; but he on his ship's keel was cast by a wave ashore on the coast of the Phaeacians, who are kinsmen of the gods. They honored him exceedingly, as if he were a god, and gave him many gifts and wished to bring him home unharmed. And here in Ithaca Odysseus would have been long time ago, only it seemed a thing of greater profit to gather wealth by roaming far and wide—so many profitable ways, beyond all mortal men, Odysseus understands; no living man can match him. This is the story which the king of the Thesprotians, Pheidon, told me. Moreover in my presence, as he offered a libation in his house, he swore the ship was launched and sailors waiting to bring him home to his own native land. But he sent me off before, for a ship of the Thesprotians happened to be starting for the Doulichian grainfields. He showed me all the treasure that Odysseus had obtained; and really it would support man after man ten generations long, so large a stock was stored in the king's palace. Odysseus himself, he said, had gone at that time to Dodona, to learn from the sacred lofty oak the will of Zeus, and how he might return, whether openly or by stealth, to his dear native land when now so long away. So he is safe, and soon will come, and now is near at hand, and parted from friends and native land he will not tarry long. Lo, I will add an oath. First then of all the gods be witness Zeus, highest of gods and noblest, and let the hearth of good Odysseus to which I come be witness; all this shall be accomplished exactly as I say. This very year Odysseus comes, as this moon wanes and as the next appears."

503

Then said to him Penelope: "Ah, stranger, would these words of yours might be fulfilled! Soon should you know my kindness and many a gift from me, and every man you met would call you blessed. But yet the thought is in my heart how it will really be. Odysseus will return no more, nor you get convoy hence; for there are no more masters in the house, able, as once Odysseus was-when he was here -to speed the worthy stranger forth or kindly to receive. Still, wash the stranger's feet, my women, and prepare his bed, bedstead and robes and bright-hued rugs, that well and warmly he may spend the time till gold-throned dawn; and early in the morning bathe and anoint him well, so that indoors beside Telemachus he may await his meal seated within the hall. And woe to him who persecutes or annoys the man. For how could you think me, stranger, better than other women in will and careful wisdom, if you should sit at table in my hall unkempt and meanly clad? Men are short-lived. And if a man is harsh and thinks harsh thoughts, on him all call down curses while he lives, and when he dies revile him; but he who is gentle and thinks gentle thoughts, his praises strangers carry far and wide to all mankind, and many speak well of him."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "O honored wife of Laërtes' son Odysseus, hateful to me are robes and bright-hued rugs, since first I left the snowy hills of Crete on board the long-oared ship. Here I would rest just as I used to lie through sleepless nights; for many a night I spent on a rough bed, awaiting bright-throned dawn. Baths for the feet give me no pleasure, and foot of mine shall not be touched by any of these maids who serve the palace—unless indeed there be some aged woman, sober-minded, one who has borne as many sorrows as myself. It would not trouble me that such a one should touch my feet."

Then said to him Penelope: "Dear stranger—none more polite than you among the traveling strangers has been more welcome at my house, so suitably discreet in all you say—I have an aged woman of an understanding heart, who gently nursed and tended that unfortunate and took him in her arms the day his mother bore him. She, feeble as she is, shall wash your feet. Come, rise up, heedful Eurycleia, and wash a man old as your master! Perhaps Odysseus is already such as he, in feet and hands; for soon in times of trouble men grow old."

As she spoke thus, the old woman hid her face in her hands and shed hot tears and uttered wailing words:

"Alas for you, my child! Powerless am I. Zeus surely hated you beyond all men, godfearing though you were. For no man ever burned to Zeus, the Thunderer, fat thighs so good or such choice hecatombs as you have offered when you prayed to reach a hale old age and rear your gallant son. And yet from you alone he utterly cut off the day of coming home. Just so perhaps women reviled him too at foreign tables, when he reached some lordly house, just as these brutes are all reviling you. To shun their insults and their many taunts, you do not let them wash you; and I, not loath, am bidden to it by the daughter of Icarius, Penelope. So I will wash your feet, both for Penelope's own sake and for your own, because my heart within is stirred by sorrow. Yet mark the words I say! Many a way-worn stranger has come hither; but one so like Odysseus I declare I never saw, as you are like him, figure, voice and feet."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Yes, woman, so says everyone who sees us two, that we are like each other, as you shrewdly say."

As he spoke thus, the old woman took the basin which she used for washing feet and poured in much cold water, afterwards adding warm. Now Odysseus was sitting by the hearth, but soon turned toward the darkness; for suddenly into his mind there came the thought that in touching him she might detect the scar and thus the facts be known. So she drew near him and began to wash her master; and presently she found the scar which a boar inflicted long ago with his white tusk, when to Parnassus Odysseus came to see Autolycus and his sons. Good Autolycus was the father of the mother of Odysseus, and was famous among men for thievery and oaths. Hermes, the god, had given him skill, because to him Autolycus had burned well-pleasing thighs of lambs and kids; so Hermes gladly served him. Now Autolycus, visiting the fertile land of Ithaca, found there his daughter's son, a child new-born; and after supper Eurycleia laid the child upon his knees, and speaking thus she said:

"Autolycus, choose now a name to give your child's own child. He has been wished for long."

Then answered her Autolycus and said: "My son-in-law and daughter, give him the name I say. Since I come here odious to many men and women on the bounteous earth, therefore Odysseus be his name. And I, when he is grown and visits the great palace of his mother's kin upon Parnassus, where my possessions lie, will give him some of them and send him home rejoicing."

On this account Odysseus came to get the glorious gifts. And Autolycus and his sons gave him a welcome with friendly hands and courteous words; and Amphithea, his mother's mother, took Odysseus in her arms and kissed his face and both his beauteous eyes. Then Autolycus bade his famous sons get the dinner ready, and they hearkened to his call. They quickly brought an ox, five years old, and flayed and dressed it, laid it asunder, sliced it with skill, stuck it on spits, and roasting it with care served out the portions. Thus all throughout the day till setting sun they held their feast. There was no lack of appetite for the impartial feast. But when the sun had set and darkness came, they lay down and took the gift of sleep.

When now the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, they started on the hunt; the dogs went forth, the men themselves—the sons of Autolycus—and with them went royal Odysseus too. They climbed the steep and wood-clad mountain of Parnassus and soon they reached its windy ridges. Just then the sun began to touch the fields as it ascended from the calm and brimming stream of Ocean. And now to a glen the hunters came. Before them, following the tracks, the hounds ran on, the sons of Autolycus hastening after. With the sons went royal Odysseus, close on the hounds, wielding his outstretched spear. In a dense thicket here a huge boar lay. It was a spot no force of wind with its chill breath could pierce, no sunbeams smite, nor rain pass through, so dense it was, and a thick fall of leaves was in it. Here round the boar there came the tramp of men and dogs, as the hunters pushed along. Facing them from his lair, with bristling back, fire flashing in his eyes, the boar stood close at bay. Odysseus first sprang forward, raising the long spear in his sinewy hand, eager to give the blow; but the boar was quick and struck him on the knee, and by a side-thrust of his tusk tore the flesh deep, but reached no bone. And now Odysseus, by a downward blow, struck the right shoulder of the boar; clean through it the bright spear-point passed. Down in the dust he fell with a moan, and his life flew away. Then the good sons of Autolycus looked to the boar; and the wound of gallant prince Odysseus they bound up skillfully, and with a charm stanched the black blood, and soon they reached their father's house. So Autolycus and his sons when they had fully healed Odysseus and given him glorious gifts—pleasing by kindness him who pleased them too—sent him with speed to Ithaca, where his father and honored mother rejoiced at his return and questioned how he got the scar. He told them how, while he was hunting, a boar inflicted it with his white tusk.

This was the scar the woman felt with her hand. She knew it by the touch and dropped the foot. The leg fell in the basin; the copper rang, and tilting sidewise let all the water run upon the ground. Then joy and grief together seized her breast; her two eyes filled with tears, her full voice stayed; and laying her hand upon Odysseus' chin she said:

"You really are Odysseus, my dear child!"

She spoke and cast her eyes upon Penelope, meaning to let her know her lord was there. But Penelope could not catch the glance nor understand, because Athene drew away her notice; and Odysseus, feeling for Eurycleia's throat, clutched it with his right hand, then drew her closer toward him with his left and said:

"Why, old woman, will you kill me? It was yourself who nursed me at the breast; and now through many hardships I come in the twentieth year to my own native land. Though you have found me out and a god inspired your heart, be silent, lest some other person in the hall may know. Or else—I tell you, and it shall be done—if God by me subdues the lordly suitors, I will not spare even you, nurse though you are, when I shall slay the other serving-women in my halls."

Then answered Eurycleia: "My child, what word has passed the barrier of your teeth? You know how steadfast, how inflexible my spirit is. I shall hold fast like stubborn rock or iron. And this I will say farther: mark it well. If God by you subdues the lordly suitors, then I will name the women of the hall and tell you who dishonor you and who are guiltless."

But wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Woman, why talk of them? You have no need. I will myself observe them well and find out each. Be quiet with your story! Leave the matter to the gods!"

So he spoke, and through the hall forth went the aged woman to fetch water for his feet; for all the first was spilled. Now when she had washed him and anointed him with oil, again Odysseus drew his bench closer by the fire, to warm himself—but with his tatters hid the scar—and thus began faithful Penelope:

"Stranger, there is a little more that I will ask; because the season of sweet rest will soon be here, for those to whom kind sleep will come when they are sad. But upon me God sends incessant sorrow. Day after day my joys are tears and sighs, as I watch my household tasks and watch my women. Then when night comes and slumber visits all, I lie in bed, and crowding on my heavy heart sharp cares sting me to weeping. As when Pandareos' daughter, the russet nightingale, sings

sweetly at the coming in of spring, perched in the thick-leaved trees, and to and fro pours out her thrilling voice, in lamentation for her dear child, Itylus, whom with the sword she one day blindly slew, her son by royal Zethus; so does my doubtful heart toss to and fro whether to stay beside my son and keep all here in safety—my goods, my maids, and my great high-roofed house—and thus revere my husband's bed and heed the public voice, or finally to follow some chief of the Achaeans who woos me in my hall with countless gifts. My son, while but a child and lacking understanding, did not permit my marrying and departing from my husband's home; but now that he is grown and come to man's estate, he prays me to go home again and leave the hall, so troubled is he for his livelihood which the Achaeans waste.

"But this I will say farther; mark it well. This is the fatal dawn which parts me from Odysseus' home; for now I shall propose a contest with the axes which when at home he used to set in line, like props for a ship's keel, twelve in all; then he would stand a great way off and send an arrow through. This contest I shall now propose to all the suitors. And whoever with his hands shall easiest bend the bow and shoot through all twelve axes, him I will follow and forsake this home, this bridal home, so very beautiful and full of wealth, a place I think I ever shall remember even in my dreams."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "O honored wife of Laërtes' son, Odysseus, delay no longer this contest at the hall; for wise Odysseus will be here before the suitors, handling the polished bow; he can stretch the string and shoot an arrow through the iron."

Then said to him Penelope: "Stranger, if you were willing to sit beside me here and entertain me, no sleep would ever fall upon my eyes. And yet one cannot be forever without sleep; for to each thing the immortals fix a season, to be ordained for men upon the fruitful earth. So I will go to my upper chamber and lay upon my bed, which has become for me a bed of sorrows, ever watered with my tears since Odysseus went away to see accursed Troy, name never to be named. There I must lie. But you lie in the hall. Make a bed upon the floor, or the maids shall bring you bedding."

So saying, she went to her bright upper chamber, yet not alone; beside her went her waiting-women too. And coming to the chamber with the maids, she there bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, till on her lids clear-eyed Athene caused sweet sleep to fall.

BOOK XX

[Odysseus tossed in his bed and could not sleep. Athene appeared before him and assured him of her help in getting rid of the suitors. In the morning, in response to Odysseus' prayer, Zeus sent a thunderclap out of a cloudless sky—a good omen. At the dining hall the suitors continued to abuse and torment Odysseus, who patiently bided his time, observing who were his friends and who his enemies.]

BOOK XXI

The Trial of the Bow

AND NOW THE CLEAR-EYED GODDESS Athene put in the mind of Icarius' daughter, Penelope, to offer to the suitors in the hall the bow and the gray steel, as means of sport and first step of death. She mounted the long stairway of her house, holding a crooked key in her firm hand, and hastened with her maidens to a far-off room where her lord's treasure lay, bronze, gold, and well-wrought steel. Here also lay his curved bow and the quiver for his arrows—and many deadly shafts were in it still—gifts which a friend had given Odysseus when he met him once in Lacedaemon—Iphitus, son of Eurytus, a man like the immortals.

Royal Odysseus when going off to war in the black ships would never take this bow. It always stood in its place at home, as a memorial of his honored friend. In his own land he bore it.

Now when the royal lady reached this room and stood on the oaken threshold, which long ago the carpenter had smoothed with skill and leveled to the line, fitting the posts to it and setting the shining doors, then quickly from its ring she loosed the strap, thrust in the key, and with a careful aim forced back the door-bolts. As a bull roars when feeding in the field, so roared the well-wrought door touched by the key, and open flew before her. She stepped to a raised dais where

stood some chests in which lay fragrant garments. Then reaching up, she took from its peg the bow in the glittering case which held it. And now she sat down and laid the case upon her lap and loudly weeping drew her lord's bow forth. But when she had had her fill of tears and sighs, she hastened to the hall to meet the lordly suitors, bearing in hand the curved bow and the quiver for the arrows, and many deadly shafts were in it still. Beside her, maidens bore a box in which lay many a piece of steel and bronze, implements of her lord's for games like these. And when the royal lady reached the suitors, she stood beside a column of the strong-built roof, holding before her face her delicate veil, the while a faithful maiden stood on either hand. And straightway she addressed the suitors, speaking thus:

"Hearken, you haughty suitors who molest this house, eating and drinking ever, now my husband has long gone; no word of excuse can you suggest except your wish to marry me and win me for your wife. Well then, my suitors—since before you stands your prize—I offer you the mighty bow of prince Odysseus; and whoever with his hands shall easiest bend the bow and shoot through all twelve axes, him I will follow and forsake this home, this bridal home, so very beautiful and full of wealth, a place I think I ever shall remember, even in my dreams."

So saying, she bade Eumaeus, the noble swineherd, deliver to the suitors the bow and the gray steel. With tears Eumaeus took the arms and laid them down before them. Nearby, the neathered also wept to see his master's bow. But Antinoüs rebuked them, and spoke to them and said:

"You stupid boors, who only mind the passing minute, wretched pair, what do you mean by shedding tears, troubling this lady's heart, when already her heart is prostrated with grief at losing her dear husband? Sit down and eat in silence, or else go forth and weep, but leave the bow behind for the suitors; for I am sure this polished bow will not be bent with ease. There is not a man of all now here so powerful as Odysseus. I saw him once myself and well recall him, though I was then a child."

He spoke, but in his breast his heart was hoping to draw the string and send an arrow through the steel; yet he was to be the first to taste the shaft of good Odysseus, whom he now wronged though seated in his hall, while he encouraged all his comrades. To these now spoke Telemachus:

"Ha! Zeus the son of Kronos has made me play the fool! My

mother—and wise she is—says she will follow some strange man and quit this house; and I but laugh and in my silly soul am glad. Come then, you suitors, since before you stands your prize, a lady whose like cannot be found throughout Achaean land, in sacred Pylos, Argos, or Mycenae, in Ithaca itself, or the dark mainland, as you yourselves well know—what needs my mother praise?—come then, delay not with excuse nor hesitate to bend the bow, but let us learn what is to be. I too might try the bow. And if I stretch it and send an arrow through the steel, then with no shame to me my honored mother may forsake this house and follow someone else, leaving me here behind; for I shall then be able to wield my father's arms."

He spoke, and flung his red cloak from his shoulders, rising full height, and put away the sharp sword also from his shoulder. First then he set the axes, marking one long furrow for them all, aligned by cord. The earth on the two sides he stamped down flat. Surprise filled all beholders to see how properly he set them, though he had never seen the game before. Then he went and stood upon the threshold and began to try the bow. Three times he made it tremble as he sought to make it bend. Three times he slacked his strain, still hoping in his heart to draw the string and send an arrow through the steel. And now he might have drawn it with a fourth tug, had not Odysseus shook his head and stayed the eager boy. So to the suitors once more spoke Telemachus:

"Alas! Shall I ever be a coward and a weakling, or am I still but young and cannot trust my arm to right me with the man who wrongs me first? But come, you who are stronger men than I, come try the bow and end the contest."

So saying, he laid aside the bow and stood it on the ground, leaning it on the firm-set polished door. The swift shaft, too, he likewise leaned against the bow's fair knob, and once more took his seat. Then said to them Antinoüs, Eupeithes' son:

"Rise up in order all, from left to right, beginning where the cupbearer begins to pour the wine."

So said Antinous, and his saying pleased them. Then first arose Leiodes, son of Oenops, who was their soothsayer. To him their law-lessness was hateful; he abhorred the suitor crowd. He it was now who first took up the bow and the swift shaft; and going to the threshold, he stood and tried the bow. He could not bend it. Tugging the string wearied his hands, his soft, unhorny hands; and to the suitors thus he spoke:

"No, friends, I cannot bend it. Let some other take the bow. Many chiefs this bow shall rob of life and breath! Yet better far to die than live and still to fail in that for which we constantly are gathered, waiting expectantly from day to day! Now each man hopes to win Penelope, Odysseus' wife. But when he shall have tried the bow and seen his failure, then to some other fair-robed woman of Achaea let each go, and offer her his suit and woo her with his gifts. So may Penelope marry the man who gives her most and comes with fate to favor!"

When he had spoken, he laid aside the bow, leaning it on the firmset polished door. The swift shaft, too, he likewise leaned against bow's fair knob, and once more took his seat. But Antinous rebuke him, and spoke to him, and said:

"Leiodes, what words have passed the barrier of your teeth? Strange words and harsh! Vexatious words to hear! As if this bov must rob our chiefs of life and breath because you cannot bend it!\
Why, your good mother did not bear you strong enough to handle such a bow. But others among the lordly suitors will bend it by and by."

So saying, he gave an order to Melanthius, the goatherd: "Hasten, Melanthius, and light a fire in the hall and set a long bench near, with fleeces on it; then bring me the large cake of fat which lies inside the door, that after we have warmed the bow and greased it well, we young men may try the bow and end the contest."

He spoke, and straightway Melanthius kindled a steady fire, and set a bench beside it with a fleece thereon, and brought out the large cake of fat which lay inside the door, and so the young men warmed the bow and made their trial. But yet they could not bend it; they fell far short of power. Antinoüs, however, still held back, and prince Eurymachus, who were the suitors' leaders; for they in manly excellence were the best of all.

Meanwhile out of the house at the same moment came two men, princely Odysseus' herdsmen of the oxen and the swine; and after them came royal Odysseus also from the house. And when they were outside the gate, beyond the yard, speaking in gentle words Odysseus said:

"Neatherd, and you too, swineherd, may I tell a certain tale, or shall I hide it still? My heart bids speak. How ready would you be to aid Odysseus if he should come from somewhere, thus, of a sudden, and a god should bring him home? Would you support the

suitors or Odysseus? Speak freely, as your heart and spirit bid you speak."

Then said to him the herdsman of the cattle: "O father Zeus, grant this my prayer! May he return and Heaven be his guide! Then shall you know what might is mine and how my hands obey."

So prayed Eumaeus too to all the gods, that wise Odysseus might return to his own home. So when he knew with certainty the heart of each, finding words once more Odysseus said:

"Look, it is I, through many grievous toils now in the twentieth year come to my native land! And yet I know that of my servants none but you desires my coming. From all the rest I have not heard one prayer that I return. To you then I will truly tell what shall hereafter be. If God by me subdues the lordly suitors, I will obtain you wives and give you wealth and homes established near my own; and henceforth in my eyes you shall be friends and brethren of Telemachus. Come then and I will show you too a trusty sign—that you may know me certainly and be assured in heart—the scar the boar dealt long ago with his white tusk, when I once journeyed to Parnassus with Autolycus' sons."

So saying, he drew aside his rags from the great scar. And when the two beheld and understood it all, their tears burst forth; they threw their arms round Odysseus and passionately kissed his face and neck. So likewise did Odysseus kiss their heads and hands. And daylight would have gone down upon their weeping had not Odysseus stayed their tears and said:

"Have done with grief and wailing, or somebody in coming from the hall may see, and tell the tale indoors. Go in one by one, not together. I will go first, you after. And let this be agreed: the rest within, the lordly suitors, will not allow me to receive the bow and quiver. But, noble Eumaeus, bring the bow around the room and lay it in my hands. Then tell the women to lock the hall's close-fitting doors; and if from their inner room they hear a moaning or a strife within our walls, let no one venture forth, but stay in silence at her work. And, noble Philoetius, in your care I put the court-yard gates. Bolt with the bar and quickly lash the fastening."

So saying, Odysseus made his way into the stately house, and went and took the seat from which he first arose. And soon the serving-men of princely Odysseus entered too.

Now Eurymachus held the bow and turned it up and down, trying

to heat it at the glowing fire. But still, with all his pains, he could not bend it; his proud soul groaned aloud. Then bitterly he spoke; these were the words he said:

"Ah! here is woe for me and woe for all! Not that I so much mourn missing the marriage, though vexed I am at that. Still, there are enough more women of Achaea, both here in sea-girt Ithaca and in the other cities. But if in strength we fall so short of princely Odysseus that we cannot bend his bow—oh, the disgrace for future times to know!"

Then said Antinoüs, Eupeithes' son: "Not'so, Eurymachus, and you yourself know better. Today throughout the land is the archergod's high feast. Who then could bend a bow? No, quietly lay it down; and for the axes, what if we leave them standing? Nobody, I am sure, will carry one away and trespass on the house of Laërtes' son, Odysseus. Come then, and let the wine-pourer give portions to our cups, that after a libation we may lay aside curved bows. Tomorrow morning tell Melanthius, the goatherd, to drive us here the choicest goats of all his flock; and we will set the thighs before the archer-god, Apollo, then try the bow and end the contest."

So said Antinous, and his saying pleased them. Pages poured water on their hands; young men brimmed bowls with drink and served to all, with a first portion for the cups. And after they had poured and drunk as their hearts would, then in his subtlety said wise Odysseus:

"Hearken, you suitors of the illustrious queen, and let me tell you what my heart within me bids. I beg a special favor of Eurymachus, and great Antinoüs too; for his advice was wise, that you now drop the bow and leave the matter with the gods, and in the morning God shall grant the power to whom he may. But give me now the polished bow, and let me in your presence prove my skill and power and see if I still have such vigor left as once there was within my supple limbs, or whether wanderings and neglect have ruined all."

At these his words all were exceeding wroth, fearing that he might bend the polished bow. But Antinoüs rebuked him, and spoke to him and said: "You scurvy stranger, with not a whit of sense, are you not satisfied to eat in peace with us, your betters, lacking nothing to eat and hearing all we say? Nobody else, stranger or beggar, hears our talk. It is wine that goads you, honeyed wine, a thing that has brought others trouble, when taken greedily and drunk without due measure. I prophesy great harm to you, if you shall bend the bow. No kindness will you meet from any in our land, but we will send you by black

ship straight to King Echetus, the bane of all mankind, out of whose hands you never shall come clear. Be quiet, then, and take your drink! Do not presume to vie with younger men!"

Then said to him Penelope: "Antinous, it is neither honorable nor fitting to worry strangers who may reach this palace of Telemachus. Do you suppose the stranger, if he bends the great bow of Odysseus, confident in his skill and strength of arm, will lead me home and take me for his wife? He in his inmost soul imagines no such thing. Let none of you sit at the table disturbed by such a thought; for that could never, never, be!"

Then answered her Eurymachus, the son of Polybus: "Daughter of Icarius, Penelope, we do not think the man will marry you. Of course that could not be. And yet we dread the talk of men and women, and fear that one of the baser sort of the Achaeans say: 'Men far inferior sue for a good man's wife, and cannot bend his polished bow. But somebody else—a wandering beggar—came, and easily bent the bow and sent an arrow through the steel.' This they will say, to us is a shame indeed."

Then said to him Penelope; "Eurymachus, men cannot be in honor in the land and rudely rob the household of their prince. Why then count this a shame? The stranger is tall, and well-knit too, and calls himself the son of a good father. Give him the polished bow, and let us see. For this I tell you, and it shall be done: if he shall bend it and Apollo grants his prayer, I will clothe him in a coat and tunic, hand-some garments, give his a pointed spear to keep off dogs and men, a two-edged sword, and sandals for his feet, and I will send him where his heart and soul may bid him go."

Then answered her discreet Telemachus: "My mother, no Achaean has better right than I to give or to refuse the bow to any as I will. And out of all who rule in rocky Ithaca, or in the islands off toward grazing Elis, none may oppose my will, even if I wished to put the bows into the stranger's hands and let him take them once for all away. Then seek your chamber and attend to matters of your own—the loom, the distaff—and bid the women ply their tasks. Bows are for men, for all, especially for me; for power within this house rests here."

Amazed, she turned to her own room again, for the wise saying of her son she laid to heart. And coming to the upper chamber with her maids, she there bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, till on her lids clear-eyed Athene caused a sweet sleep to fall.

Meanwhile the noble swineherd, taking the curved bow, was bear-

ing it away. But the suitors all broke into uproar in the hall, and one youth dared to say: "Where are you carrying the curved bow, you miserable swineherd? Crazy fool! Soon out among the swine, away from men, swift dogs shall eat you—dogs you yourself have bred—if Apollo and the other deathless gods be gracious!"

At these words the bearer of the bow laid it down where he stood, frightened because the crowd within the hall cried out at him. But from the other side Telemachus called threateningly aloud: "Old man! Carry on the bow!" And so the swineherd, bearing the bow around the hall, drew near to wise Odysseus and put it in his hands; then calling aside nurse Eurycleia, thus he said:

"Telemachus bids you, Eurycleia, to lock the hall's close-fitting doors; and if a woman from the inner room hears moaning or a strife within our walls, let her not venture forth, but stay in silence at her work."

Such were his words; unwinged, they rested with her. She locked the doors of the stately hall. Then silently from the house Philoetius stole forth and straightway barred the gates of the fenced-in court. Beneath the portico there lay a ship's cable. With this he lashed the gates, then passed indoors himself, and went and took a seat, eying Odysseus. Now Odysseus already held the bow and turned it round and round, trying it here and there to see if worms had gnawed the horn while its lord was far away. And glancing at his neighbor one would say:

"A sort of fancier and a trickster with the bow this fellow is. No doubt at home he has himself a bow like that, or means to make one like it. See how he turns it in his hands this way and that, ready for mischief, the rascal!"

Then another youth made bold to answer thus: "May he always meet with luck as good as when he is unable now to bend the bow!"

So talked the suitors. Meantime wise Odysseus, when he had handled the great bow and scanned it closely—even as one well-skilled to play the lyre and sing stretches with ease round its new peg a string, securing at each end the twisted sheep-gut; so without effort did Odysseus string the mighty bow. Holding it now with his right hand, he tried its cord; and clear to the touch it sang, voiced like the swallow. Great consternation came upon the suitors. All faces then changed color. Zeus thundered loud for signal. And glad was long-suffering Odysseus to think the son of crafty Kronos sent an omen. He picked up a swift shaft which lay beside him on the table, drawn. Within the hollow quiver still remained the rest, which the Achaeans soon should taste.

Then laying the arrow on the arch, he drew the string and arrow notches, and forth from the bench on which he sat let fly the shaft, with careful aim, and did not miss an axe's ring from first to last, but clean through all sped on the bronze-tipped arrow; and to Telemachus he said:

"Telemachus, the guest now sitting in your hall brings you no shame. I did not miss my mark, nor in the bending of the bow make a long labor. My strength is sound as ever, not what the mocking suitors here despised. But it is time for the Achaeans to make supper ready, while it is daylight still; and then for us in other ways to make sport—with dance and lyre; for these bedeck a feast."

He spoke and frowned the sign. His sharp sword then Telemachus girt on, the son of princely Odysseus; clasped his right hand around his spear, and close beside his father's seat he took his stand, armed with the gleaming bronze.

BOOK XXII

The Slaughter of the Suitors

OPYSSEUS THREW OFF HIS RAGS and sprang to the broad threshold, bow in hand and quiver full of arrows. Out he poured the swift shafts at his feet, and thus addressed the suitors:

"So the dread ordeal ends! Now to another mark I turn, to hit what no man ever hit before, will but Apollo grant my prayer."

He spoke, and aimed a pointed arrow at Antinoüs. The man was about to raise his gleaming goblet—gold it was and double-eared—and was just poising it in his hands to drink the wine. Death did not enter in his thought. For who could think that in this company of feasters one of the crowd, however strong, could bring upon him cruel death and dismal doom? But Odysseus aimed an arrow and hit him in the throat; right through his tender neck the sharp point passed. He sank down sidewise; from his hand the goblet fell when he was hit, and straightway from his nose ran a thick stream of blood. Roughly he pushed his table back, kicking it with his foot, and scattered off the food upon the floor. The bread and roasted meat were thrown away. Into a tumult broke the suitors round about the hall when they saw

the fallen man. They sprang from their seats and, hurrying through the hall, peered at the massive walls on every side. But nowhere was there shield or ponderous spear to seize. Then they assailed Odysseus with indignant words:

"Stranger, to your sorrow you turn your bow on men! You never shall take part in games again. Swift death awaits you; for you have killed the leader of the noble youths of Ithaca. To pay for this, vultures shall eat you here!"

So each one spoke; they thought he had not meant to kill the man. They foolishly did not see that for them one and all destruction's cords were knotted. But looking sternly on them wise Odysseus said:

"Dogs! You have been saying all the time I never should return out of the land of Troy; and therefore you destroyed my home, outraged my women-servants, and secretly wooed my wife, fearing no gods that hold the open sky, nor that the indignation of men would fall on you hereafter. Now for you one and all destruction's cords are knotted!"

As he spoke thus, pale fear took hold on all. Each peered about to flee from instant death. Only Eurymachus made answer, saying:

"If you indeed are Ithacan Odysseus, now returned, justly have you described what the Achaeans have been doing—many crimes here at the hall and many in the field. But there at last lies he who was the cause of all, Antinoüs; for it was he who set us to these deeds, not so much needing and desiring marriage, but with this other purpose, that in the settled land of Ithaca he might himself be king, when he should treacherously have slain your son. Now he is justly slain. But spare your people, and we hereafter, making you public recompense for all we drank and ate here at the hall, will pay a fine of twenty oxen each and give you bronze and gold enough to warm your heart. Till this is done, we cannot blame your wrath."

But looking sternly on him, Odysseus said: "Eurymachus, if you would give me all your father's goods, and all your own, and all that you might gather elsewhere, I would not stay my hands from slaying until the suitors paid the price of all their lawless deeds. It lies before you then to fight or flee, if any man will save himself from death and doom. But some here will not flee, I think, from instant death."

As he spoke thus, their knees grew feeble and their very souls; but Eurymachus called out a second time: "Come, friends, the man will not hold back his ruthless hands; but having got possession of a polished bow and quiver, he will shoot from the smooth threshold until he kills us all. Let us then turn to fighting. Draw swords, and hold the

tables up against his deadly arrows! Have at him all together! Perhaps we may dislodge him from the threshold and the door, then reach the town and quickly raise the alarm. So will the fellow soon have shot his last."

So saying, he drew his sharp two-edged bronze sword and sprang upon Odysseus with a fearful cry. But at the instant royal Odysseus shot an arrow and hit him in the breast. Out of his hand his sword dropped on the ground, and he himself, sprawling across the table, bent and fell, spilling the food and double cup upon the floor. With his brow he beat the pavement in his agony of heart, and with his kicking shook the chair. Upon his eyes gathered the mists of death.

But Amphinomus assaulted glorious Odysseus, and dashing headlong forward drew his sharp sword, hoping to make Odysseus yield the door. But Telemachus was quick and struck him with his brazen spear upon the back, between the shoulders, and drove the spear-point through his chest. He fell with a thud and struck the ground flat with his forehead. Telemachus sprang back and left the spear sticking in Amphinomus; for he feared if he should draw the long spear out, an Achaean might attack him, rushing on him with his sword, and as he stooped might stab him. So off he ran and hastily went back to his dear father; and standing close beside him, he said in winged words:

"Now, father, I will fetch a shield and pair of spears, and a brazen helmet also, fitted to your brow. And I will go and arm myself, and give some armor to the swineherd and to the neatherd too; for to be armed is better."

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Run! Bring the arms while I have arrows to defend me, or they will drive me from the door when I am left alone."

He spoke, and Telemachus heeded his dear father, and hastened to the chamber where the glittering armor lay. Out of the store he chose four shields, eight spears, and four bronze helmets having horse-hair plumes. These he bore off and hastily went back to his dear father. Telemachus first girt his body with the bronze, then the two servants likewise girt themselves in goodly armor, and so all took their stand by Odysseus, keen and crafty.

He, just as long as he had arrows to defend him, shot down a suitor in the hall with every aim, and side by side they fell. Then when his arrows failed the princely bowman, he leaned the bow against the door-post of the stately room, letting it stand beside the bright facewall, and he too slung a fourfold shield about his shoulders, put on his

sturdy head a shapely helmet, horsehair-plumed—grimly the crest above it nodded—and took in hand two ponderous spears pointed with bronze.

Now in the solid wall there was a postern-door; and level with the upper threshold of the stately hall, an opening to a passage, closed with jointed boards. Odysseus ordered the noble swineherd to guard this postern-door and in its neighborhood to take his stand, since this was the only exit. But to the suitors said Agelaüs, speaking his words to all:

"Friends, could not one of you climb by the postern-door and tell our people, and quickly raise the alarm? So would the fellow soon have shot his last."

Then said to him Malanthius the goatherd: "No, heaven-descended Agelaüs, that may in no way be; for the good court-yard door is terribly near at hand, and the mouth of the passage-way is narrow. One person there, if resolute, could bar the way for all. Yet I will fetch you from the chamber arms to wear; for there, I think, and nowhere else, Odysseus stored the armor—he and his gallant son."

So having said, Melanthius, the goatherd, climbed to the chambers of Odysseus through the vent-holes of the hall. Out of the store he chose twelve shields, as many spears, and just as many brazen helmets having horsehair plumes; then turning back, he brought them quickly and gave them to the suitors. And now did Odysseus' knees grow feeble and his very soul, when he saw them donning arms and waving in their hands long spears. Large seemed his task; and straightway to Telemachus he spoke these winged words:

"Surely, Telemachus, a woman of the house aids the hard fight against us; or else it is Melanthius."

Then answered him discreet Telemachus: "Father, the fault is mine; no other is to blame; for I it was who opened the chamber's tight-shut door and left it open. Their watchman was too good. But, noble Eumaeus, go and close the chamber-door, and see if any woman has a hand in this, or if—as I suspect—it is the son of Dolius, Melanthius."

So they spoke together. And now Melanthius, the goatherd, went to the room again to fetch more shining armor. The noble swineherd spied him, and quickly to Odysseus, standing near, he said:

"High-born son of Laërtes, ready Odysseus, there is the knave whom we suspected, just going to the chamber. Speak plainly; shall I

kill him if I prove the better man, or shall I bring him here to pay for all the crimes he plotted in your house?"

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Here in the hall Telemachus and I will hold the lordly suitors, rage they as they may. You two tie the man's feet and hands and drag him within the chamber; there fasten boards upon his back, and lashing a twisted rope around him hoist him aloft, up the tall pillar, and bring him to the beams, that he may keep alive there long and suffer grievous torment."

So he spoke, and willingly they heeded and obeyed. They hastened to the chamber, unseen by him within. He was engaged in searching after armor in a corner of the room, while the pair stood beside the door-posts, one on either hand, and waited. Soon as Melanthius the goatherd crossed the threshold, in one hand bearing a shining helmet and in the other a broad shield beflecked with mold—the shield of lord Laërtes, which he carried in his youth, now laid away, its strapseams parted—then on him sprang the two and dragged him by the hair within the door, threw him horror-stricken to the ground, bound hands and feet together with a galling cord, which tight and fast they tied, as they were ordered by Laërtes' son, long-suffering Odysseus; then they lashed a twisted rope around and hoisted him aloft, up the tall pillar, and brought him to the beams; and mocking him said swineherd Eumaeus:

"Now then, Melanthius, you shall watch the whole night long, stretched out on such a comfortable bed as suits you well. The early dawn out of the Ocean-stream shall not in golden splendor slip unheeded by, when you should drive goats for the suitors at the hall to make their meal."

Thus was he left there, fast in deadly bonds. The pair put on their armor, closed the shining door and went to join Odysseus, keen and crafty. Here they stood, breathing fury, four of them on the threshold, although within the hall were many men of might. But near them came Athene, daughter of Zeus, likened to Mentor in her form and voice. To see her made Odysseus glad, and thus he spoke:

"Mentor, save us from ruin! Remember the good comrade who often aided you. You are of my own years."

He said this, though he understood it was Athene, arouser of the hosts. But the suitors shouted from the other side, down in the hall; and foremost in abuse was Agelaüs, son of Damastor:

"Mentor, do not let Odysseus lure you by his words to fight the

suitors and to lend him aid; for I am sure we still shall work our will. And after we have slain these men, father and son, you too shall die beside them for deeds you thought to do within the hall. Here with your head you shall make due amends."

As he spoke thus, Athene grew more angry in spirit and scolded Odysseus with these angry words: "Odysseus, you have no longer such firm power and spirit as when for the sake of high-born Helen you fought the Trojans nine years long unflinchingly, and vanquished many men in mortal combat, and by your wisdom Priam's wide-wayed city fell. Why, now return to home and wealth and here confronted with the suitors, do you shrink from being brave? Good friend, stand by my side, watch what I do, and see how, in the presence of the foe, Mentor, the son of Alcimus, repays a kindness."

She spoke, but gave him not quite yet the victory in full. Still she made trial of the strength and spirit both of Odysseus and his valiant son. Up to the roof-beam of the smoky hall she darted like a swallow, resting there.

Now the suitors were led by Agelaüs, son of Damastor, by Eurynomus, Amphimedon, and Demoptolemus, by Peisander, son of Polyctor, and wise Polybus; for these in manly excellence were quite the best of all who still were living, fighting for their lives. The rest the bow and storm of arrows had laid low. So to these men said Agelaüs, speaking his words to all:

"Now, friends, at last the man shall hold his ruthless hands; for Mentor has departed after uttering idle boasts, and the men at the front door are left alone. So hurl your long spears, but not all together! Now then, six let fly first; and see if Zeus allows Odysseus to be hit and us to win an honor. No trouble about the rest when he is down!"

He said, and all to whom he spoke let fly their spears with power. Athene made all vain. One struck the door-post of the stately hall; one the tight-fitting door; another's ashen shaft, heavy with bronze, crashed on the wall. And when the men were safe from the suitors' spears, then thus began long-suffering Odysseus:

"Friends, let me give the word at last to our side too. Let fly your spears into the crowd of suitors, men who seek to slay and strip us, adding this to former wrongs!"

He spoke, and all with careful aim let fly their pointed spears. Odysseus struck down Demoptolemus; Telemachus, Euryades; the swineherd, Elatus; and the herdsman of the cattle, Peisander. All these together bit the dust of the broad floor, the other suitors falling back

from hall to deep recess. Odysseus' men sprang forward and from the bodies of the dead pulled out the spears.

And now the suitors again let fly their pointed spears with power. Athene made them miss. One struck the door-post of the stately hall; one the tight-fitting door; another's ashen shaft, heavy with bronze, crashed on the wall. But Amphimedon wounded Telemachus on the wrist of the right hand, though slightly; the metal tore the outer skin. And Ctesippus with his long spear grazed Eumaeus on the shoulder, which showed above his shield; the spear flew past and fell upon the ground.

Once more the men beside Odysseus, keen and crafty, let fly their sharp spears on the crowd of suitors. And now by Odysseus, the spoiler of cities, Eurydamas was hit; by Telemachus, Amphimedon; by the swineherd, Polybus; and afterwards the herdsman of the cattle hit Ctesippus in the breast and cried in triumph:

"Ha, son of Polytherses, ready mocker, never again give way to folly and big words! Leave boasting to the gods; they are stronger far than you. This gift offsets the hoof you gave to great Odysseus a while ago, when in his house he played the beggar man."

So spoke the herdsman of the crook-horned kine. Then Odysseus wounded Damastor's son with his long spear, when fighting hand to hand. Telemachus wounded Evenor's son, Leiocritus, with a spearthrust in the middle of the waist, and drove the point clean through. He fell on his face and struck the ground flat with his forehead. And now Athene from the roof above stretched forth her aegis. Their souls were panic-stricken. They scurried through the hall like herded cows, on whom the glancing gadfly falls and maddens them, in springtime when the days are long. And as the crook-clawed hook-beaked vultures, descending from the hills, dart at the birds which fly the clouds and skim the plain, while the vultures pounce and kill them; defense they have not and have no escape, and men are merry at their capture; so the four chased the suitors down the hall and smote them right and left. Up went moans, a dismal sound, as skulls were crushed and all the pavement ran with blood.

But Leiodes, rushing forward, clasped Odysseus by the knees, and spoke imploringly these winged words: "I clasp your knees, Odysseus! Respect and spare me! For I protest I never harmed a woman of the house by wicked word or act. No! and I used to try to stop the rest—the suitors—when one of them would do such deeds. But they were not inclined to hold their hands from wrong. So through their own

perversity they met a dismal doom; and I, their soothsayer, although I did no ill, must also fall. There is no gratitude for good deeds done!"

Then looking sternly on him wise Odysseus said: "If you avow yourself their soothsayer, many a time you must have prayed within the hall that a glad return might be delayed for me, while my dear wife should follow you and bear you children. Therefore you shall not now avoid a shameful death."

So saying, he seized in his sturdy hand a sword that lay nearby, a sword which Agelaüs had dropped upon the ground when he was slain, and drove it through the middle of Leiodes' neck. While he yet spoke, his head rolled in the dust.

But the bard, the son of Terpes, still had escaped dark doom—Phemius, who sang among the suitors against his will. He stood, holding the tuneful lyre in his hands, close to the postern-door; and in his heart he doubted whether to hasten from the hall to the massive altar of great Zeus, guardian of courts, and take his seat where often-times Laërtes and Odysseus had burned the thighs of oxen; or whether he should run and clasp Odysseus by the knees. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way to touch the knees of Laërtes' son, Odysseus. He laid his hollow lyre upon the ground, ran forward to Odysseus, clasped his knees, and spoke imploringly these winged words:

"I clasp your knees, Odysseus! Respect and spare me! To you your-self hereafter grief will come, if you destroy a bard who sings to gods and men. Self-taught am I; God planted in my heart all kinds of song; and I had thought to sing to you as to a god. Then do not seek to slay me. Telemachus, your own dear son, will say how not through will of mine, nor seeking gain, I lingered at your palace, singing to the suitors at their feasts; for being more and stronger men than I, they brought me here by force."

What he had said revered Telemachus heard, and he quickly called to his father who was standing near: "Hold! For the man is guiltless. Do not stab him with the sword! And let us also spare Medon, the page, who here at home used to have charge of me while I was still a child—unless indeed Philoetius or the swineherd slew him, or he encountered you as you stormed along the hall."

What he was saying Medon heard; for he lay crouching underneath a chair, wrapped in a fresh-flayed ox's hide, seeking to shun dark doom. Straightway he rose from underneath the chair, quickly cast off the hide, sprang forward to Telemachus, clasped his knees, and cried imploringly in winged words:

"Friend, stay your hand! It is I! And speak to your father, or he will destroy me out of indignation at the suitors, who wasted the possessions in his halls and in their folly paid no heed to you."

But wise Odysseus, smiling, said: "Be of good cheer, for he has cleared and saved you; that you may report to others how much more safe is doing good than ill. But both of you leave the hall and sit outside, out of this bloodshed, in the court—you and the full-voiced bard—till I have accomplished in the house all that I still must do."

As he spoke, the pair went forth and left the hall, and both sat down by the altar of great Zeus, peering about on every side as if still expecting death. Odysseus too peered round his hall to see if any living man were lurking there, seeking to shun dark doom. He found them all laid low in blood and dust, and in such numbers as the fish which fishermen draw to the shore out of the foaming sea in meshy nets; so lay the suitors, heaped on one another. And now to Telemachus said wise Odysseus:

"Telemachus, go call nurse Eurycleia, that I may speak to her the thing I have in mind."

He spoke, and Telemachus heeded his dear father and, shaking the door, said to nurse Eurycleia: "Up! aged woman, who have charge of all the maidens in our hall! Come here! My father calls and wants to speak with you."

Such were his words; unwinged, they rested with her. Opening the doors of the stately hall, she entered. Telemachus led the way. And there among the bodies of the slain she found Odysseus, dabbled with blood and gore, like a lion come from feeding on some stall-fed ox; its whole breast and its cheeks on either side are bloody; terrible is the beast to see; so dabbled was Odysseus, feet and hands. And when she saw the bodies and the quantity of blood, she was ready to cry aloud at the sight of the mighty deed. But Odysseus held her back and stayed her madness, and speaking in winged words he said:

"Woman, be glad within; but hush, and make no cry. It is not right to glory in the slain. The gods' doom and their reckless deeds destroy them; for they respected nobody on earth, bad man or good, who came among them. So through their own perversity they met a dismal doom. But name me now the women of the hall, and tell me who dishonor me and who are guiltless."

Then said to him his dear nurse Eurycleia: "I will tell you, child, the very truth. You have fifty women-servants at the hall whom we have taught their tasks, to card the wool and bear the servant's lot. Out of

these women, twelve in all have gone the way of shame, paying no heed to me nor even to Penelope. Only lately Telemachus has come to manhood, and his mother has never suffered him to rule the maids. But let me go above, to the bright upper chamber, and tell your wife, whom a god has laid asleep."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Do not awake her yet; tell those women to come here who in the past behaved unworthily."

So he spoke, and through the hall forth the old woman went, to give the message to the maids and bid them come with speed. Meanwhile Odysseus, calling to his side Telemachus, the neatherd, and the swineherd, spoke to them thus in winged words:

"Begin to carry off the dead, and bid the women aid you; then let them clean the chairs and tables with water and porous sponges. And when you have set in order all the house, lead forth these servingmaids out of the stately hall to a spot between the round-house and the neat court-yard wall, and strike them with your long swords till you take life from all; and so they may forget the love they had among the suitors."

He spoke, and the women came, trooping along together, in bitter lamentation, letting the tears roll down. First they carried out the bodies of the dead and laid them by the portico of the fenced court, piling them there one on another. Odysseus gave the orders and hastened on the work, and only because compelled, the maids bore off the bodies. Then afterwards they cleaned the chairs and tables with water and porous sponges. Telemachus, the neatherd and the swine-herd with shovels scraped the pavement of the strong-built room, and the maids took up the scrapings and threw them out of doors. And when they had set in order all the hall, they led the serving-maids out of the stately hall to a spot between the round-house and the court-yard wall, and there they shut them in a narrow space whence there was no escape. Then thus began discreet Telemachus:

"By no honorable death would I take away the lives of those who poured reproaches on my head and on my mother and lay in secret with the suitors."

He spoke, and tied the cable of a dark-bowed ship to a great pillar, then lashed it to the round-house, stretching it high across, too high for one to touch the feet upon the ground. And as the wide-winged thrushes or the doves strike on a net set in the bushes; and when they think to go to roost a cruel trap receives them; even so the women held their heads in line, and around every neck a noose was laid, that

they might die most vilely. They twitched their feet a little, but not

Then forth they led Melanthius across the porch and yard. With ruthless sword they lopped his nose and ears, pulled out his bowels to be eaten raw by dogs, and in their rage cut off his hands and feet.

Afterwards washing clean their own hands and their feet, they went to meet Odysseus in the house, and all the work was done. But to his dear nurse Eurycleia said Odysseus: "Woman, bring sulphur, a protection against pollution, and bring me fire to fumigate the hall. And bid Penelope come hither with her women, and order all the maids throughout the house to come."

Then said to him his dear nurse Eurycleia: "Truly, my child, in all this you speak well. Yet let me fetch you clothes, a coat and tunic. And do not, with this covering of rags on your broad shoulders, stand in the hall. That would be cause for blame."

But wise Odysseus answered her and said: "First let a fire be lighted in the hall."

At these his words, his dear nurse Eurycleia did not disobey, but brought the fire and sulphur. Odysseus fumigated all the hall, the buildings and the court.

And now the old woman passed through the stately palace of Odysseus to take his message to the maids and bid them come with speed. Out of their room they came, with torches in their hands. They gathered round Odysseus, hailing him with delight. Fondly they kissed his face and neck, and held him by the hand. Glad longing fell upon him to weep and cry aloud.

BOOK XXIII

The Recognition by Penelope

CO THE OLD WOMAN, full of joy, went to the upper chamber to tell her mistress her dear lord was in the house. Her knees grew strong; her feet outran themselves. By Penelope's head she paused, and thus she spoke:

"Awake, Penelope, dear child, to see with your own eyes what you have hoped to see for many, many a day! Odysseus is here! He has come home at last, and slain the haughty suitors—the men who vexed his house, devoured his substance, and oppressed his son."

Then Penelope said to her: "Dear nurse, the gods have crazed you. They can confound one who is very wise, and often they have set the simple in the paths of prudence. They have confused you; you were sober-minded up to now. Why mock me when my heart is full of sorrow, telling wild tales like these? And why arouse me from the sleep that sweetly bound me and kept my eyelids closed? I have not slept so soundly since Odysseus went away to see accursed Troy, name never to be named. So then, go down, back to the half. If any other of my maids had come and told me this and waked me out of sleep, I would soon have sent her back, sorry she had come. This time age serves you well."

Then said to her the good nurse Eurycleia: "Dear child, I do not mock you. In truth it is Odysseus; he has come, as I have said. He is the stranger whom everybody in the hall has set at naught. Telemachus knew long ago that he was here, but out of prudence hid his knowledge of his father till he should have revenge from these bold men for wicked deeds."

So spoke she; and Penelope was glad, and, springing from her bed, fell on the woman's neck, and let the tears burst from her eyes; and, speaking in winged words, she said: "Now tell me, then, dear nurse, and tell me truly; if he has really come as you declare, how was it he laid hands upon the shameless suitors, being alone, while they were always here together?"

Then answered her the good nurse Eurycleia: "I did not see; I did not ask; I only heard the groans of dying men. In a corner of our protected chamber we sat and trembled—the doors were tightly closed—until your son Telemachus called to me from the hall; for his father bade him call. And there among the bodies of the slain I found Odysseus standing. All around, covering the trodden floor, they lay, one on another. It would have warmed your heart to see him, like a lion, dabbled with blood and gore. Now all the bodies are collected at the courtyard gate, while he is fumigating the fair house by lighting a great fire. He sent me here to call you. Follow me, then, that you may come to gladness in your true hearts together, for sorely have you suffered. Now the long hope has been at last fulfilled. He has come back alive to his own hearth, and found you still, you and his son, within his hall; and upon those who did him wrong, the suitors, on all of them here in his home he has obtained revenge."

Then Penelope said to her: "Dear nurse, be not too boastful yet, nor filled with glee. You know how welcome here the sight of him would be to all, and most to me and to the son we had. But this is no true tale you tell. Rather some immortal slew the lordly suitors, in anger at their galling insolence and wicked deeds; for they respected nobody on earth, bad man or good, who came among them. So for their sins they suffered. But Odysseus, far from Achaea, lost the hope of coming home; indeed, he himself was lost."

Then answered her the good nurse Eurycleia: "My child, what word has passed the barrier of your teeth, to say your husband, who is now beside your hearth, will never come! Your heart is always doubting. Come, then, and let me name another sign most sure—the scar the boar dealt long ago with his white tusk. I found it as I washed him, and I would have told you then; but he laid his hand upon my mouth, and in his watchful wisdom would not let me speak. But follow me. I stake my very life; if I deceive you, slay me by the vilest death."

Then heedful Penelope answered her: "Dear nurse, it is hard for you to trace the counsels of the everlasting gods, however wise you are. Nevertheless, let us go down to meet my son, and see the suitors who are dead, and him who slew them."

So saying, she went from her chamber to the hall, and much her heart debated whether aloof to question her dear husband, or to draw near and kiss his face and take his hand. But when she entered, crossing the stone threshold, she sat down opposite Odysseus, in the firelight, beside the farther wall. He sat by a tall pillar, looking down, waiting to hear if his stately wife would speak when she should look his way. But she sat silent long; amazement filled her heart. Now she would gaze with a long look upon his face, and now she would not know him for the mean clothes that he wore. But Telemachus rebuked her, and spoke to her and said:

"Mother, hard mother, of ungentle heart, why do you hold aloof so from my father, and do not sit beside him, plying him with words and questions? There is no other woman of such stubborn spirit to stand off from the husband who, after many grievous toils, comes in the twentieth year home to his native land. Your heart is always harder than a stone!"

Then said to him Penelope: "My child, my soul within is dazed with wonder. I cannot speak to him, nor ask a question, nor look him in the face. But if this is indeed Odysseus, come at last, we certainly

shall know each other better than others know; for we have signs which we two understand—signs hidden from the rest."

As she, long tried, spoke thus, royal Odysseus smiled, and said:

"Lady, a heart impenetrable beyond the sex of women the dwellers on Olympus gave to you. There is no other woman of such stubborn spirit to stand off from the husband who, after many grievous toils, comes in the twentieth year home to his native land. Come, then, good nurse, and make my bed, that I may lie alone. For certainly of iron is the heart within her breast."

Then said to him wise Penelope: "No, sir, I am not proud, nor contemptuous of you, nor too much dazed with wonder. I very well remember what you were when you went upon your long-oared ship away from Ithaca. However, Eurycleia, make up his massive bed outside that stately chamber which he himself once built. Move the massive frame out there, and throw the bedding on—the fleeces, robes, and bright-hued rugs."

She said this in the hope to prove her husband; but Odysseus spoke in anger to his faithful wife: "Woman, these are bitter words which you have said! Who set my bed elsewhere? A hard task that would be for one, however skilled—unless a god should come and by his will set it with ease upon some other spot; but among men no living being, even in his prime, could lightly shift it; for a great secret is wrought into its curious frame. I built it; no one else. There grew a thick-leaved olive shrub inside the yard, full-grown and vigorous, in girth much like a pillar. Round this I formed my chamber, and I worked till it was done, building it out of close-set stones, and roofing it over well. Framed and tight-fitting doors I added to it. Then I lopped the thickleaved olive's crest, cutting the stem high up above the roots, neatly and skillfully smoothed with my axe the sides, and to the line I kept all true to shape my post, and with an auger I bored it all along. Starting with this, I fashioned me the bed till it was finished, and I inlaid it well with gold, with silver, and with ivory. On it I stretched a thong of ox-hide, gay with purple. This is the secret I now tell. I do not know whether the bed still stands there, wife, or whether somebody has set it elsewhere, cutting the olive trunk."

As he spoke thus, her knees grew feeble and her very soul, when she recognized the secrets which Odysseus exactly told. Then bursting into tears, she ran straight toward him, threw her arms round Odysseus' neck and kissed his face, and said:

"Odysseus, do not scorn me! Ever before, you were the wisest of

mankind. The gods have sent us sorrow, and grudged our staying side by side to share the joys of youth and reach the threshold of old age. But do not be angry with me now, nor take it ill that then when I first saw you I did not greet you thus; for the heart within my breast was always trembling. I feared some man might come and cheat me with his tale. Many a man makes wicked schemes for gain. No, Greek Helen, the daughter of Zeus, would not have given herself to love a stranger if she had known how warrior sons of the Achaeans would bring her home again, back to her native land. And yet it was a god prompted her deed of shame. Before, she did not cherish in her heart such sin, such grievous sin, from which began the woe which stretched to us. But now, when you have clearly told the secrets of our bed, which no one else has seen, but only you and I and the single servant, Actoris, whom my father gave me on my coming here to keep the door of our closed chamber-you make even my ungentle heart believe."

So she spoke, and stirred still more his yearning after tears; and he began to weep, holding his loved and faithful wife. As when the welcome land appears to swimmers, whose sturdy ship Poseidon wrecked at sea, confounded by the winds and turbid waters; a few escape the foaming sea and swim ashore; thick salt foam crusts their flesh; they climb the welcome land, and escape from danger; so welcome to her gazing eyes appeared her husband. From round his neck she never let her white arms go. And rosy-fingered dawn had found them weeping, but a different plan the goddess formed, clear-eyed Athene. She checked the long night in its passage, and at the Ocean-stream she stayed the gold-throned dawn, and did not suffer it to yoke the swift-paced horses which carry light to men, Lampus and Phaëton which bear the dawn.

Now a new plan the goddess formed, clear-eyed Athene, when in her mind she judged Odysseus had enough of love and sleep. Straightway from out the Ocean-stream she roused the gold-throned dawn, to bring the light to men. Odysseus was aroused from his soft bed, and gave his wife this charge:

"Wife, we have had in days gone by our fill of trials: you, mourning here my grievous journey home; me, Zeus and the other gods bound fast in sorrow, eager as I was, far from my native land. But since we now have reached the rest we long desired together, do you protect whatever wealth is still within my halls. As for the flocks which the audacious suitors wasted, I shall myself seize many, and the Achaeans

shall give me more besides, until they fill my folds. But now I go to the well-wooded farm, to visit my good father, who for my sake has been in constant grief."

BOOK XXIV

Peace

• 4"

Orsseus and his men, after departing from the town, soon reached the rich well-ordered farmstead of Laërtes. This place Laërtes had acquired for himself in days gone by, after much patient toil. Here was his house; round it on every side there ran a shed, in which ate, sat, and slept the slaves who did his bidding. Within, there lived an old Sicilian woman, who tended carefully to the aged man here at his farm, far from the town. Arriving here, Odysseus thus addressed his servants and his son:

"Go you at once into the stately house and slay at once for dinner the fattest of the swine. But I will put my father to the proof, and see if he will recognize and know me by sight, or if he will fail to know me who have been absent long."

So saying, he gave his armor to his men, who then went quickly in, while Odysseus approached the fruitful vineyard, to make his trial there. Dolius he did not find, in crossing the long garden, nor any slaves or men; for they had gone to gather stones to make a vineyard wall, and Dolius was their leader. His father he found alone in the well-ordered vineyard, hoeing about a plant. He wore a dirty tunic, patched and coarse, and round his shins had bound sewed leather leggings, a protection against scratches. Upon his hands were gloves, to save him from the thorns, and on his head a goatskin cap; and so he nursed his sorrow.

When long-suffering Odysseus saw his father, worn with old age and in great grief of heart, he stopped beneath a lofty pear-tree and shed tears. Then in his mind and heart he doubted much whether to kiss his father, to clasp him in his arms and tell him all, how he had come and found his native land; or first to question him and test him through and through. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way to try him first with probing words. With this intent, royal Odysseus walked

straight toward him. Laërtes, with his head bent low, was digging round the plant, and standing by his side his gallant son addressed him:

"Old man, you have no lack of skill in tending gardens. Of these vour care is good. Nothing is here-shrub, fig-tree, vine, olive, or pear, or bed of earth-in all the field uncared for. But one thing I will say; be not offended. No proper care is taken of yourself; for you are meeting hard old age, yet you are sadly worn and meanly clad. It is not as if for idleness your master had cast you aside, and nothing of the slave shows in your face or form. Rather you seem a royal person; like one who after taking bath and food might sleep at ease, as elders should. Come, then, tell me this, whose slave you are, whose farm you tend. And tell me truly this, that I may know, if this is really Ithaca to which we now have come, as the man just said who met me on my way. He was not too wise, however; for he did not deign to talk at length, nor yet to hear my talk, when I inquired for my friend, and asked if he were living still or if he were already dead and in the house of Hades. But let me speak of that to you, and you please listen. In my own country once I entertained a man who had come there; and none among the traveling strangers was more welcome at my house. He called himself by birth a man of Ithaca, and said his father was Laërtes, son of Arceisius. I brought him home and entertained him well and gave him generous welcome from the abundance in my house. Such gifts I also gave as are fitting for a guest: of fine-wrought gold I gave him seven talents, gave him a flowered bowl of solid silver, twelve cloaks of single fold, as many rugs, as many goodly mantles, and as many tunics too. Further, I gave him women trained to faultless work, any four shapely maidens whom he himself might choose."

Then answered him his father, shedding tears: "Certainly, stranger, you are in the land for which you ask; but lawless impious men possess it now. Vain were the many gifts you gave. Yet had you found him living in the land of Ithaca, with fair return of gifts he would have sent you on your way, and with a generous welcome; for that is just, when one begins a kindness. But come, tell me this: how many years have passed since you received this guest, this hapless guest, my son—if really it was he, ill-fated man!—whom, far from friends and home, fishes devoured in the deep or else on land he fell a prey to beasts and birds. No mother mourned for him and wrapped him in his shroud, nor father either—we who gave him life! Nor did his richly-dowered wife, steadfast Penelope, wail by her husband's couch, as the wife

should, and close his eyes, though that is the dead man's due. Tell me, however, truly, and let me know: who are you? of what people? Where is your town and kindred? Where is the swift ship moored which brought you here, you and your gallant comrades? Or did you come a passenger on some strange ship, from which they landed you and sailed away?"

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Well, I will very plainly tell you all. I come from Alybas, where I have a noble house, and am the son of lord Apheidas, the son of Polypemon. My own name is Eperitus. A god drove me from Sicania and brought me here, against my will. Here my ship lies, just off the fields outside the town. As for Odysseus, five years ago he went away and left my land. Ill-fated man! And yet the birds were favorable at starting and came on his right hand. So I rejoiced and sent him forth, and he rejoicing went his way. Our hearts then hoped to meet again in friendship, and to give each other glorious gifts."

So he spoke, and on Laërtes fell a dark cloud of grief. He caught in his hands the powdery dust and strewed it on his hoary head with many groans. Odysseus' heart was stirred. Up through his nostrils shot a tingling pang as he beheld his father. Forward he sprang and clasped and kissed him, saying:

"Lo, father, I am he for whom you seek, now in the twentieth year come to my native land! Then cease this grief and tearful sighing; for let me tell you—and the need of haste is great—I slew the suitors in our halls, and so avenged their galling insolence and wicked deeds."

Then in his turn Laërtes answered: "If you are indeed my son, Odysseus, now returned, tell me some trusty sign that so I may believe."

But wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Examine first this scar, which a boar inflicted with his gleaming tusk upon Parnassus, whither I had gone. You and my honored mother sent me there, to see Autolycus, my mother's father, and to obtain the gifts which he, when here, agreed to give. Then come, and let me tell the trees in the well-ordered vineyard, which you once gave, when I, being still a child, begged you for this and that, as I followed about the garden. Among these trees we passed. You named them and described them. You gave me thirteen pear-trees, ten apples, forty figs. And here you marked off fifty rows of vines to give, each one in bearing order. Along the rows clusters of all sorts hang, whenever the seasons sent by Zeus give them their fullness."

As he spoke thus, Laërtes' knees grew feeble and his very soul, when he recognized the signs which Odysseus exactly told. Round his dear son he threw his arms, and long-suffering Odysseus drew him fainting toward him. But when he gained his breath, and in his breast the spirit rallied, finding his words once more Laërtes said:

"O father Zeus, surely you gods still live on high Olympus, if the suitors have indeed paid for their wanton sin!"

But wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Let us hasten to the house which stands beside the orchard. I sent Telemachus, the neatherd and the swineherd, that there they straightway might prepare our meal."

So talked the two, and walked to the fair house. And when they reached the stately buildings, they found Telemachus, the neatherd and the swineherd, carving much meat and mixing sparkling wine. Soon in his room the Sicilian servant bathed brave Laërtes and anointed him with oil and round him wrapped a splendid cloak. And Athene, drawing nigh, filled out the limbs of the shepherd of the people, and made him taller than before and larger to behold. Out of the bath he came, and his son wondered to see how like the immortal gods his bearing was; and speaking in winged words he said:

"Certainly, father, one of the everlasting gods has made your face and figure nobler to behold."

Then in his turn said wise Laërtes: "O father Zeus, Athene, and Apollo, would I were what I was when I took Nericus, the stately citadel on the main shore, leading my Cephallenians; and would that thus I yesterday had stood beside you in our hall, my armor on my shoulders, beating back the suitors! Then had I shook the knees of many in the hall, and you would have felt your inmost heart grow warm!"

So they conversed together. Meanwhile the others, after ceasing from their labor of laying out the meal, took seats in order on couches and on chairs. They all were laying hands upon their food, when in came aged Dolius and his sons, tired from their work. Their mother, the old Sicilian woman, had gone and called them; for she provided for them, and diligently tended to the old man now that old age was on him. When the men saw Odysseus and marked him in their minds, they stood still in the hall, astonished; but Odysseus kindly accosting them, spoke thus:

"Old man, sit down to dinner and lay aside surprise; for eager as

Homer

we were to take our food, we waited long about the hall, ever expecting you."

He spoke, and Dolius ran, both hands outstretched, and seizing Odysseus' hand kissed it upon the wrist, and speaking in winged words he said:

"Dear master, because you have come home to us who sorely missed you and never thought to see you any more—but gods themselves have brought you—hail and rejoice! Gods grant you blessings! And tell me truly this, that I may know it well: does Penelope understand that you are here, or shall we send her tidings?"

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Old man, she understands already. Why should you think of that?"

So he spoke, and Dolius took his seat upon a polished bench. Likewise the sons of Dolius, gathering round renowned Odysseus, greeted him with their words and clasped his hands, and then sat down in order by Dolius, their father. Thus were they busied with their dinner in the hall.

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